NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES
3 3333 05824 2484

REFERENCE

973.2 Brooks A438210

Century book of the American colonies

THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM
DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER
20 WEST 53 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/centurybookofame00broo

Other books in the same series and by the same author.

Issued under the auspices of the Sons and Daughters
of the American Revolution.

THE CENTURY BOOK FOR YOUNG AMERICANS.

The Story of the Government.
With Introduction by
General HORACE PORTER.

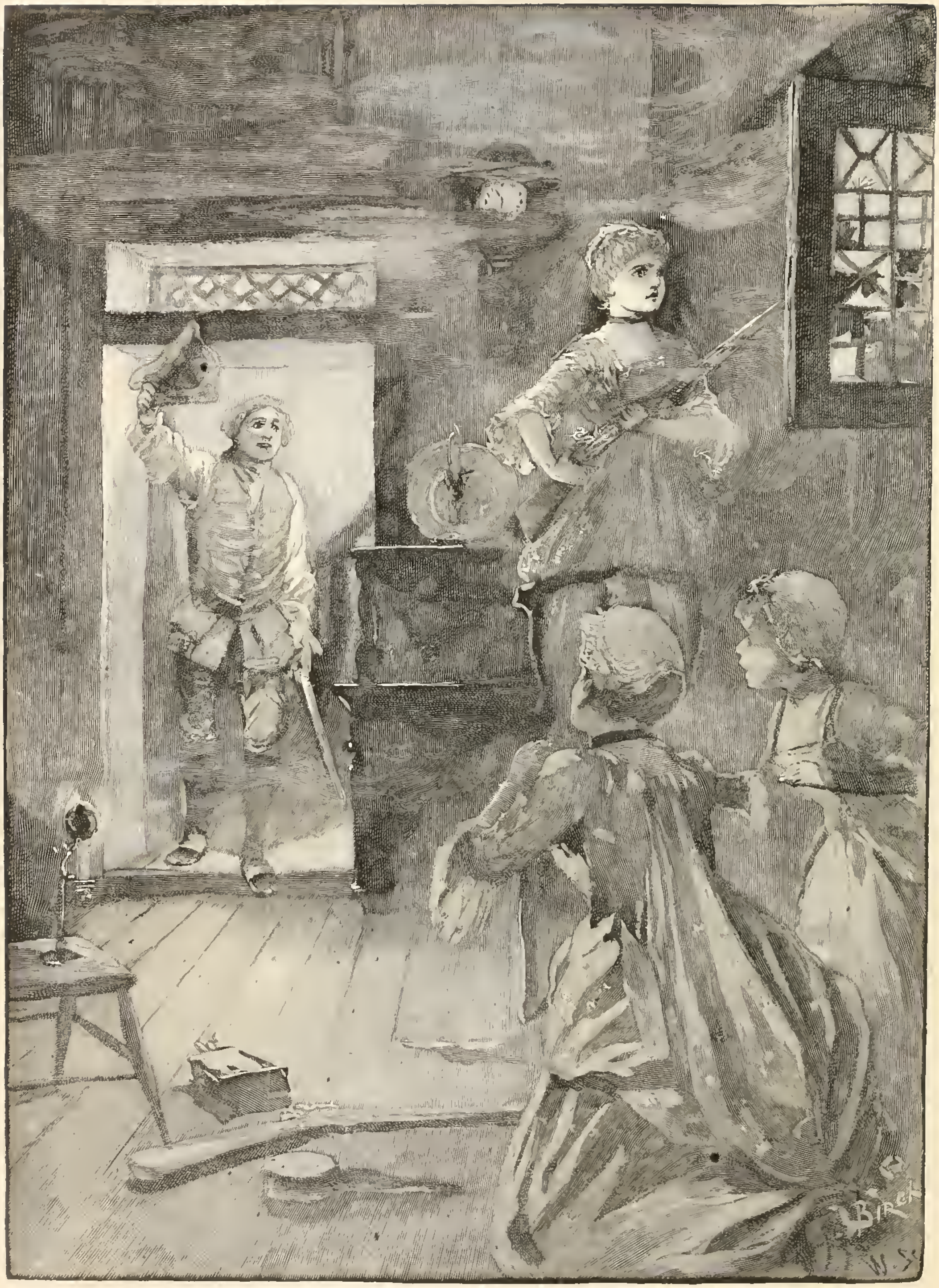
THE CENTURY BOOK OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The Story of a Young People's
Pilgrimage to Revolutionary Battle-fields.
With Introduction by
Senator CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE CENTURY BOOK OF FAMOUS AMERICANS.

The Story of a Young People's
Pilgrimage to Historic Homes.
With Introduction by
Mrs. ADLAI E. STEVENSON,
Formerly President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Uniform with this book. Each containing 250 pages and nearly as many illustrations. Price of each, $1.50.



IN COLONIAL DAYS.

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS

THE CENTURY BOOK OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIMAGE OF A PARTY OF YOUNG PEOPLE TO THE SITES OF THE EARLIEST AMERICAN COLONIES

BY

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

AUTHOR OF "THE CENTURY BOOK FOR YOUNG AMERICANS,"
"THE CENTURY BOOK OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION," "THE CENTURY
BOOK OF FAMOUS AMERICANS," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY FREDERICK J. DE PEYSTER
GOVERNOR OF THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

A438210

Copyright, 1900, by The Century Co.

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

C973.2
B

INTRODUCTION

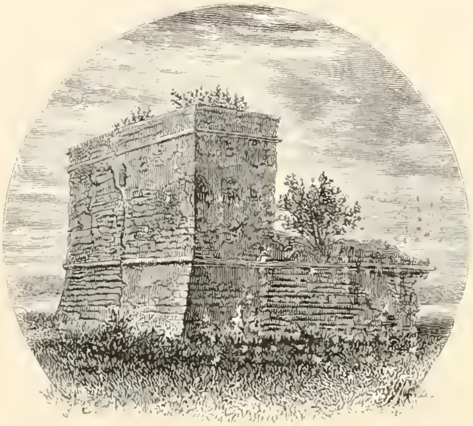
Office of the Governor-General,
Society of Colonial Wars.

THE object of the Society of Colonial Wars commends itself to every American heart. That object is to rescue from undeserved neglect one hundred and fifty years of American history — the one hundred and fifty years which changed the European immigrant into an American, the one hundred and fifty years which changed the little fringe of struggling settlements at Jamestown and New Amsterdam, at Plymouth and Salem and Boston, into the thirteen mighty provinces which were able to cope with all the might of the British crown. In that stern school of struggle and trial, of victory and defeat, the colonial American was trained up to a nobler standard of manhood than any that modern Europe can boast. It should be remembered that the great men of the Revolutionary period were the babes of colonial hearthstones, were nursed by colonial dames, and learned their lessons of heroism from the lips of colonial warrior sires. We should never forget that American history is not a thing of shreds and patches, but one long, heroic story of struggle and victory, which does not begin at Bunker Hill and Lexington, or even Plymouth Rock, but goes back to the first successful settlements of the white man on the shores of the Chesapeake and the Hudson.

The humble little towns along the Atlantic, glorious as they seem to us now, excited but little interest in the contemporaneous historian. But who can view the great republic of to-day without longing to know its history from the beginning? It is to the study of that history that the Society of Colonial Wars bends all its energies, and it is with the hope that the publication of "The Century Book of the American Colonies" will stimulate such study that this introduction is written.

It is proper to state that the society has no business relations with the publishers of this book, and no pecuniary interest whatever in the publication.

Frederic J. de Peyster,
Governor-General.



THE REMAINS OF A CITADEL AT MATANZAS INLET, FLORIDA.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

I WHERE THE ADELANTADOS RULED 1

A Surprise Party in San Marco — Uncle Tom Explains — The Oldest American Colony — All about the Crab-Fight — Picturesque Old Days — Why the Adelantados Gave Way to the Gringos — Uncle Tom's New Scheme.

II IN THE RIVAL CAPITALS 19

Over the French Border — The Trip to Mobile — The First French Capital — Why New Orleans Won — Four Famous Brothers — In the Crescent City — The Father of Louisiana — 1903 *— An Old Town in the New World.*

III UNDER LIVE-OAK AND MAGNOLIA 35

By the Inland Passage — Where Spaniard and Englishman Raided the Border — Why Oglethorpe Came to Georgia — Lovely Old Charleston — Where Philosophers Failed — The Beginnings of Carolina.

IV IN THE LOST COLONY 51

Up the Coast to Old Point Comfort — Spain in the Lead — On the Sound Steamer — Roanoke Island — The Lost Colony and its Memorial — Sir Walter Raleigh and Virginia Dare — "The White Doe of Roanoke."

V WHERE THE OLD DOMINION BEGAN 67

Newport News and Modern Progress — The Father of Virginia — Smith and Pocahontas — San Miguel and Jamestown — The Ruined Tower — Williamsburg and its Memories.

VI FROM THE SEVERN TO THE THREE COUNTIES 81

Terra Marie — Latin Names for American Colonies — A Colonial Memory — St. Mary's and Joppa — Where Rodney Rode — With Swede and Dutchman.

VII FROM SHACKAMAXON TO SANDY HOOK 97

In Penn Treaty Park — The Elm Tablet — William Penn — The Walking Purchase — Cranks and Citizens — Pastorius — Colonial Philadelphia — In the Jerseys — Plowden's Patent — Thrifty Farmers.

PAGE

VIII IN KNICKERBOCKER LAND 113

Who Discovered the Hudson — Spanish Tracks and Trade-marks — The First "Apartment-houses" — Colonial New York — The Purposes of Emigration — Stuyvesant and the Knickerbockers — Through the Province.

IX IN THE OLD COLONY 131

On the Fist of Massachusetts — The Real Landing of the Pilgrims — The Compact Tablet at Provincetown — Why They were Pilgrims — The First Civil Government in America — Over the Bay to Plymouth — The Faith Monument — The Pilgrims' Story on Pilgrim Land.

X WITH THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANIONS OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY 147

In the Shadow of the Gilded Dome — From Salem to Spring Lane — Governor John Winthrop — The Great Emigration — A Puritan Aristocracy — Intolerance and Witchcraft — Up and Down the Bay State — "The Past is Secure" — The Massachusetts Spirit.

XI THROUGH THE PLANTATIONS 165

Among the Sybarites — With Roger Williams to Providence — Cranks and Disputants — A Refuge for Liberty — From Saybrook to New Haven — When Long Island was in New England.

XII FROM PORTSMOUTH TO PEMAQUID AND BEYOND 189

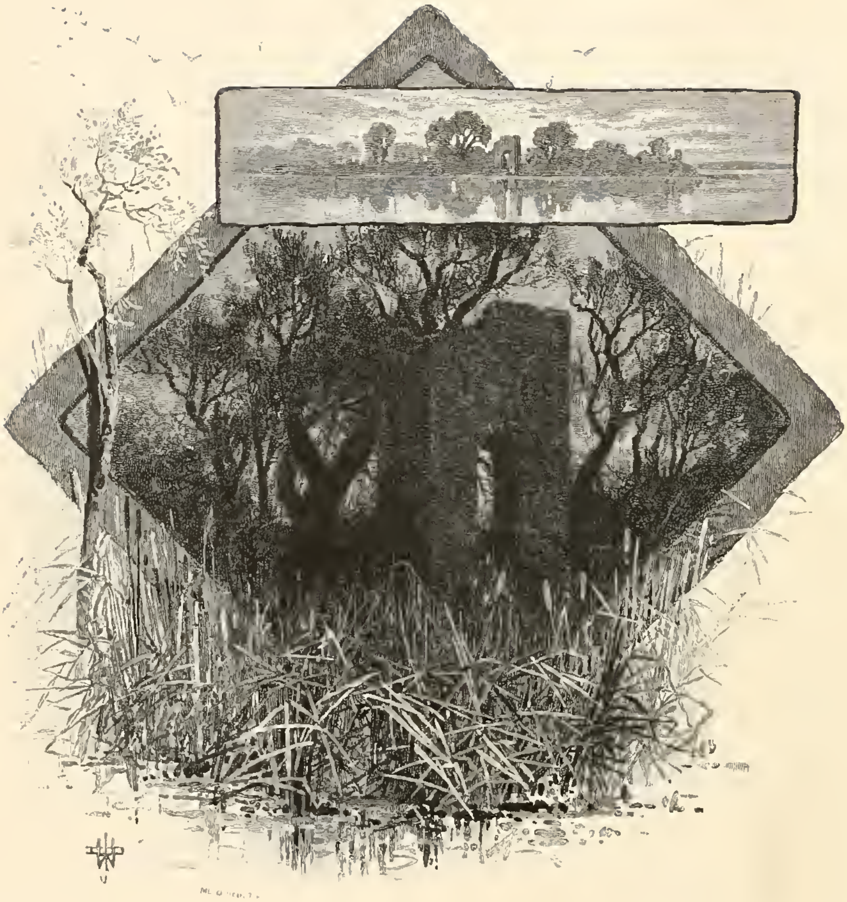
How Captain John Smith Used his Eyes — The Struggle for the Eastern Boundary — "Baron Castine of St. Castine" — D'Aulnay and La Tour — Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Martin Pring — How Maine and New Hampshire Broke from Massachusetts — Fishermen and Frenchmen — A Land of Many Stirring Memories.

XIII ON THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM 209

In the Land of Evangeline — Louisburg and Halifax — Across New Brunswick — In New and Old Quebec — The Struggle for a Language — The Triumph of English Speech — The Colonial Expansion of the Great Republic.

INDEX 231

THE CENTURY BOOK OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES



RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

THE CENTURY BOOK OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES

CHAPTER I

WHERE THE ADELANTADOS RULED

A Surprise Party in San Marco — Uncle Tom Explains — The Oldest American Colony — All about the Crab-Fight — Picturesque Old Days — Why the Adelantados Gave Way to the Gringos — Uncle Tom's New Scheme.

IN a sunlit corner of the old coquina fort they came suddenly face to face with a familiar figure. In vociferous and delighted surprise they pounced upon it.

"Why, Uncle Tom Dunlap!" cried Marian, following up her hug of recognition, "where under the sun did you drop from?"

But Jack drew himself up with a military click of heels, and plucking the polo-cap from his head as if it were a plumed sombrero, he made a sweeping medieval salute.

"Señor Don Tomaso Dunlapo, governor and captain-general of St. Augustine for his Most Christian Majesty of Spain," he began grandiloquently, as one who had studiously deciphered the inscription over the gate, "from what moated bartizan or donjon-keep did you spring? — and, talking of springs, how 's your friend Ponce de Leon?"

"A Spaniard!" cried Bert, bringing his furled sun-umbrella to the "ready," as if it were a Mauser or a Krag-Jorgensen. "A foeman of the republic! You are our prisoner. Away with him to the lowest dungeon!"

Whereupon the girls and boys once again swooped down upon the newcomer, and dragged him into the cool shade of the great archway near the incline, which they speedily electrified into brightness by their rattling fusillade of questions.

"I surrender; I cry quarter," Uncle Tom responded, flinging up his hands in capitulation, unable to answer twenty questions at once. "I 'm your prisoner. But, let me tell you, the Spaniard was the beginner of the republic. Remember that, my valorous Anglo-Saxons."

"The Spaniard? Why, Uncle Tom Dunlap! whatever can you mean?" Marian cried; while Roger, from the old Bay State, demanded: "How about the Pilgrims of Plymouth?"

"The Pilgrims! Why, bless you, Roger, your ancestors of Plymouth and Boston are newcomers compared with the dons. This very town of St. Augustine had been alive and flourishing for over half a century when the Pilgrims landed on the Rock; while as for my friend Ponce de Leon, as Jack calls him, he died sixty years and more before Miles Standish was born. Do you realize, boys and girls, that you are standing within the limits of the oldest European settlement in the United States — really the first, as you may say, of all the American colonies?"

"Oh, Spain does n't count," protested Jack. "We 're Americans, we are — Anglo-Saxons; and only Anglo-Saxon colonies are allowed as American."

"But you can't kick against the facts, Jack Dunlap," Uncle Tom persisted. "'St. Augustine of Florida,' as the inscription over the gate calls it, discovered in 1513, settled in 1565, occupied continuously ever since that day, and owning allegiance to four flags during its three hundred and thirty-five years of existence, — five flags, indeed, if we allow that of the Confederate States, — this comes pretty near to being the leader of the line of all the American colonies, does n't it?"

"Spanish-American," Bert admitted, "but not Anglo-American."

"What difference does that make, Bert?" Uncle Tom demanded. "It became English; it became French; it became American; while as for its first being Spanish — well, we don't really object to absorbing Spanish colonies when we can get them, do we — even now? I 've just got in here from a floating trip through those very first Spanish colonies — the islands of the Spanish Main; and from San Salvador to Porto Rico, I can't, for the life of me, see how you can object to calling them the first American colonies, and admitting them into your very exclusive Anglo-Saxon colonial corporation."

"Oh, give us time, Uncle Tom," cried Jack, who was an ardent expansionist, "give us time, and we 'll get 'em all in."

Bert, who had "convictions," was about to close with his cousin in argument, but Marian's open objection to Uncle Tom's liberality choked off the discussion between the representatives of Boston and New York.

"But Spain, Uncle Tom!" she cried. "Somehow it does n't seem just right to count in, as part of our sisterhood of colonies, a nation so different from us; a nation that —"

"We 've just whipped," broke in Jack. "Not for me, Uncle Tom. I hate Spain!"

"The victor can always afford to be generous to the vanquished, my boy," said Uncle Tom. "Spain blundered in America, and bitterly has she paid for four hundred years of blundering. The first and greatest colonizer in the New World, she frittered away her vast empire by extortion, neglect, and greed, and to-day, while millions of Americans speak the language of Spain, 'not one so poor to do her reverence.'"

"That seems awfully hard, does n't it, though?" said Christine the sympathetic. "Was it all Spain's fault, Uncle Tom?"

COPYRIGHTED BY THE DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

THE WATCH-TOWER AT FORT MARION.

"Sure!" exclaimed Roger, who conscientiously read the periodicals. "From all I can make out, Spain has always been like that line in one of Lowell's poems,—

'Wrong forever on the throne'—

has n't it, Uncle Tom? So of course it 's all her own fault; is n't it?"

"You must n't read all history on the Agassiz plan — building up the whole fish from a single bone, Roger," Uncle Tom replied, with a smile. "Spain has had noble men and glorious epochs; but Spain seems to have been one of those nations that, like some people, young as well as old, learn nothing from experience. As she was in the Punic Wars, so she was in the time of Napoleon. The official Spain of Pedro the Cruel and the Duke

COPYRIGHTED BY THE DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

CHURCH OF SAN MIGUEL, SANTA FE.

of Alva was the Spain of the equally heartless Weyler of our day, and of the conscienceless De Soto and the bombastic Ponce de Leon, who here, near this very spot on which we are standing, attempted to found, in the years 1513 and 1521, a colony of the King of Spain — the first, as I have said, of all the American colonies."

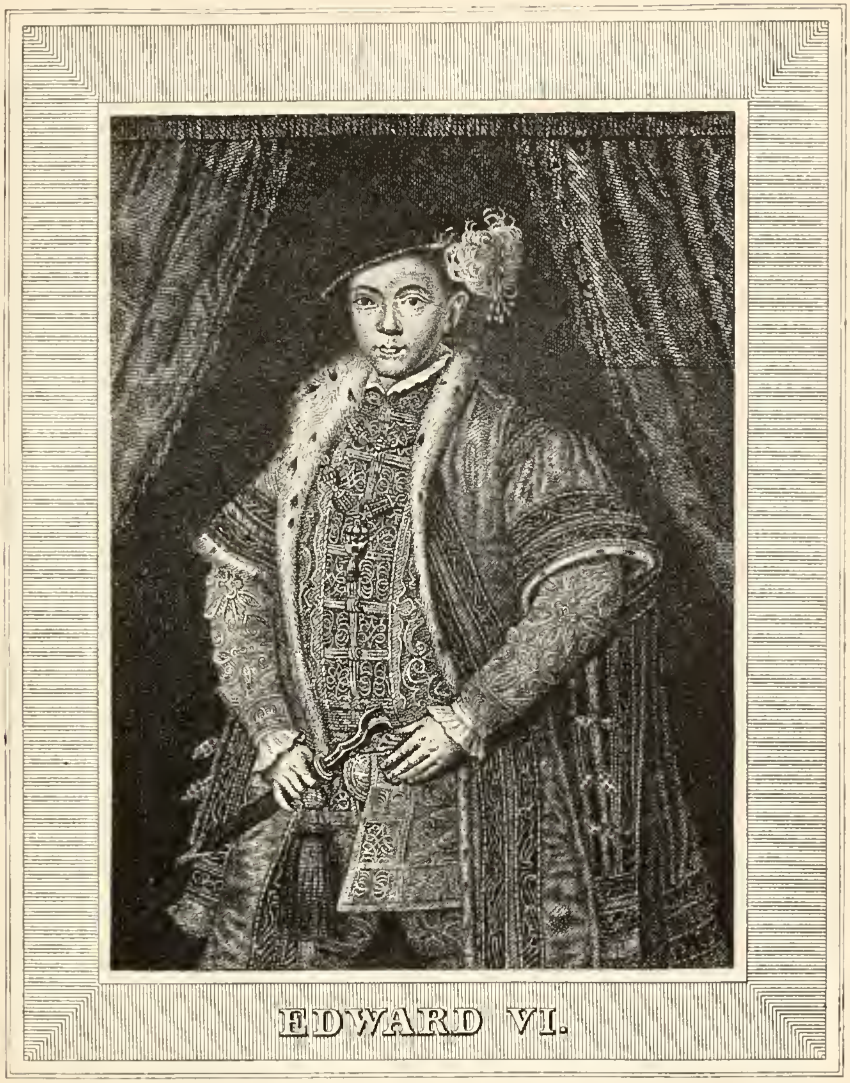
"Was it really the oldest, even from your standpoint, Uncle Tom?" queried critical Bert. "How about Santa Fe?"

"Pretty old, Bert," admitted Uncle Tom; "but my colony leads yours almost sixty years. Santa Fe de Francisco has been the continuous capital of New Mexico ever since Captain Olate founded it in 1598; but St. Augustine was thirty-three years old then, and had already made a record for itself as the seat of Spanish occupation, Spanish rapacity, Spanish cruelty, and Spanish tyranny."

"How about the other colonists, Uncle Tom?" Bert inquired, still critical. "They were n't exactly saints and angels, were they?"

"I cannot honestly say they were, Bert," Uncle Tom confessed. "The whole Christian world seemed to have caught the mania for forcible possession in those days, and especially for appropriating other people's 'finds.' England, in this, was a quick second to Spain. For, while Spain (remember this, my Anglo-Saxon enthusiasts) was, from the days of Columbus, conceded to own all North America south of the present northern boundary of the United States, the real impulse to aggressive occupation and colonization was really English, and was due to a boy, a sailor, and a virgin queen."

The children put on their thinking-caps at once.



"'A boy with weak lungs, who kept a diary, and died before he had a chance to show what he could do.'"

"'A boy, a sailor, and a virgin queen,'" Marian repeated. "Who were they?"

"The virgin queen," said Bert the scholar, "was surely Queen Elizabeth. But the boy and the sailor corner me. Who were they, Uncle Tom?"

"The boy was the brother of the virgin queen," Uncle Tom explained. "He died King of England at sixteen, but —"

"Edward VI?" queried Bert.

"Yes, the sad little son of King Henry VIII," Uncle Tom assented, "best known as a boy with weak lungs, who kept a diary, and who died before he really had a chance to show what the son of his father could do. But he did accomplish two things: the introduction of the English prayer-book, and the formation of the famous 'Company of Merchant Adventurers'—a real-estate syndicate whose descendants were the later English colonizers of America. And young King Edward's chief desire was to 'down' Spain."

"Good for the boy!" cried Jack. "He had spunk, even if his lungs were weak. Why did n't he come to Florida and get well?"

"Well, just then," Uncle Tom explained, "Florida was not a very healthy climate for Englishmen. The English sailor whom I mentioned as one of the three impelling causes had a notable sea-fight with the Spaniards off yonder in the Gulf of Mexico, when Spanish perfidy cornered him and captured half his fleet. It was Captain John Hawkins, you know."

"Oh, yes! he comes in in 'Westward Ho!'" said Roger.

"Great book, that," said Jack, with a nod of recollection and approval.

"Well, he was perfidiously assaulted in the Gulf," Uncle Tom continued. "The prisoners from his captured crews were sent to the tortures of the Inquisition, and this raised in English breasts so fierce a hatred of Spain that not even the glorious defeat of the Armada was held a sufficient revenge. That hatred determined Queen Elizabeth to make North America English, and kept the English to their purpose until, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, America became Anglo-Saxon."

"Hear! hear!" cried Jack and Roger, with enthusiasm. "Three cheers for Queen Elizabeth!"

"A woman, boys," said Uncle Tom, "but the first ruler to send armed aid to the afflicted and oppressed by a proclamation declared by some to be worthy a place beside our own Declaration of Independence; a paper that bore fruit even three hundred years later, and by its example sent armed Americans carrying aid to the afflicted and oppressed victims of Spanish oppression, in the very colonies in America which Elizabeth's valiant captains sought to wrest from Spain."

"Then really, Uncle Tom," said Bert, "it was a case of 'strained relations' from the first, was n't it?"

"It surely was, Bert," his uncle responded. "In fact, relations were strained between all the European peoples who sailed land-hunting over the Western seas. Here they came to a vast continent, big enough and rich enough to support them forty times over; but no sooner did the man of one nation spy the man of another nation shivering on the shore than he sprang at the newcomer's throat, and, like that fellow in one of Shakspere's plays,— Trinculo, was it not? — both claimants were mad enough 'to smite the very air for breathing in their faces.' That was the case especially here in Florida, where the Spaniards, coming to colonize, found certain 'heretic French' in the land; and then the crab-fight began."

COPYRIGHTED BY THE DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

THE SEA-WALL AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

"What do you mean by a crab-fight?" queried Jack and Roger, in a breath.

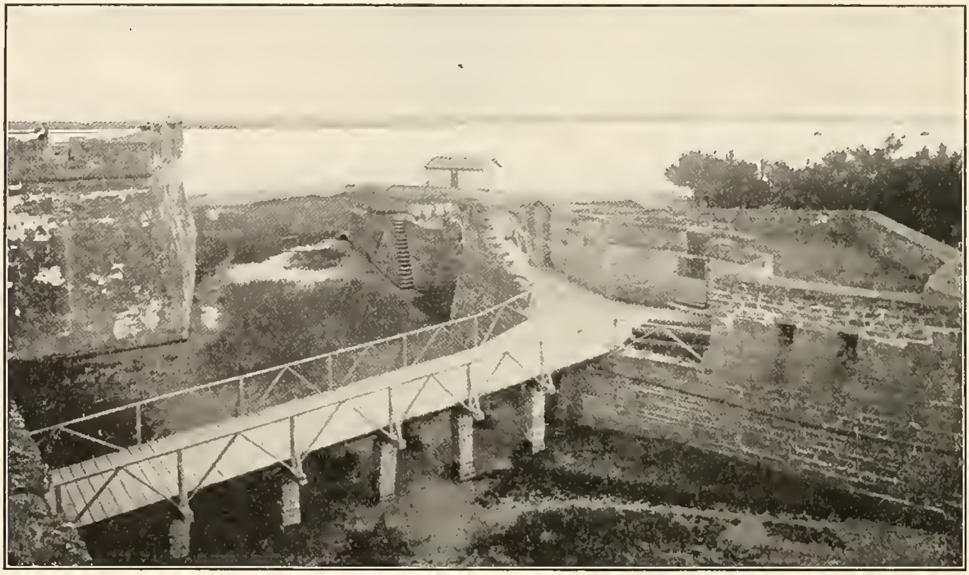
Uncle Tom laughed.

"That was a quotation, boys," he said. "A bright American writer, whom you know by his 'King Arthur' books,— Sidney Lanier,— in describing the perpetual quarrels in this green and peaceful land, as Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Englishmen strove for possession, said, if I can recall his words: 'The one thing in nature which approaches these people in truculence is crabs. Bring one crab near another, on shore; immediately they spit at each other and grapple.' And here and hereabout that spitting and grappling was done until the land of peace was made a land of blood."

"The French here!" exclaimed Bert. "Why, I thought you said the Spaniards were here first."

"As discoverers and colonizers, yes," his uncle replied. "But, between their discovery and colonization, certain Huguenot Frenchmen sailed into the St. Johns River about thirty miles above here, and built on the bluff, not far from Jacksonville, a fort, the site of which I may be able to show you, for it is still known as old Fort Caroline."

"Oh, do show it to us," cried Marian. "They never told us about it at Jacksonville. Won't you take us there, Uncle Tom?"



COPYRIGHTED BY THE DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

THE DEMILUNE OF THE OLD FORT.

"Why not?" her uncle replied. "We boys and girls who have gone on so many investigating tours up and down the land should surely be able to make a colonial pilgrimage. What do you say, everybody?"

"Everybody" said yes, of course. They always did to Uncle Tom's propositions; for, as Marian declared, they — the propositions — were "just too lovely for anything." That they should have run up against a new one so unexpectedly in Florida, as Jack put it, seemed too good to be true.

Who "everybody" was, I hope you all know. But if any of you have not followed these youthful investigators in their American wanderings, let me introduce them as my favorite party of boys and girls, who knew how to use their eyes and their ears, and who, under the guidance of Uncle Tom Dunlap, "did" Washington to study the American system of government, rambled over the land from Boston to St. Louis to see the homes of our greatest and most historic Americans, and made a personally conducted tour of every important battle-field of the American Revolution from Lexington to Yorktown.

And here they all were in Florida — Jack Dunlap, and Marian, his sister, Bert Upham, their cousin, Christine Bacon (Marian's "best friend"), and Roger Densmore, the boy from Boston. They had come to Florida for a brief spring outing, with "one or two fathers and mothers," as Jack explained; but to see things properly, they confessed, they really did need Uncle Tom, for he knew exactly what to show them. They wished he were with them, and behold! as if they stood upon a wishing-carpet in Ponce de Leon's fairyland, here he was! And, best of all, he had a new plan to propose.

They vociferously seconded his motion, and for the next week he took them, as only he could take them, up and down the land where the adelantados ruled, giving them, in its own glorious setting of semi-tropic soil and air, forest, lake, and river, sea and shore, the tragic, turbulent, picturesque, and dramatic story of America's first colony — the land of Florida. And then they returned to St. Augustine.

"Just what is an 'adelantado,' Uncle Tom?" Christine inquired, as they sat, one day, on the demilune of the old fort at St. Augustine, and looked off on the blue water where, in the years gone by, the golden flag of Spain, the fleur-de-lis of France, and the red cross of England had floated above the stately ships of those masters of the main as, in peace and war, in discovery and colonization, in wrath and revenge, in succor and pillage, they had sailed the coast of Florida, and opened the stirring story of America's beginning, growth, development, and glory.

"Why, it 's something Spanish, of course," said Roger — "captain or something like that, is n't it?"

Bert, a born investigator, had run this title down, and was quick to translate. He had not studied his Spanish phrase-book for nothing.

"It 's from the Spanish *adelante* — forward, advanced," he said. "It means a commander, the governor of a province, an advanced man — don't you see?"

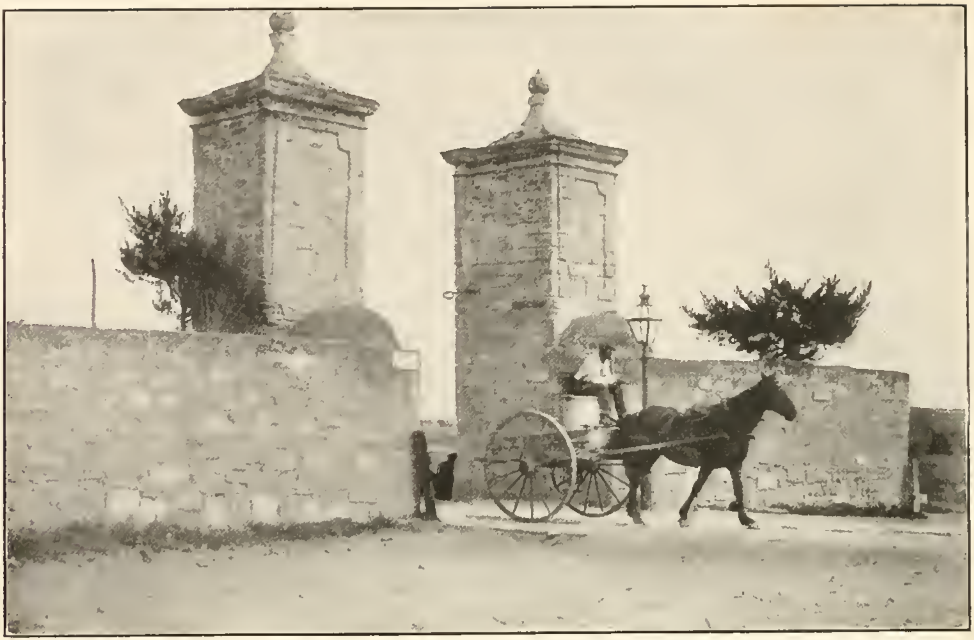
"No, I don't see," Roger declared. "I should say those old Spanish cutthroats were anything but 'advanced.' They were regular old butchers."

Christine shivered in sympathy.

"Was n't it dreadful?" she said. "Dear me! those horrid stories that Uncle Tom has told us are enough to give one the nightmare. I 'm glad I live in more Christian times."

"When we make men free and independent — peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must, eh, Jack?" said Bert, slyly.

"Well, sir," retorted Jack, "that 's one of the beauties of the Anglo-Saxon character. "What 's that the professor told us? We must do right for the sake of the right. Now, if —"



COPYRIGHTED BY THE DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

THE OLD CITY GATE, ST. AUGUSTINE.

But Uncle Tom laid a restraining hand upon the incipient debate.

"A truce, a truce, dear boys!" he cried. "We are dealing with adelantados, and not with current topics. Let 's go back to the sixteenth century."

"It is not hard to do that here, I 'm sure," cried Marian. "Did you ever see such a dear, delightful old town? When I get away from the big hotels I don't think I should be one bit surprised to run up against De Soto in his armor, or Ponce de Leon hunting for his spring, or even have that delightfully horrible Menendez stand politely aside, hat off and bowing low, to let me pass through the city gate."

"Yes," growled Jack, "and then knife you in the back, afterward, for a young heretic."

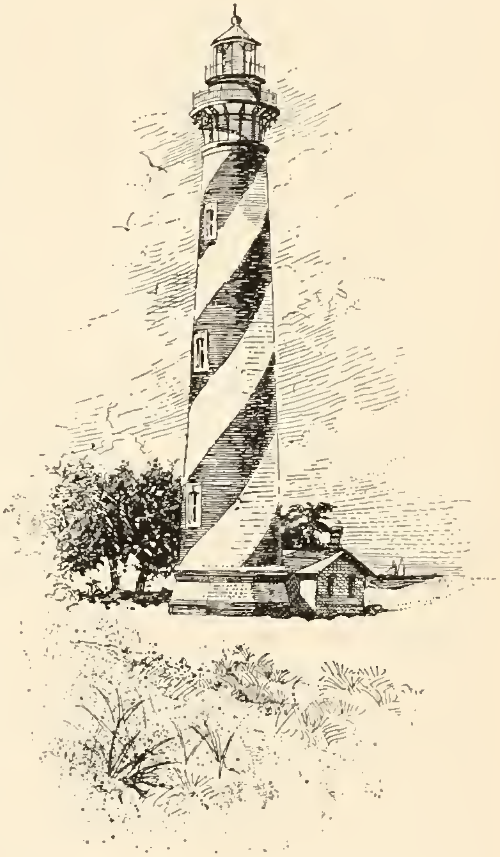
"Don't speak of it!" said Christine. "I think that was perfectly dreadful. Ever since Uncle Tom showed me that spot on Anastasia Island where the Spaniards slaughtered the French, and the bluff near Mayport where the French revenged themselves on the Spaniards, I 'm sure I don't think very much of knights and gentlemen and the days of chivalry. I don't believe I shall ever enjoy 'Ivanhoe' again."

"Why not?" cried Jack. "Ivanhoe was an Anglo-Saxon. He did n't go around hacking people to pieces and putting up sign-boards to tell why he did it, as Menendez and Gourgues did, over yonder at Anastasia and up at old Fort Caroline. I don't believe that the real colonization of Florida began until the English took things in hand; did it, now, Uncle Tom?"

"Well, no; I must admit that the real substantial advance began when Oglethorpe and his Englishmen marched across the Georgia boundary in 1742, stormed the walls of St. Augustine, and helped to make Florida an English colony. But you must admit the picturesqueness of the olden times, my dear young moderns, even while granting its bloodthirstiness. For those were the days in which might made right; and mail-clad might was a wonderfully picturesque figure. I feel as Marian does when I leave the to-day of big hotels and golf links and bicycles and Friday evening receptions, and walk the narrow streets of the ancient town, once again dustless and firm as of old, where overhanging balconies seem ready to drop on your head, and the coquina walls show brown and time-stained under the tropic green. Then, if I keep away from the modern villa and the Queen Anne house, I can almost picture the growth of this quaint old town. First I see the coming of Juan Ponce de Leon, adelantado of Bimini and discoverer of Florida, that old conquistador whose restless spirit age could not tame; then I meet him on his return, eight years later, coming with ships and colonists, and clergymen and cattle, 'to serve his Majesty,' so he declared, 'with life and treasure and person, and all I have, and settle this land that I have discovered.'"

"But he did n't settle it, did he?" said Bert.

"No, he did n't," Uncle Tom replied. "Somewhere hereabout he landed his expedition and began to build his town. But the Indians, sore haters of Spaniards, interfered. Dismayed and homesick, the colonists lost enthusiasm; Ponce de Leon, wounded by an Indian arrow, bundled his



THE LIGHTHOUSE, ST. AUGUSTINE.

This stands on Anastasia Island, near where Menendez slew the Huguenots.

people back to Cuba, and there died of his wound and his disappointment. And so the first colonization scheme came to an end."

"And he did not find his spring of eternal youth, after all," said Christine.

"Neither he nor any other man," Uncle Tom replied—"and fortunately so," he added. "Eternal youth, my dear, would be a curse, rather than a blessing, to any man or woman. Keep the heart young, as you all may do; but let the years go on as they will. Eternal youth is never eternal progress."

"Then Ponce de Leon did n't really found St. Augustine," said Marian.

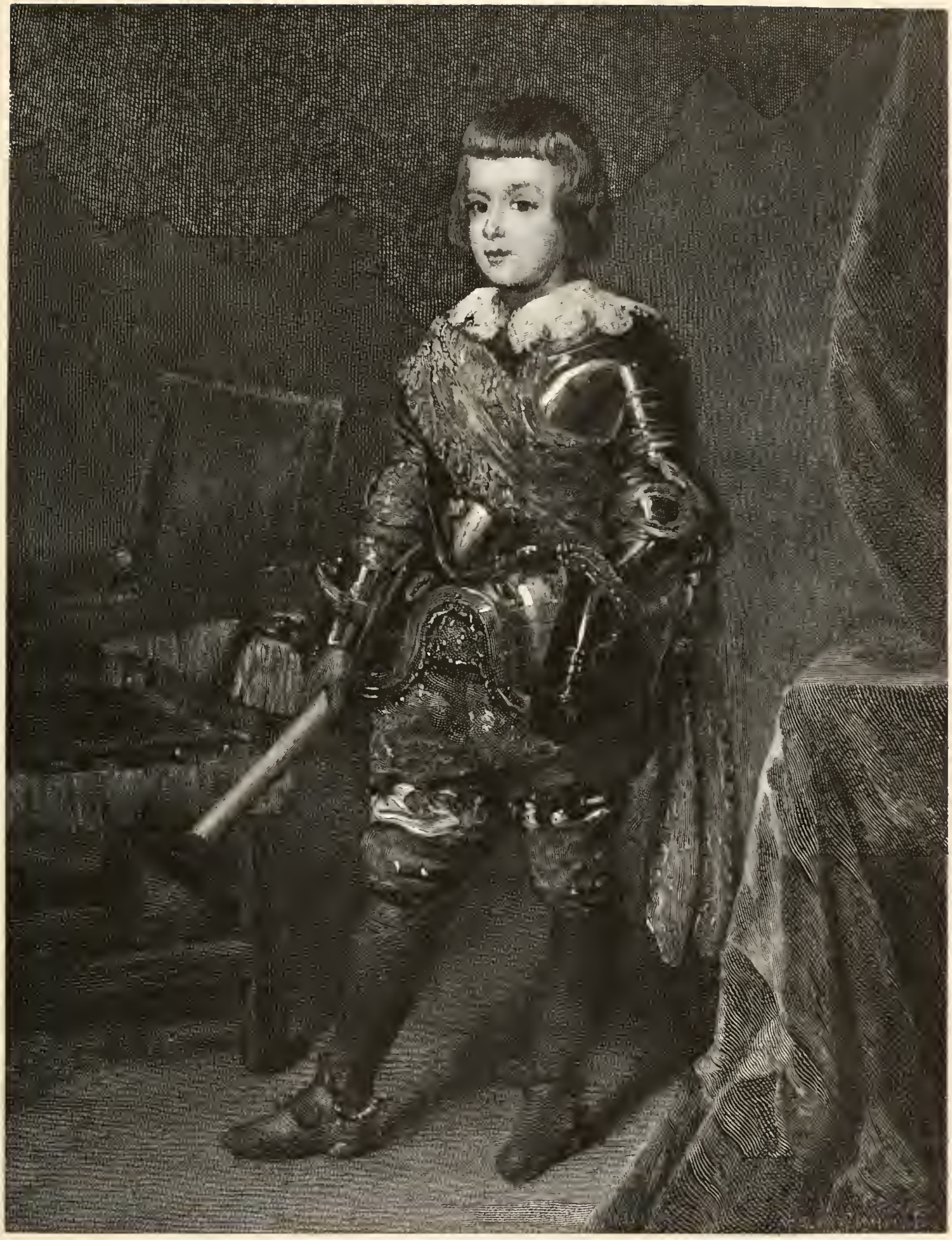
"No; not for forty years after his day was the old town really begun," her uncle replied. "Meanwhile comes here that more famous adelantado Hernando de Soto and his brilliant following, traversing Florida from Tampa to the James,—for all America was Florida then,—leading a disastrous march up and down the land, only to find a midnight burial, in defeat and disgrace, beneath the turbid waters of the Mississippi. Next, Don Tristan de Luna lands at Pensacola, and would mingle settlement and conversion; but the Indians will have none of him, and that scheme falls away. And so comes around the year 1565, when French Huguenots beyond Jacksonville and Spanish Catholics at St. Augustine start rival settlements, and come to bitter blows. Menendez and massacre, Ribault and recklessness, Laudonnière and lunacy, Gourgues and grudges—these are alliterative and almost synonymous terms, and the early history of Florida is just what I said Sidney Lanier called it—a regular crab-fight! But out of that grapple St. Augustine rose, established itself, and flourished. The coquina town grew, though it grew slowly. The colony stretched out its feelers, and even to-day, in the fair upland country about Tallahassee, you may come upon traces of roads and fortifications, relics of Spanish occupation and colonization, dating three centuries back."

"But the gringos came at last," said Bert.

"What 's a gringo, Bert?" queried Marian.

"You are, me chylde," cried Jack, pointing an apparently accusing finger at his puzzled and protesting sister. "*Aqui se habla Español? Los gringos est los Americanos!* How 's that, Mr. Bert?"—whereat they all laughed heartily over "Jack's Spanish."

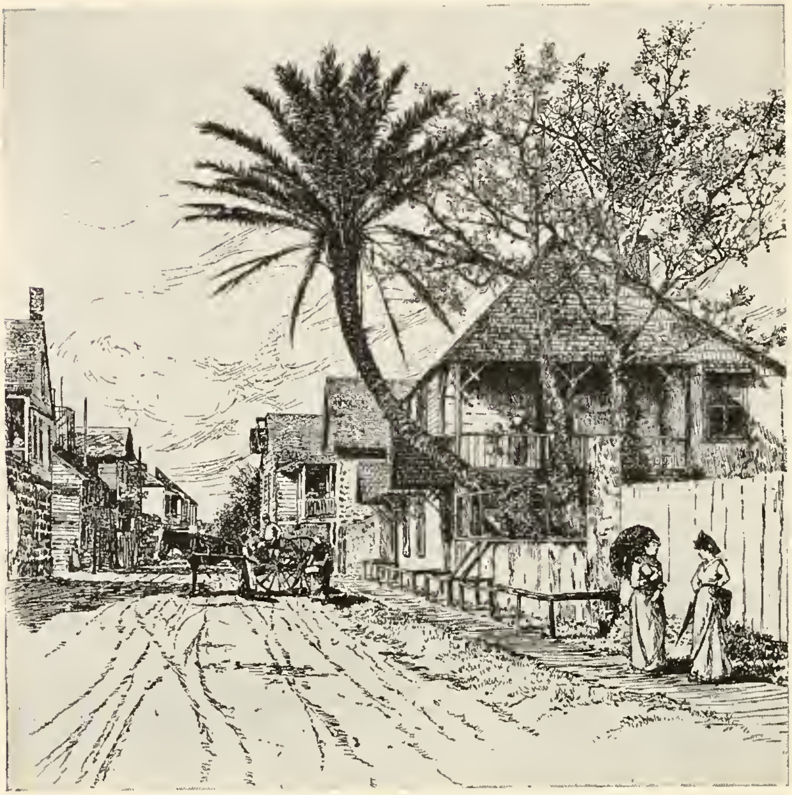
"Yes, the gringos—the Americans or Yankees, Marian—came at last, as Bert oracularly observes," said Uncle Tom. "The Menendez of 1565 gives place to the Jackson of 1821; and to-day's discussion over the Philippines is as nothing compared to that over Jackson's stern invasion of Florida. De Soto yields place to Worth in 'the bloody sport of killing



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK HOLLYER OF THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ, IN THE HAGUE.

A PRINCE OF THE ADELANTADOS.

Don Carlos of Spain, son of Philip, King of Spain and Lord of the Indies and of Florida.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

"'If I keep away from the modern villa and the Queen Anne house, I can almost picture the growth of this quaint old town.'"

Indians,' and Satourina the sachem reappears in Osceola the Seminole. So, you see, the years are not so very far apart, after all, in methods and motives. Indeed, the history of Florida for three hundred years, if I can give you Lanier's words again, 'is but a bowl of blood; and if a man could cast something into it, like the chemists, that would throw aside the solid ingredients from the mere water of it, he would find for a precipitate at the bottom of it little more than death and disappointment.'"

The young people were silent for a moment. Then Christine, looking about her at the glorious combination of sea and sky and shore, gave a little sigh.

"Death and disappointment in such a place as this?" she said. "It does n't seem right, Uncle Tom."

"Where

'Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,'"

sang Roger the Puritan; and then hastened to add,— for Roger was always courteous,—"Present company an exception, of course."

"It does n't at first sight seem just right, my dear," Uncle Tom replied to Christine's remark. "But it is the story of the world. All progress is through pain, and atmosphere counts for little in the logical march of events. It is because of the struggles and grapples of three hundred years and more that such environments as this are possible — the railway, the trolley, golf, bicycles, hotels, stores, and winter homes, the development of a race in peaceful possession out of the strifes of creed and greed and selfish cut-and-thrust. It does n't do for all of us to follow the lazy logic of the Persian Omar:

'Ah! fill the cup! — What boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our feet?
Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday —
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet!'

It is the noble logic of our own Longfellow that makes men and nations, you know:

'Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.'"

Jack flung his cap above the sea-wall and caught it deftly.

"Hurrah for the Anglo-Saxon!" he cried. "The professor beats the tent-maker every time, does n't he?"

"And the hotel-keeper the hidalgo, too, eh?" said Roger. "Three cheers for American progress!"

"Developed out of strife and passion, disaster and dispute, Roger," said Uncle Tom, "as much among your Puritan ancestors of the Bay State as with Jack's Knickerbockers of Manhattan and the Spanish forerunners of Florida.

'From seeming evil still educing good,'

is the divine plan. But even in the seeming evil lies the element of picturesqueness — especially here in the land where the adelantados ruled. Recall them as they threaded the mazes of Florida cypress swamps, hummocks, and pine barrens, from Tampa to Tallahassee, from St. Augustine to Pensacola: Ponce de Leon, companion of Columbus, hunting for youth and losing life, unsubdued by disaster, lord of that misty golden empire of Bimini which no man ever saw; Narvaez, seeking treasure and finding only famine; De Soto, reared in Pizarro's school, to join whose splendid expedition men contended as they did to join our own invading army of Cuba, and which, starting with all the pomp of chivalry, ended in the rags and gloom of defeat.

Noble cavaliers were those first adelantados and hidalgos, with their armor as glittering as their ambitions; stately figures of old Spain moving across these sands of Florida to ignominy, and yet to fame. And after them here, walking the streets of St. Augustine or sallying from its gates in sortie and foray, comes Menendez, the colonizer and the destroyer. Courteous even in his cruelties, suave even in his butcheries, is he. 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'your fort is taken, and all in it are put to the sword. . . . Give up your arms and banners, and place yourself at my mercy, and I will act toward you as God shall give me grace.' And you know what that 'grace' was! A picturesque fanatic, though, was Don Pedro Menendez de Avilés, adelantado of Florida — he who, as Parkman says, 'crushed French Protestantism in America.'"

"The Weyler of 1565," said Bert.

"Quite as picturesque, too," continued Uncle Tom, "was that Frenchman whom Menendez crushed, the Huguenot captain Jean Ribault of Dieppe, as, with his armored company of nobles and gentlemen adventurers, he sailed over the bar of the shining St. Johns and set up the arms of France in token of possession; and Dominique de Gourgues, hereditary hater of Spain, who stormed Fort Caroline with his adventurers and his Indian allies, and on the bluff beside the fort took, as I have shown you, his fearful revenge, and placed above the victims of his wrath the terrible inscription:

> 'Not because they were Spaniards, or men of no account, but because they were traitors, robbers, and murderers.'

"Then, as the colony grows, other picturesque figures walk these narrow streets — the misunderstood and misunderstanding monks and friars and their fiery destroyer, the brave young Indian chieftain of Guale; Sir Francis Drake, English hero and freebooter,

> 'Sailing the Spanish Main
> To singe the beard of the King of Spain,'

and dashing here, straight against this very fort and sea-wall, to 'hold up' the frightened Spanish colony in true sea-robber style, and to pillage, burn, and steal, all in the name of God and the true religion; the languishing Indian captives building this fort and wall; the English from Georgia, redcoats and rangers together, swooping down upon the town to invade and burn it while the Spaniards hold the fort; the stately Governor Monteano, cavalier of Spain, defying the aggressive Oglethorpe and refusing to surrender the fort wherein, he says, he 'hopes soon to kiss his Excellency's hand, a guest of war within its walls'; or, still later, red Rory McIntosh,

COURTYARD OF THE PONCE DE LEON HOTEL.

"They all drew off to the broad loggia of their hotel."

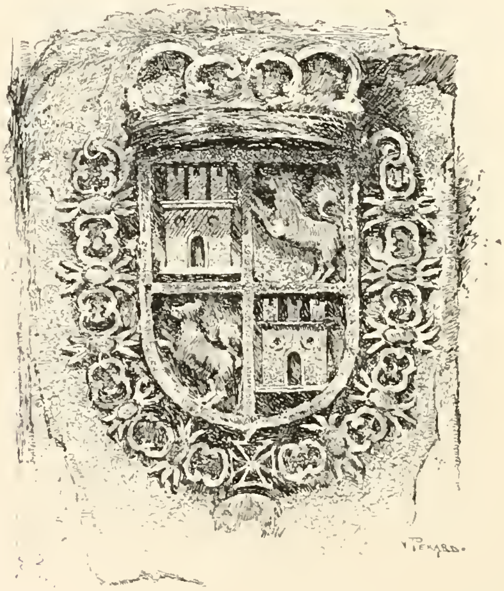
Scotch borderer of Georgia and chieftain of his Highland clan, walking, yonder, down Bay Street in full tartans and kilts, his pipers preceding him, and his dogs at his heels, a hater of Spaniards, and especially a hater of American rebels against King George of England. I 'm not sure but red Rory the Scotchman is about as picturesque a figure as any in colonial Florida. They have stories about him in the Georgia Colony that would have made an extra fortune for Walter Scott."

The young people listened, deeply interested.

"Do you suppose it is possible to find just as picturesque figures in the history of the other colonies, Uncle Tom?" Marian inquired.

"Not one that lacks, my dear," her uncle answered. "From young Sir Harry Vane of the Bay Colony to young Governor Galvez of New Orleans, from John Smith and Menendez to Baron Castine and Peter Stuyvesant, the colonial history of America is full of color and dramatic action. I 'm not so sure, my friends and fellow-investigators, that they would not well repay acquaintanceship in their own homes and haunts. How do you feel about it?"

The shout of approval that rose in reply startled the little "coons" asleep in the shadows of the wall, and called the lone sergeant in command at the old fort to man the bartizan in protest. Whereupon they all drew off to the broad loggia of their hotel, and there, in the comfort of easy-chairs and the company of maps and time-tables, they planned out with Uncle Tom a "complete and personally conducted colonial tour," as Jack at once labeled it. And Jack was a bit of a prophet.



THE SPANISH COAT OF ARMS, FORT MARION.

CHAPTER II

IN THE RIVAL CAPITALS

Over the French Border — The Trip to Mobile — The First French Capital — Why New Orleans Won — Four Famous Brothers — In the Crescent City — The Father of Louisiana — 1903 — *An Old Town in the New World.*

LEAVING the "one or two fathers and mothers" still "siestering," as the boys and girls called it, on the wide piazzas of St. Augustine, Uncle Tom and his young people, in the lazy, leisurely fashion of all sensible Southern tourists, made their way across the land of the adelantados to the borders of the old French colony and its rival capitals.

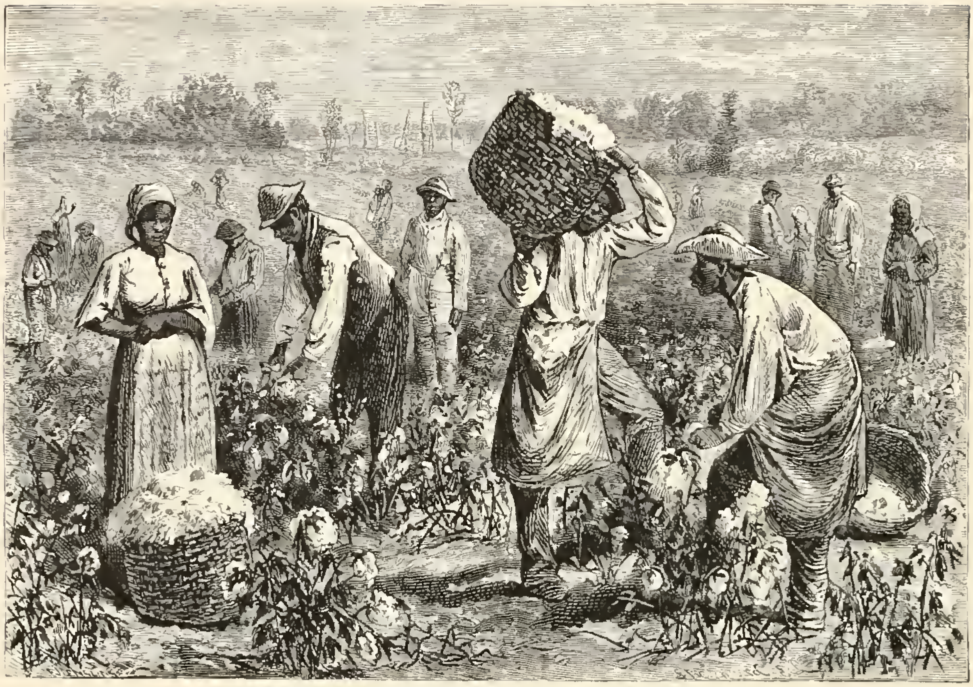
"I suppose you mean Mobile and New Orleans by that," Bert said, studying over the adjective; "but why do you call them 'rival' capitals, Uncle Tom?"

"Because that is what they were, dear boy," his uncle replied. "Mobile was settled first, and started out to be the chief French town on the Gulf; but along came two French boys with a hobby, — a good big one, by the way; no less than the Mississippi River! — and out of the mud-banks of the Father of Waters sprang Mobile's rival — New Orleans."

"Why do you say French *boys*, Uncle Tom?" queried Marian. "Were they only boys?"

"Little more than that," Uncle Tom replied. "I 'll introduce you to them when we come upon them on their own stamping-ground."

The heat and the sand did not trouble them much as they took their westward way from Jacksonville, for they had learned to expect and accept both; and Jack was even ready to question the truth of history when Uncle



THROUGH THE COTTON COUNTRY.

Tom assured him that many of the first colonists were unable to endure even the rigors of a Florida winter.

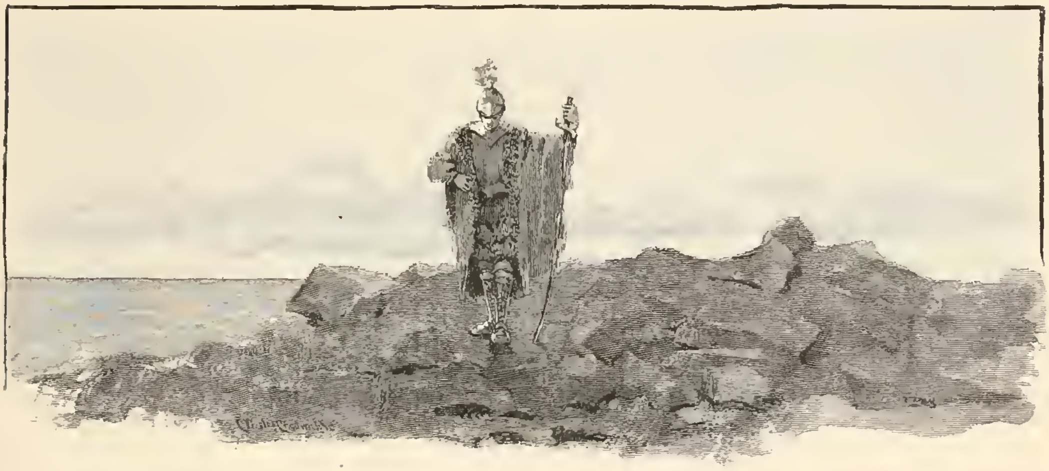
"They must have struck a freeze here that season, I reckon," Jack decided. "That 's one thing Spaniards and oranges can't stand. It takes Anglo-Saxon blood and fall pippins to flourish in a frost."

Uncle Tom smiled. "It 's the land of open doors, you know, from here to Texas," he said; "and a freeze is a serious matter, let me tell you, 'down on the Suwannee River'— which, by the way, we are just about crossing now, so the porter tells me."

They crossed the slow and sluggish stream at Ellaville, and did full justice to Foster's famous song, while, touched by the sentiment if not by the sight, even their fellow-travelers in the parlor-car joined in the chorus, and so sped onward through the cotton country to where, in its rich upland country, Tallahassee the seductive sits amid its roses and its live-oaks, ringed about by the beautiful lakes beside which De Soto made his shifting camp, and from whose shores Jackson, stern and relentless, drove the rebellious, home-loving Seminoles.

They saw the original secession ordinance in the porticoed old State-house in the evergreens; they rowed over the lily-starred waters of Lake Lafayette, peered into the wondrous crystal depths of Wakulla Spring, hunted up the tumble-down farm-house on the hill where once had lived the farmer-prince and exiled heir to a throne — Murat, the son of Napoleon's dashing "golden eagle"; and then, delighted with all this profusion of tree and shrub and flower and romance, pushed on to Pensacola.

There they visited the oldest American navy-yard, started, two hundred and seventeen years before the Declaration of Independence, by that same Don Tristan de Luna who, as Uncle Tom had told them, came to Florida with a great Spanish colony only to find famine and failure. There, too, De Soto's fleet waited for the return of the conquistador with his booty of golden spoil and captives — the glittering train that never returned to the weary, waiting ships of Spain; and there, on the hill behind the town, they traced out the crumpled ruins of the old Spanish forts, San Miguel and St. Bernard, with which, for long years, Spain had guarded her western border against the threats of France and the encroachments of England. And then, after a day of delightful sailing over the beautiful bay and out into the glorious Gulf, they reluctantly boarded the train again, and ran up and down the railway triangle and then across the borders of the old French colony to where Mobile rises above its sandy plain — the first colonial capital of old Louisiana.

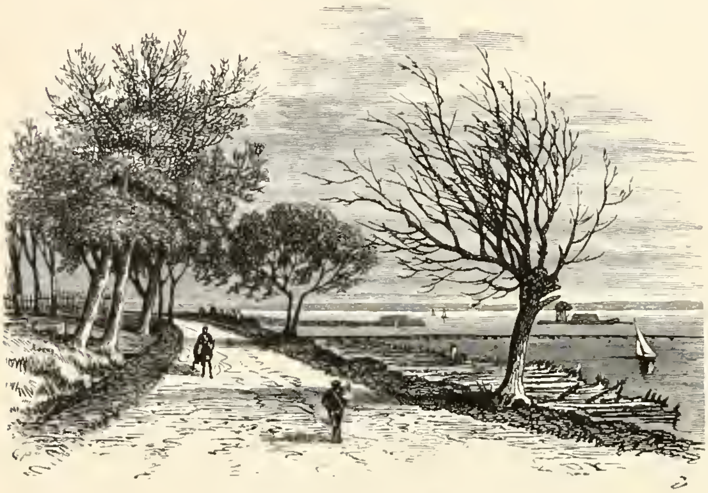


A CONQUERED CONQUISTADOR.

"Only to find famine and failure."

"Just what was Louisiana, Uncle Tom?" inquired Bert, as they sat in after-dinner comfort behind the "imposing façade" of the old hotel at Mobile. "I never yet have been clear on that point."

"Well, Bert," his uncle replied, "that 's not so easy to say. Its only boundaries appear to have been the limits of French ambition, bluff, and bravado. And as, in the days of the great King Louis, fourteenth of the name, these were almost unlimited, Louisiana seems at first to have been just so much of North America as the king's officers could lay hands on and label. Indeed, what with Canada and Louisiana, there was not much of North America left for any one to claim, until England put a stop to French 'expansion,' when a certain young colonial captain opened the war for the supremacy of possession at Great Meadows in Pennsylvania, and a certain brave British brigadier said on the Plains of Abraham, 'I die content.'"



ON THE BAY ROAD, MOBILE.

"Meaning George Washington and General Wolfe, I suppose?" said Bert.

Uncle Tom nodded, and Jack, with equal expressions of emphasis, exclaimed: "There you are! Anglo-Saxon pluck always wins! Eh, Uncle Tom?"

"It certainly did in the long conflict that finally resulted in Louisiana becoming American, by the purchase of 1803," Uncle Tom replied.

"That 's when Jefferson bought it from Napoleon, was n't it?" asked Bert.

"Yes," his uncle answered. "The purchase of all this vast section by Thomas Jefferson was the logical conclusion to the strife for possession that began far back in the days when Hawkins and Drake, with their English Jackies, came nosing about these waters a hundred years after Columbus had discovered them for Spain, and when the warlike young Frenchmen of Iberville's day longed to sweep the English colonists from their foothold on the Atlantic water-front from Virginia to New England."

"Only they did n't."

"No, they did n't, Jack," his uncle assented; "but they shoved 'em pretty hard, as you would say. And that same Iberville, a regular D'Artagnan of a French-Canadian, did some of the sturdiest shoving. In Maine and Newfoundland, on the shores of Hudson Bay, as well as in New York, New England, and the valley of the St. Lawrence, he proved himself a daring and desperate fighter, in the days when gentlemen did not scruple to follow the lead of savages, and fight for English scalps as well as for the glory of France."

"Oh, Uncle Tom, did they do that?" Christine exclaimed.

"Colonial history is full of it, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "Every French foray, from Deerfield and Schenectady in the north to Pensacola and Fort Roselie down this way, shows how a French officer and gentleman of great King Louis's day could be, on the border, a savage and a barbarian."

"What about Mason and Church and the Puritan fighters, Uncle Tom?" inquired Bert, who was well up in border history.

"Observe, I made no comparison, Bert," his uncle replied. "They are always odious, and, in the year 1700, men of every race were apt to be wolfish in war. But what I was getting at was this same Iberville, 'the Cid of New France,' as the hero-worshipers called him, who, feeling his way down from Canada in the wake of La Salle, discovered the beauties of this land of the blessed, and became the father of Louisiana by settling down yonder at Massacre Island."

"Br-r-r! Uncle Tom! Massacre Island? What a horrid name!" exclaimed Marian.

"Sounds sort of attractive and Stevensonish, though, does n't it," said Jack, reflectively. "Ought to be a story there. Where is it, Uncle Tom?"

"They call it Dauphine Island here in Mobile now, and they have called it so for two hundred years. But the first comers called it Massacre Island, because, you see, they found so many bones there they supposed it must have been at some time the site of a dreadful tragedy."

"Dauphine is a much prettier name," said Christine.

"Synonymous," Jack proclaimed oracularly. "The Frenchmen have massacred a dauphin or two, have n't they?"

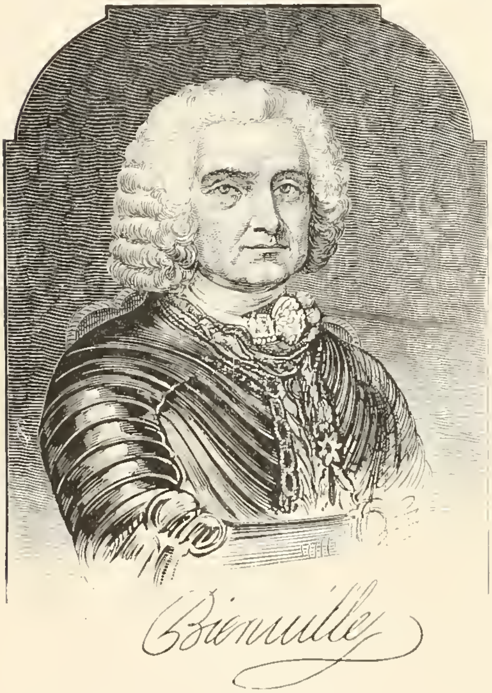
"Well," returned his uncle, "this Dauphine Island very nearly massacred the few Frenchmen who first tried to make a home upon so ill-named a spot. Pensacola, where they first thought of stopping, had already been preëmpted by the Spaniards. So Iberville coasted along to the mouth of the Mississippi, sailed up to and around the present site of New Orleans, and then, coming back along the coast, built a wooden fort at Biloxi, where we shall go presently, and, sailing to France for colonists, came back here in 1701 and began his settlement on Massacre or Dauphine Island, as it was soon called. But the Canadians and Frenchmen were not used to the climate. The heat of the sun, the fever in their blood, and their carelessness of life told on them seriously, and reduced both soldiers and colonists by famine and sickness. They moved away from Biloxi; they moved away from Dauphine Island;

they abandoned a site selected on the Mobile River; and finally, after years of 'pulling up stakes,' they settled on the site of the Mobile we are now visiting — a healthy, sandy plain, lifted above the floods and malaria of the river-bottom."

"They stuck to it well, did n't they?" said Roger, a persistent young fellow himself.

"Shows they had what they found here at last," said Jack — "plenty of sand."

"I imagine the fathers and founders of the colony, Iberville and his famous brother and successor Bienville, to whom I promised to introduce you, had to work hard to keep their 'sand,' as you term it, Jack, from slipping away. In fact, Bienville complained that as soon as any of the colonists began to succeed and got a little property together, he had to tie them down to keep them from running away."

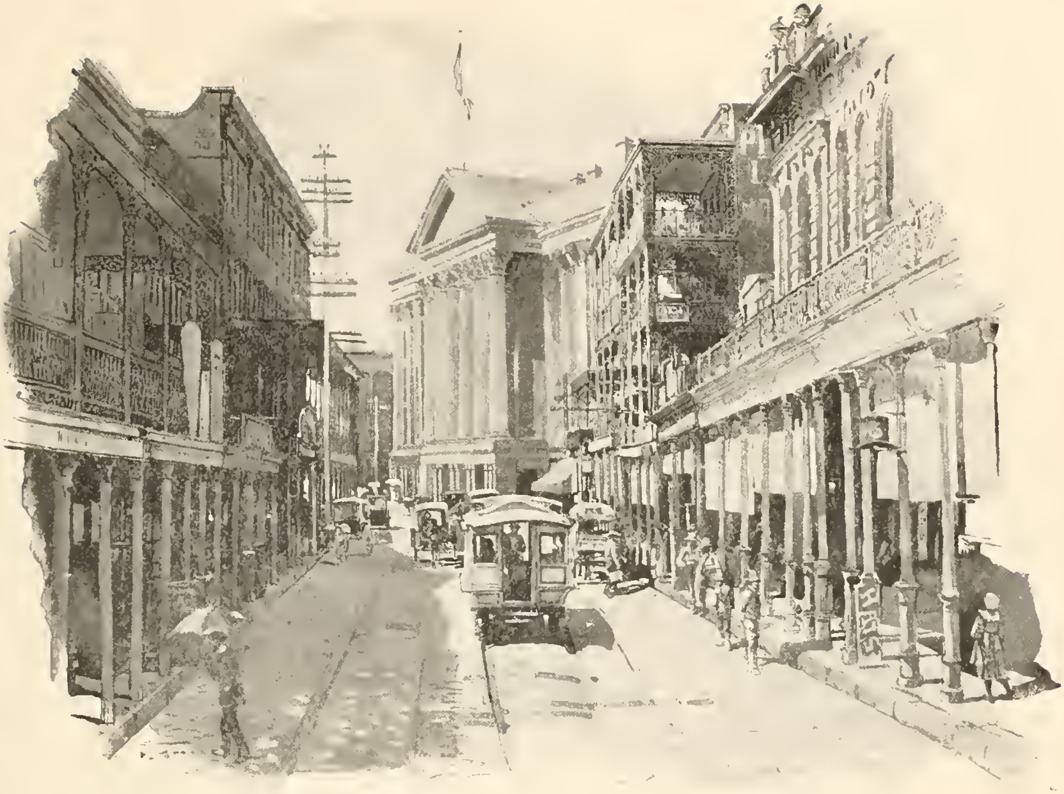


The founder of Louisiana.

"You would n't think so, in this beautiful place and in this delightful climate, would you?" Marian remarked.

"Think of this after Canada," said Christine.

"1900 and 1700 are quite different standpoints, my dears," Uncle Tom replied; "and a comfortable chair in a pleasant hotel, with dinner ready when you are, and mosquito-netting protecting your bed, is vastly different from nothing to eat, nothing to wear, and nothing to do but die of home-sickness, fever, and famine. And yet, there is always a picturesque side, even to privation, if but persistence win through at last. Just as in Florida, so here, at Mobile, the picturesque element has place. Stately figures march across the page. Here pass the four Lemoine boys (there were really four of these brothers, you see), — Iberville, Bienville, Serigny, and Châteauguay, — founders and governors of the first Louisiana, with bravery, ambition, persistence, pluck, and dreams of glory — everything, in fact, but the practical knowledge how to win success in colonization. They were all bright and brilliant young



IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF NEW ORLEANS.

The large building with columns is the old St. Charles Hotel, burned since this picture was made, and replaced by a more modern structure.

fellows. Bienville, the second of these Lemoine boys, was only eighteen when, sent by Iberville to cruise along the Mississippi, he came, sixteen miles below the present site of New Orleans, plump upon an English frigate of twelve guns. Most boys of eighteen would have been 'rattled' by this, to use one of your favorite expressions; but not so Bienville. He boarded the English war-ship, haughtily proclaimed France's ownership of the Mississippi, and told such big stories of strong and flourishing French colonies that the Englishman, impressed by the great claims of this French boy, sailed away and left him in possession; and to-day that point in the great river, thanks to a French boy's bluff, is still called the English Turn."

"Good for Bienville!" cried Jack. "I did n't think he had it in him."

"Why, but it was n't true, was it?" queried Christine.

"Of course it was n't," said Jack. "That 's where he was smart."

Christine mused a moment. "I don't believe George Washington would have told such a fib, even for a continent," she said at length.

"'All 's fair in love and war,'" quoted Jack.

"I don't think so; do you, Uncle Tom?" persisted Christine.

"That 's a question as old as the world, my dear," Uncle Tom replied; "and it is still unsettled. For my part, I cannot see that an untruth is ever justifiable. It is the backbone of strategy, however, as it too often is of diplomacy; and young Bienville was only acting after the manner of men. Jack's proverb, too, calls up another Mobile picture; for if all 's fair in love as well as in war, then the cargoes of young girls (poor in purse, and with all they had in the world put up in such tiny chests that they were called 'the girls with the trunk') sent over here as a matrimonial speculation must have been fair also. For they were all of them married to the bachelor colonists before they had been here a month."

"The idea!" exclaimed Marian.

"Young ladies," said Roger, "I think it behooves Uncle Tom, as your chaperon, to get out of this climate as quickly as possible. There is no knowing how soon these gallant Mobile men will be storming the hotel if once they know of your presence."

"Don't be absurd, Roger," said Marian. "I 'm sure I think Mobile is perfectly lovely."

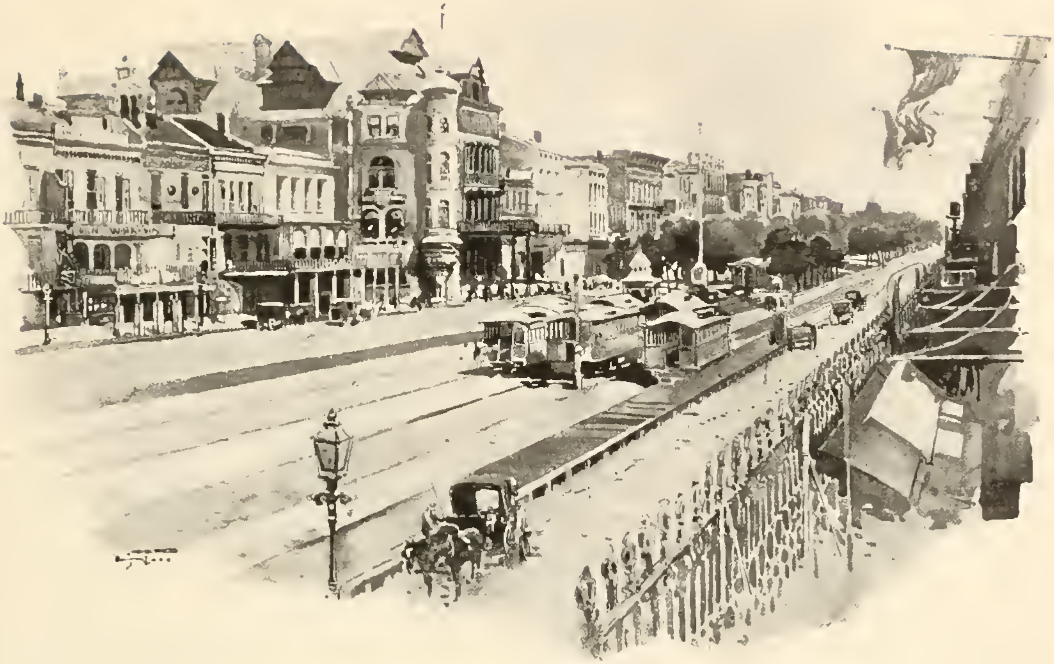
"Hurry up, Uncle Tom," cried Bert, entering into the fun. "Finish off here and let 's post off to New Orleans, where it is safe. They did n't have any girls with the trunks there, I hope."

"Indeed they did, Bert," laughed Uncle Tom; "these ship-loads of girls for the matrimonial market were a leading feature in French colonization."

"Are n't you glad we 're Americans, Marian?" said Christine.

"But so are the descendants of those girls to-day American, my dear," Uncle Tom asserted. "Indeed, it is the pride and boast of many Louisianians that they can trace their ancestry back to these *filles à la cassette*, as those convent-bred mothers of Louisiana were called. But come, there is the dinner-call. Afterward we 'll drive around Mobile, and then, ho! for its rival capital."

They "did" the ancient town from the river to the hills, and enjoyed alike its old-time flavor and its shaded modern streets. They promenaded Government Street, and rested beneath the great live-oaks of Bienville Park; they drove over the famous shell road, magnolia-bordered and moss-draped, that skirts the beautiful bay, and saw where once the fleet of Farragut passed the flaming forts, with the great commander lashed to the shrouds, and where, along this same historic shore, once had come sailing the ships of Iberville and his brothers to the building of Louisiana's first settlement and the Confederacy's last stronghold. Then, bidding adieu to



CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS.

restful Mobile, as they described the old French colonial capital, they puffed westward along the white-bluffed and island-guarded shore of the great blue Gulf, and saw where, at Biloxi and Bay St. Louis, on the beautiful oak-fringed bluffs, and on Cat and Ship islands off the sandy shore, were planted the first settlements of Louisiana, in the earliest days of French colonization, when Mobile was the capital and New Orleans had not yet sprung into life.

"But duty is duty," said Bert; and so, escaping the fascinations of that lotus-land of placid water, fragrant, flower-filled forests, spicy Southern breezes, dry and beautiful bluffs, and "nice Northwestern people," as Marian described the pleasant winter colonists alongshore, they came at last to New Orleans, where, on a great bend of the mighty river, still rests that old part of the French capital which has given to the metropolis of the Gulf the name of the Crescent City.

"Bienville was really the father of this town," Uncle Tom said, as, after an early stroll through the old quarter and the French market, they sought the shade and comfort of their fine hotel.

"The fibber?" queried Marian.

"The boy that played it on the Englishman?" asked Jack.

"The same," Uncle Tom replied. "Canadian-born, and reared in all the stateliness of a great Canadian château, — half fortress and half palace, — the slight, refined, and haughty young Canadian noble was still a fearless and adventurous *voyageur*, and at twenty, by the death of his brother Iberville, became the leader and head of the Louisiana colony. He, first of all Frenchmen, not only saw but insisted upon the value of the Mississippi to France, and urged the settlement of a strong colony at its mouth, linked to Canada by a chain of forts along the Mississippi and across the Ohio country to the Lakes."

"How about La Salle, Uncle Tom?" queried Bert.

"La Salle, like Columbus," Uncle Tom replied, "was the victim of a great mistake. Both these adventurers and explorers had 'China on the brain,' and even as the great Genoese died in the belief that his American finds were surely the coasts of India or 'Cathay,' so the great Frenchman (the 'Don Quixote of pioneer chronicles,' as La Salle has been called) died in the belief that the Mississippi down which he sailed was the direct course to that China whose wealth he desired for his king — and for himself."

"But he named the land Louisiana, did n't he?" asked Bert.

"Yes," his uncle replied; "for he, even before Bienville, had a dream of a colony here at the mouth of the great river, and a string of forts to Canada. But with La Salle it was only a dream. Bienville worked to make the dream reality, and he succeeded. New Orleans, so Miss King, its brightest historian, declares, 'is as much his city as if La Salle and Iberville had not so much as thought of it'; and I think she is quite correct."

"Good deal of a chap for a young Frenchman, eh?" cried Jack, with enthusiasm.

"Good deal of a chap for an American, Jack," Uncle Tom amended. "Remember that Bienville was American-born and American-bred — "

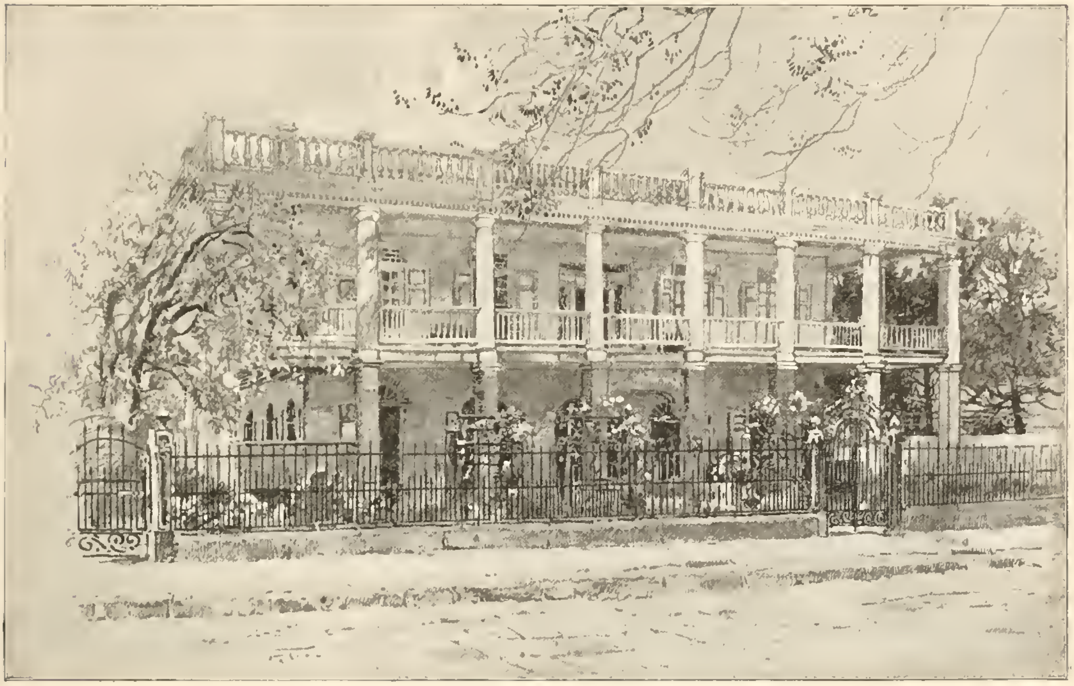
"Canadian," insisted Jack.

"Which is American nevertheless, my boy," retorted his uncle. "The Yankee has n't a monopoly of all the virtues, simply because he has followed the greater light; and a 'claim-it-all' man, my dear Jack, sometimes overshoots the mark, even as did that appropriative Dutchman who boasted that all his goods were of gold or silver, even his copper kettle."

"Well, I don't doubt it shone like gold," declared Jack the unquenchable, in the midst of the laugh at his expense, "and that 's the next thing to being gold. So I 'm willing to let Mr. Bienville go as a sort of a copper-kettle American; for it 's just as I said: he was a good deal of a chap —

voilà ! la Nouvelle Orléans ! eh, Mr. Bert ? Oh, yes ; I 'm right up on my French in a French colony."

"And think what a French colony it was, boys and girls," said Uncle Tom, with enthusiasm. "Think of the great names of France interwoven with the history of this marsh-builded, levee-defended city which for nearly two centuries has guarded the entrance to the great river of North America ! See what a train of knights and nobles, kings and courtiers, governors and gentlemen its story carried in its train from La Salle to Lincoln — and even farther back : De Soto, the great adelantado, Spanish forerunner of France, buried beneath the waves of the Hidden River, where he who, as Dr. Shea says, 'had hoped to gather the wealth of nations, left as his property five Indian slaves, three horses, and a herd of swine' ; La Salle, setting up the cross of French possession where the great river meets the Gulf ; Louis XIV, the Grand Monarque, who saw in Louisiana a new Mexico that should fill his empty coffers ; Iberville and his Canadians, Bienville and his plans for French power, Crozat with his millions, Cadaillac and his successors — adventurers and gentlemen made governors of a tottering colony ; John Law and his mighty real-estate bubble, that nearly ruined France ; and many another stately and historic name of France, from Richelieu the cardinal to Napoleon the emperor."

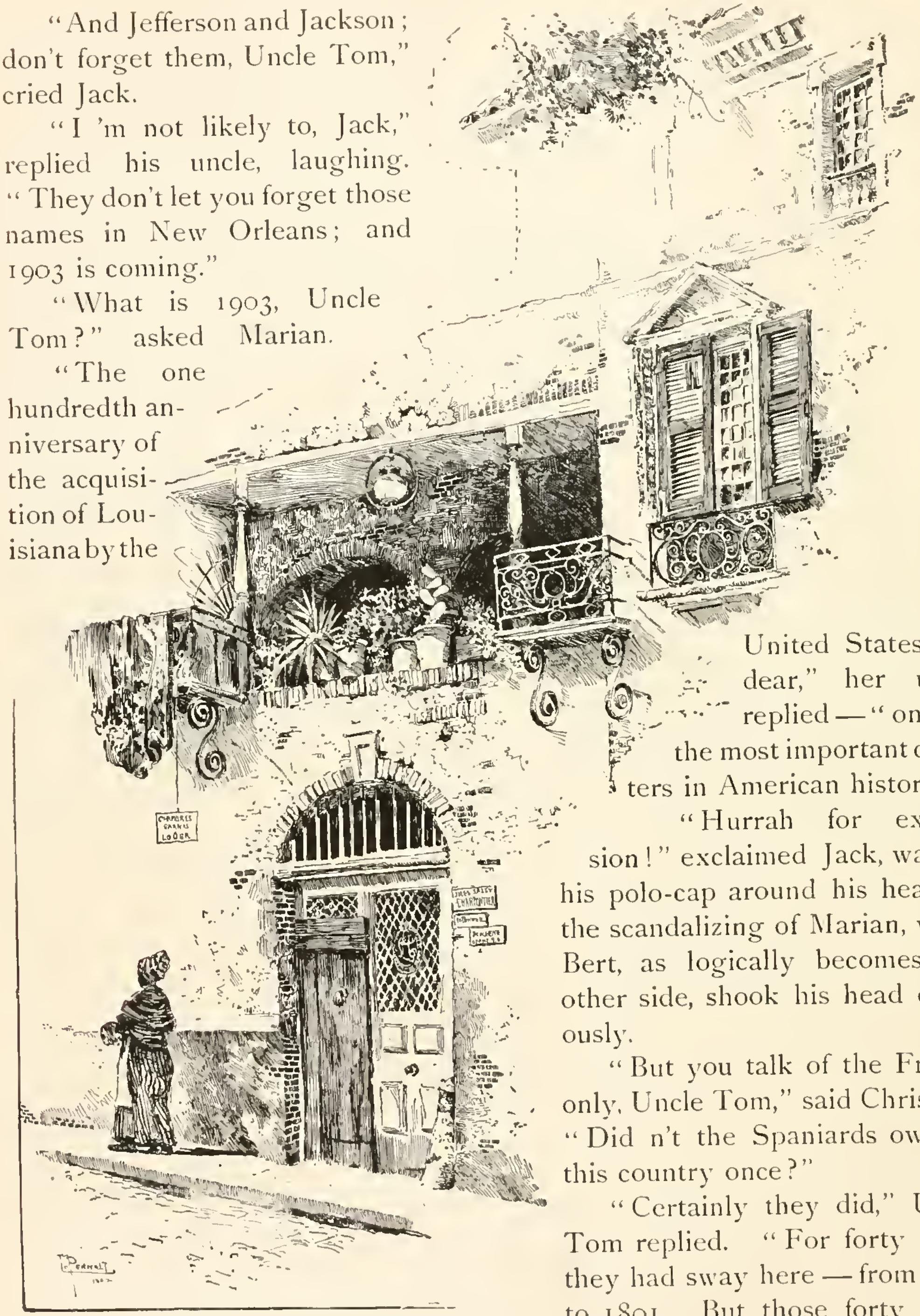

AN OLD PLANTATION VILLA IN NEW ORLEANS.

"And Jefferson and Jackson; don't forget them, Uncle Tom," cried Jack.

"I 'm not likely to, Jack," replied his uncle, laughing. "They don't let you forget those names in New Orleans; and 1903 is coming."

"What is 1903, Uncle Tom?" asked Marian.

"The one hundredth anniversary of the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States, my dear," her uncle replied — "one of the most important chapters in American history."



A PICTURESQUE HOUSE-FRONT IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.

"Hurrah for expansion!" exclaimed Jack, waving his polo-cap around his head, to the scandalizing of Marian, while Bert, as logically becomes the other side, shook his head dubiously.

"But you talk of the French only, Uncle Tom," said Christine. "Did n't the Spaniards own all this country once?"

"Certainly they did," Uncle Tom replied. "For forty years they had sway here — from 1760 to 1801. But those forty years made little impress upon the colony, save as the cruelties, tyrannies, stupidities, and ignorance of Spain came very near to sending Louisiana the way of all her colonies — to stagnation, discontent, and decay. If it had not been for Galvez and Grandpré, Spain's hold on this beautiful and fruitful section would have been a blight of the dreariest sort."

"Who were they?" queried Roger.

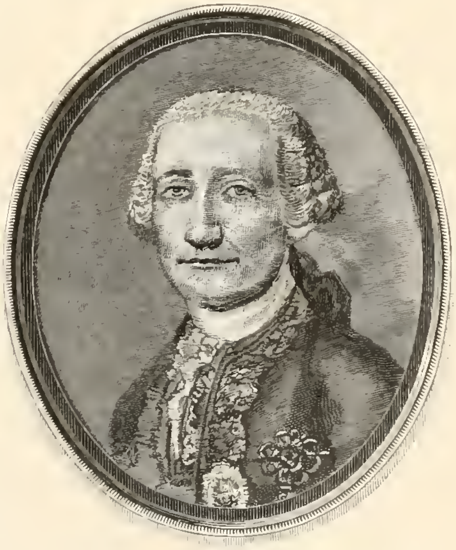
"Two bright young fellows, soldiers of Spain," Uncle Tom replied. "They were little more than boys — Louis Grandpré, indeed, was a boy no older than you; but they are the most picturesque and insistent characters in all Louisiana's colonial story. Galvez was governor in 1777, and the way in which he 'rattled' England and stormed her garrisons hereabout is one of the brightest pages in our Revolutionary history. If all Spain had been like young Bernardo de Galvez, Spain's stay in America would have been a vastly different one."

"And Grandpré?" queried Roger.

"Oh, I know about him," said Marian. "I read his story in an old 'St. Nicholas.' It says, 'But Louis Grandpré was no ordinary boy'; does n't it, Uncle Tom? Let 's see; he was the last defender of the flag of Spain in Louisiana, was n't he?"

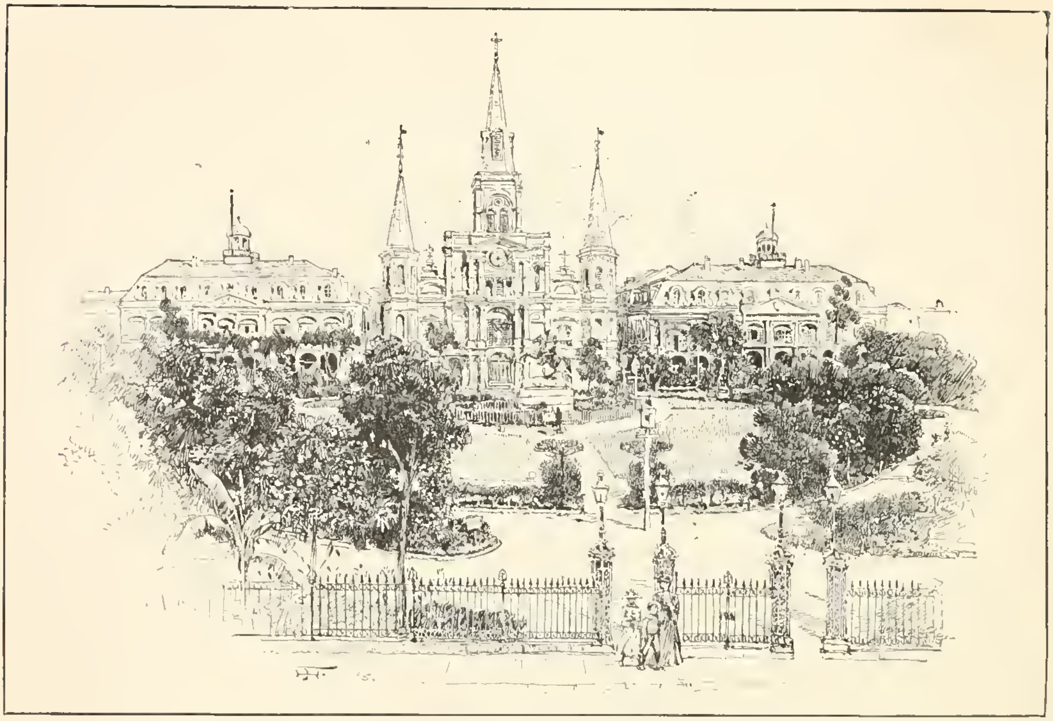
"That 's the lad," her uncle replied. "His story is worth remembering. He was left in charge of the Spanish post at Baton Rouge, like a sort of Casabianca, and he held it to the last against an inroad of American rangers and riflemen, keeping the golden flag of Spain flying until he died, a martyr to duty and loyalty, the last defender of Spain's broken power in the valley of the Mississippi."

"That 's great," said Jack; and each boy and girl mentally resolved to hunt up Louis Grandpré's story in the files of "St. Nicholas."



THE TYRANT OF NEW ORLEANS.
Don Alexander O'Reilly Governor in 1769.

But they found so much to see and to hear about in the delightful capital of America's summer-land that, for a time, even Louis Grandpré was forgotten. For Uncle Tom took them everywhere. Up and down the broad and generous streets they rode, "made for elbow-room," as Jack declared, searching out the points made famous in four wars, from Iberville to Farragut. They promenaded the wonderful levees, and drove out on the

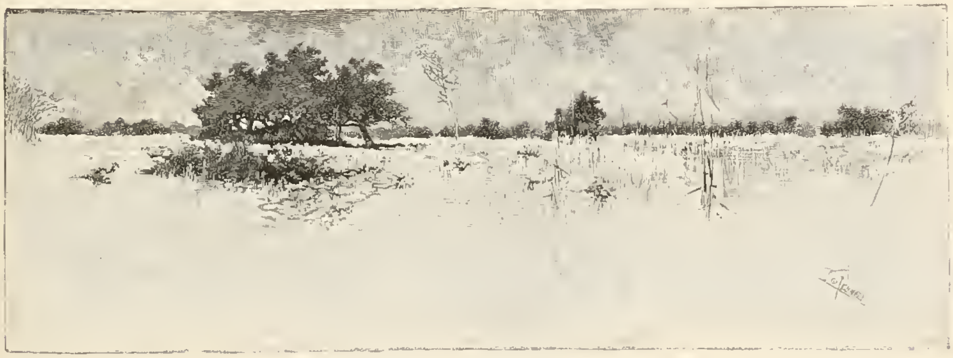


JACKSON SQUARE AND THE CATHEDRAL, NEW ORLEANS.

shell road to Ponchartrain; they lingered beneath the shade-trees of the beautiful old Place d'Armes, now, alas! Jackson Square, and "trolleyed" out to the battle-field where Andrew Jackson won renown and name; they haunted the French quarter and the French market until they declared themselves to be a composite "Paul and Virginia"; and from the roof of their big hotel they traced the lines of the great Southern city as it stretched away from the borders of Ponchartrain, which Iberville first explored and named, to the restless, rolling torrent of the great Mississippi. Down that mighty river, so they knew, had La Salle first floated in discovery and possession, setting up the arms of France; and on that site to-day the wonderful jetties of Eads have taken the place of those massive piles of silt and river deposit which, in La Salle's day, so guarded and yet menaced the five mouths of the great river that the Spaniards called them *los Palizadas* (the Palisades). Then they roamed through the old town again, nestled in the broad crescent along the winding river. They lingered about the sun-dial in the Convent of the Ursulines, and heard the story of Madeline Hachard; they tried the huge knocker on the archbishop's palace, the oldest church building in the Mississippi valley; before the curious arched doorways of the old Spanish houses they heard of the stern Don O'Reilly, and again of the brilliant Galvez; until, tired out, but saturated with the foreign flavor of the old days of French and Spanish dominion, they would return to the hotel to talk it all over again with Uncle Tom.

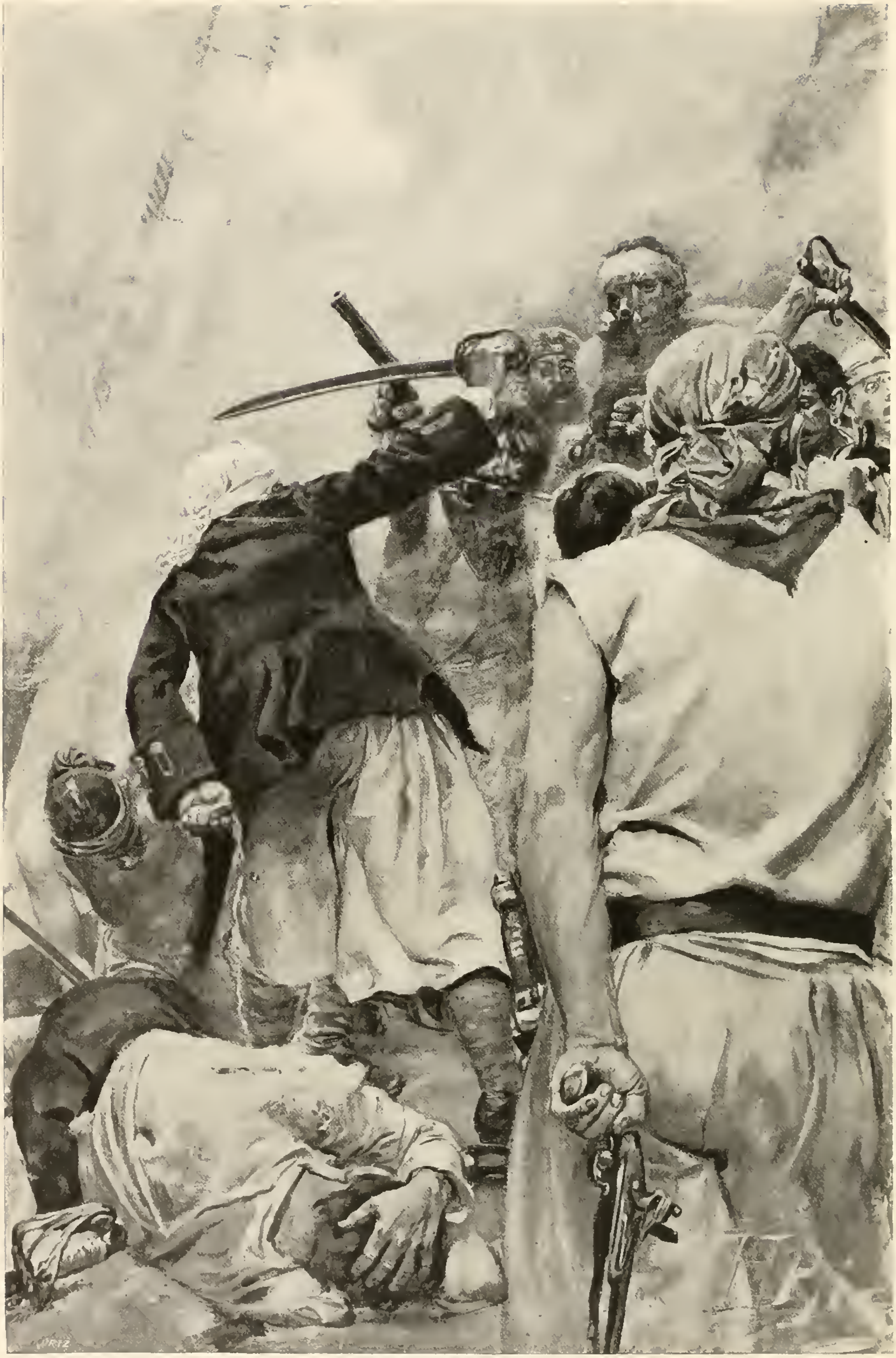
"But it was n't all New Orleans and Mobile in those days," Roger said. "Where was the rest of the colony, Uncle Tom?"

"Up and down the big river were the forts and plantations and company stores," his uncle replied. "First Mobile was the capital, then Biloxi, then New Orleans; and rivalries and heartburnings were many as each rival settlement claimed precedence, until at last, in 1722, New Orleans carried off the prize. It was a curious life all through this soft, semi-tropical region—curious and picturesque as well; and the struggles of rival races to seize and maintain supremacy would crowd a book with just such stories as Cable and Maurice Thompson and Grace King have told us — stories of creole and Spaniard, of riflemen and rangers, of Galvez the soldier, and Lafitte the pirate, and Jackson the conqueror; stirring, romantic, attractive, and absorbing tales, that fill in as coloring and side-lights the long and varied story of this fascinating colony of Louisiana. La Salle discovered it; Bienville founded it; Napoleon sold it; America developed it; and so, through all the years, it was French in make-up and composition, even as to-day, after a century of American possession, it is still French in flavor, in color, and in vivacious and delightful attractiveness — the home of Mardi Gras and of creole romances, as well as the great seaport of the Southern coast."



WHERE JACKSON WON.

Battle-ground of Chalmette (battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815).



IN COLONIAL DAYS.

A fight with Carolina pirates.

CHAPTER III

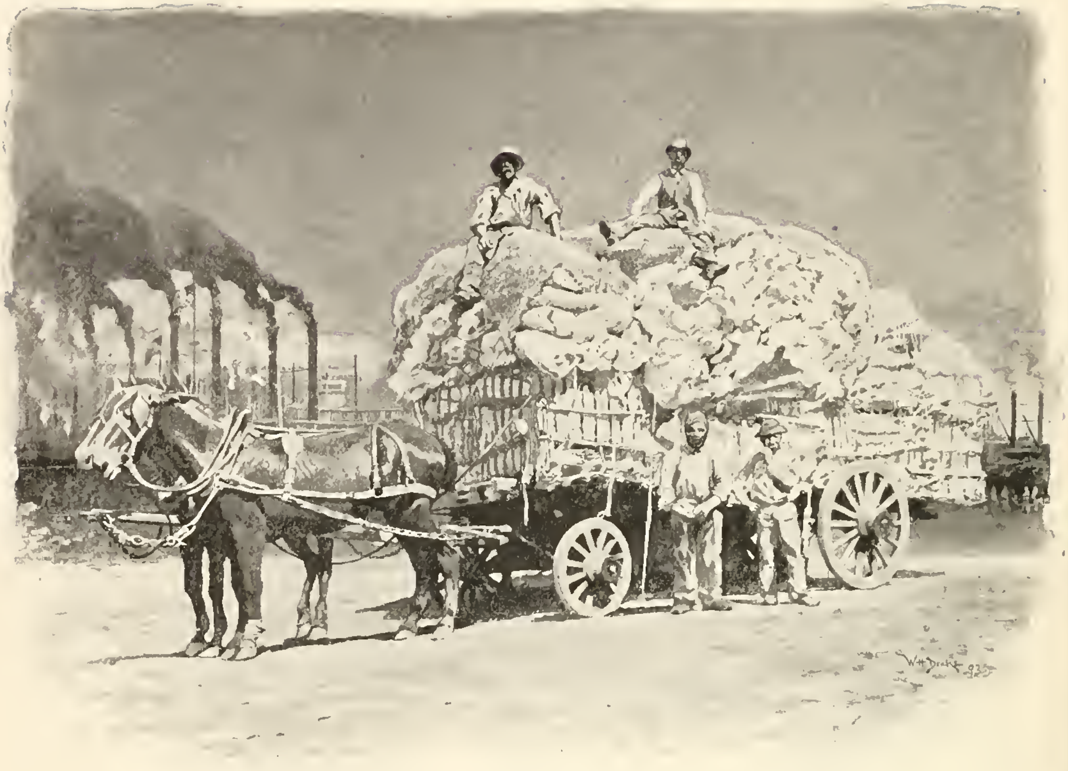
UNDER LIVE-OAK AND MAGNOLIA

By the Inland Passage — Where Spaniard and Englishman Raided the Border — Why Oglethorpe Came to Georgia — Lovely Old Charleston — Where Philosophers Failed — The Beginnings of Carolina.

UP among the fair Sea Islands, famous for cotton and terrapin, phosphate and lumber-yards, fishing and foliage, they sailed from Fernandina to Brunswick, where, so Uncle Tom informed them, Oglethorpe had raised his conquering banner, and the last cargo of negro slaves was landed in America. And so they reached, in time, Savannah, on its shaded, sandy bluffs.

At "a conference of the powers," as Jack called the assembled fathers and mothers at St. Augustine, it was decided, after the return from New Orleans, to adopt Uncle Tom's suggestion and let the young people feel their way northward after the comfortable fashion of amateur explorers for whom both time and tide might be made to wait.

So, instead of going by rapid transit to the North, Uncle Tom and his party took the train to Fernandina amid its cotton-bales, where once McGregor the filibuster terrorized Spanish commerce, but where now shell roads and electric lights, blooming gardens and pleasant homes and a public library, had completely modernized the old haunt of the border raiders. From Fernandina they slipped up the coast by steamer, threading the inland passage that leads through broad sounds, narrow inlets, and open reaches, as, by marshland and island, by wooded bluff and sandy shore, the channel shifts and turns amid these same Sea Islands, which, as Uncle Tom informed them, were once the home of feud and foray and of border strife, in the days when two great nations were struggling for mastery and possession.



A BIG LOAD OF SEA ISLAND COTTON.

"Who got here first, to begin with, Uncle Tom?" Bert inquired.

"Oh, the Spaniards, I suppose," grumbled Roger, a bit jealously. "Did n't they, Uncle Tom? The dons seem to have been first on the ground wherever we 've struck it in these diggings."

"But they had to dig out when we got at them," declared Jack, triumphantly. "We folks had come to stay; eh, boys?"

Uncle Tom smiled.

"It was a case of Hobson's choice, Jack, when 'we folks,' as you call the English colonists, first sought these island shores. As I shall show you, it was, with a good many of them, a choice between 'live in Georgia or in jail'; and of two evils they chose Georgia."

"How desolate it must have been here!" said Marian, looking off toward the silent marsh and beach and forest, where few signs of life were to be seen.

"Almost as lonesome now as it was then," Uncle Tom declared. "I 've had sportsmen tell me that they have boated miles upon miles along these beach- and bluff-lined shores without seeing a man, white or black; and after

London streets and London jails, one hundred and seventy years ago, the quiet of these densely wooded shores must sometimes have seemed to the newcomer almost like solitary confinement."

"But it was long before then that the Spaniards first came, was n't it?" Bert inquired.

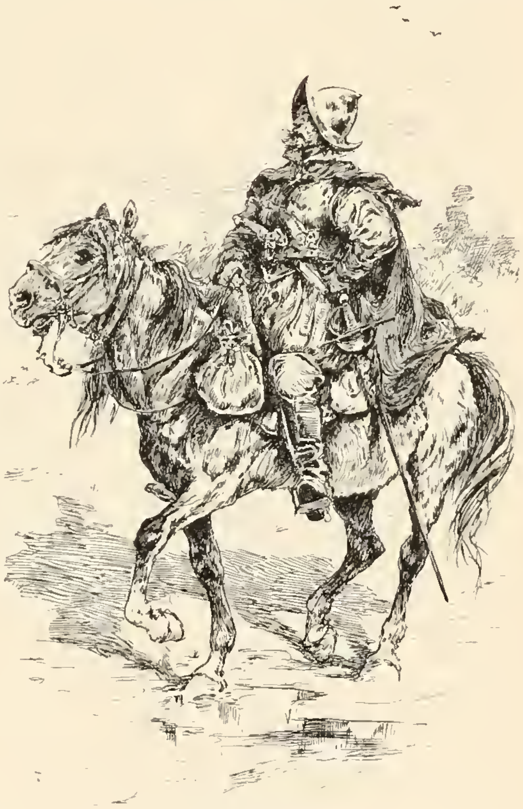
"Oh, yes," Uncle Tom replied. "A Spanish sea-captain with a name that was better than his reputation — Captain Angel de Villafáne — came sailing along the coast in the spring of 1561, and, following him, for a hundred years and more, here French and Spanish colonists sailed and struggled, Spanish and English colonists sailed and fought, until, gaining their foothold on these very Sea Islands among which we are now sailing, the English just set their teeth and firmly determined to hold the land against all comers. How they did this the story of these islands tells; and for years after Oglethorpe settled here, the fight for the border seldom slackened, while all the section hereabout was clearly debatable ground."

"Or water," suggested Jack.

"I stand corrected," said Uncle Tom, laughing. "It certainly was debatable water, as the gentleman from Manhattan suggests. For this waterway we are now threading was the path of travel and of trade; these meant possession and occupation; so the Spaniard of Florida and the Englishman of Georgia grappled in many a struggle for this right of waterway."

"And the Englishman got it," said Roger.

"And kept it," added Jack, significantly.


A BORDERER.
"Determined to hold the land against all comers."

"But only at much risk, with hard fighting, and through the eminent strategy of such fighters as Oglethorpe the philanthropist and Jackson the avenger."

"Quite a jump from one to the other, eh, Uncle Tom?" said Bert.

"But why do you call General Jackson the avenger?" queried Marian.

"I 'm sure, when we hunted up his home at the Hermitage, I thought he must have been a delightful old gentleman. Certainly, Uncle Tom, there was nothing about the man who could say such lovely things about his wife, and help people in distress as much as General Jackson did, to suggest such a cruel-sounding name as the avenger."

"But he was one nevertheless, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "In fact, his whole long life was filled with resenting injuries done, as he believed, either to his wife, his country, or himself. From the days when, as a boy, he vowed to be avenged, up yonder in the Waxhaw district," — Uncle Tom nodded his head Carolinaward, — "on the British officer who laid his head open because the plucky Carolina boy would n't blacken the British boots, to the day when he hung the two Englishmen in Spanish territory, and, only at the last, forgave on his death-bed all the world except those who had slandered his wife, the story of Andrew Jackson is the story of the stern and unforgiving avenger."

ON JEKYL ISLAND.

"And served 'em right, too," declared Jack, hotly. "I 'd have done the same if I 'd been he."

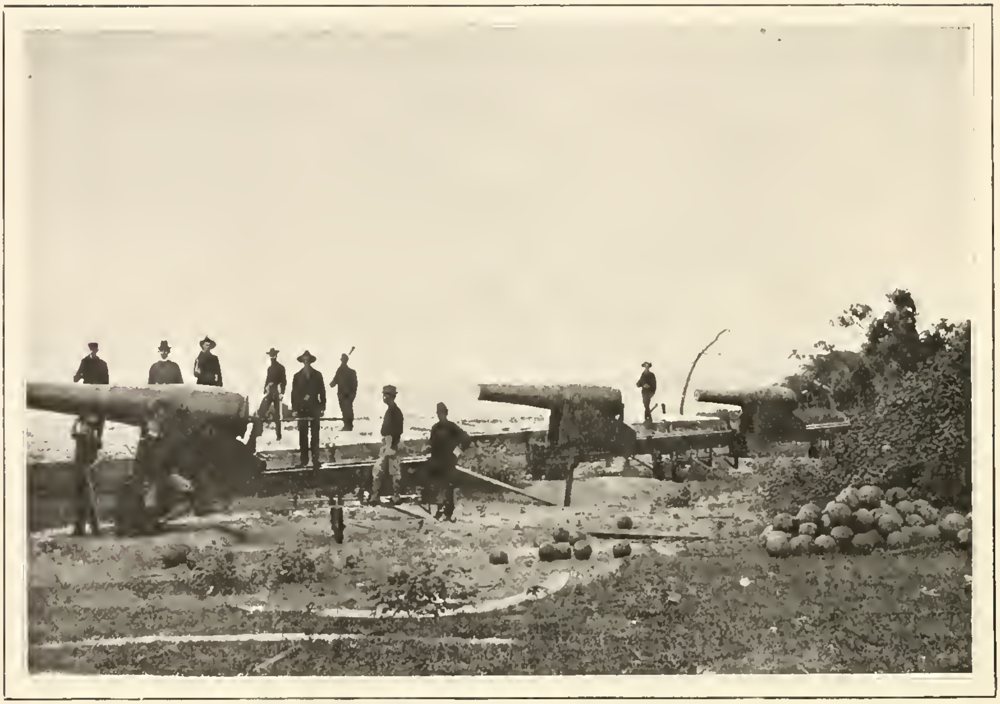
But Christine said gently, "'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord'"; whereat Uncle Tom pressed her hand significantly and said: "Different men have differing methods, young folks; but he who sets up to be a law unto himself does n't really have a jolly time of it, and very often finds himself in hot water. It was frequently so with the brave and generous but too impulsive Jackson ; it is a part of the story, as well, of the philanthropic but impracticable Oglethorpe, founder and father of Georgia."

"Impracticable, Uncle Tom!" exclaimed Bert. "Why, I thought Oglethorpe was one of the greatest and best of men. That 's what my books say."

"In a way he was, Bert," Uncle Tom replied. "His ideals were high, his desires were lofty ; his chief aim was to secure the good and benefit of his less fortunate fellow-men. But the reformer is often a poor executive, and Oglethorpe did not sufficiently realize how hard it is to make all sorts and conditions of men become just your sort and condition. So he had a hard row to hoe, and his crop of benefits ripened slowly. But he was a valiant and noble man, and all this region hereabout is his best and most enduring memorial."

It was a pleasant steamer trip through those blue Sea Island waters, and, as Marian said, scenery and history crowded each other so closely she could n't tell which was most attractive. Scarcely had they cleared the big breakers of Fernandina bar, when Cumberland Island loomed in sight, where out of its gray-green olive-groves rose the castle-like walls of stately Dungeness, the mansion of a modern millionaire, built on the site of a historic house. For here, overlooking the salt-marshes and wooded shores of Cumberland River and of Cumberland Sound, now busy with the big tramp steamers freighted with phosphate and naval stores, Oglethorpe had built Fort Andrew as an outlying defense against the encroaching Spaniards ; here, later, Nathanael Greene, our second greatest Revolutionary general, had built his hospitable mansion of Dungeness, where he soon after died ; here Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin, and thus brought about, in time, the Civil War ; and here, in 1814, Light Horse Harry Lee dragged himself to die — that Harry Lee whose eulogy of Washington has become immortal.

The voyagers coasted the forest-fringed shores of that luxurious sportsman's preserve where, as Jack declared, with an attempt at a Stevensonian pun, "statesmen and presidents came to Jekyl Island to hide." They crossed the broad expanse of St. Simon's Sound, where the open ocean breaks in through the island rampart, and the channel sweeps up to busy Brunswick amid its sawmills and lumber-yards. Then on from Brunswick they sailed, under the lee of St. Simon's Bluffs. There Oglethorpe had built his batteries and held the Spaniards at bay until, turning upon them, he well-nigh annihilated them at the "Bloody Marsh," still to be seen near the



MODERN BATTERY ON ST. SIMON'S ISLAND.

Erected during the Spanish-American War, near Oglethorpe's old battery.

shell road leading from St. Simon's Bluffs to the northern bluff that overlooks the Altamaha. There Uncle Tom pointed out to his companions the proudest landmark of the inland passage — a great stone arch, black and tunnel-like, supporting a wall of crumbling masonry.

"What is it?" asked Christine.

"Oglethorpe's ancient stronghold — all that is left of it," replied Uncle Tom; "his home and fort of 'tabby-built' Frederica. There, yonder, is the General's Cut, dug narrow but straight by the resourceful Oglethorpe as a back door through which to escape the Spanish fleet. And see, that is Butler's Island, with its fringe of marshes and rice-fields, where a great English actress and writer once found an uncongenial American home, and where Aaron Burr did some successful hiding, after his thwarted conspiracy."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Marian, "what a lot of history there is around here!"

They ran beneath the bluff upon which John Wesley preached under the live-oaks to his congregation of Oglethorpe's Highlanders, dressed in their kilts and tartans, while their sentinels watched, keen-eyed, for Spanish foemen; they slid across the wide-mouthed Altamaha to where, perched on its timbered bluff, quaint little Darien sits amid its sands and live-oaks.

And so, at last, they came to Savannah — the fair Southern city of to-day, stretching away from the bluff at Yamacraw, where Oglethorpe laid the foundations of his colony, the rich and hospitable town which has grown from a refuge for poor debtors into a home of wealth and luxury, the most flourishing and most important of the seaport cities of the South.

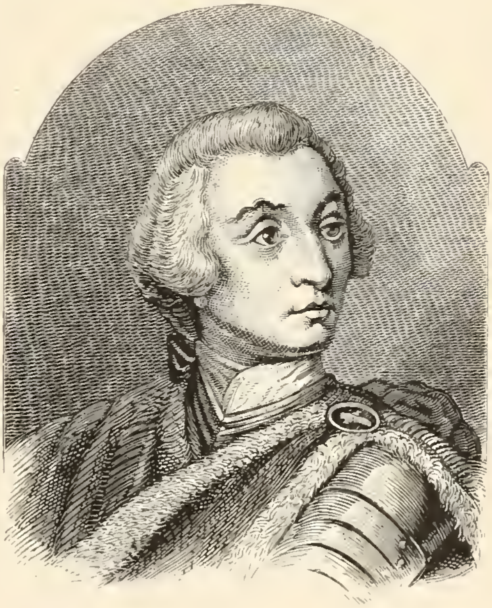
Oglethorpe was constantly in the air.

"Great boy, was n't he?" said Jack, as Uncle Tom's stories of the famous soldier-philanthropist followed one upon another. "But say, did he do everything here?"

"He was the motive power of the beginnings, surely," Uncle Tom replied.

"Sort of a one-man power, eh?" said Bert.

"You will learn, boys and girls," replied Uncle Tom, "as you run over the story of American colonization, that in each colony one man really did stand at the fore. Winthrop in Massachusetts, Stuyvesant in New York, Bienville in Louisiana, John Smith in Virginia, Penn in Pennsylvania — each of these stands out as father, founder, framer, or defender of the colony with which his name is identified. So here, along the Georgia coast, it is, as you have seen, Oglethorpe of whom we hear beyond all others — James Edward Oglethorpe, Marlborough's soldier, Prince Eugene's aide-de-camp, Goldsmith's friend, Dr. Johnson's patron, Pope's paragon, the forerunner of Dickens as the protector of the poor debtors of London, the philanthropist who gave himself freely for others, but who was a boy at heart to the end of his days, and who stands, for all time, one of the heroes of American colonization."



GENERAL OGLETHORPE, THE FOUNDER OF SAVANNAH.

From an engraving in the possession of George W. Jones, Esq.

"That sounds awfully interesting," was Marian's comment. "What more about him, Uncle Tom?"

"Don't you wish we could have been with him, Jack? I 'm sure he had lots of adventures," said Roger.

Jack nodded an emphatic assent; but Uncle Tom hastened to assure them that it was by no means all plain sailing with Oglethorpe.

"It is the misfortune of every pioneer and reformer to be misunderstood, boys," he declared, "and Oglethorpe was no exception. Indeed, his story begins with a row and ends with a court martial, and, between, mingled with much good, runs also much of criticism, opposition, and thwarted plans. A soldier and the son of a soldier, his attempts to help a friend imprisoned for debt led him to plan for the relief of the London poor — the 'honestly unfortunate,' as he termed them. 'Get away from England; begin life again in a new land,' he preached to them; and seeking to turn his preaching into practice, he so labored with George, King of England, as to interest him in his project, and secured a charter for all the land hereabout, from the Savannah to the Altamaha, and stretching westward to the Pacific, as all land grants then ran. Parliament and the charitable helped him with money, and in November, 1732, Oglethorpe sailed from the English port of Deptford with one hundred and twenty colonists."

OGLETHORPE'S ANCIENT STRONGHOLD.

The first at Frederica.

"Came with 'em himself, did he? Good enough!" said Jack.

"Yes; Oglethorpe was one of those practical Christians whom the Bible recommends — he was ready to show his faith by his works," Uncle Tom replied. "He did n't say 'Go along'; he said 'Come along.' And so they came. He landed first at Charleston; then they went to Beaufort, and finally brought up here at Yamacraw Bluff, on January 31, 1733, where they put up some tents as the beginnings of Savannah, and gave to the country, in honor of their king, the name of Georgia."

"First, second, or third?" queried Roger.

"George II, Roger," Uncle Tom replied — "that German King of England whom Thackeray called 'the strutting turkey-cock of Herrenhausen.'"

"Good gracious! what did he call him that for?" cried Marian.

"That was just Thackeray's pleasant way," Uncle Tom replied. "He had n't a very high opinion of the 'four Georges'; but I am inclined to think he was unduly severe — except in the case of the fourth George. Certainly George II, for whom this region was named, entered heartily into Oglethorpe's schemes and tried to help them on."

"I know he blundered, though," said Roger. "Show me a George, King of England, who did n't."

"There was a good deal of blundering, as there always has been in all colonization schemes," Uncle Tom declared. "Oglethorpe's creed as a colonizer was simple but emphatic."

"'Trust in God and keep your powder dry,' I suppose?" said Bert.

"Very nearly that, Bert," Uncle Tom admitted, with a smile. "It was 'Trust in God and down with Spain!' And as long as he stayed in Georgia he lived up to his creed."

"Where did the blundering come in, then?" queried Bert.

"In misunderstanding people," his uncle replied. "Oglethorpe wished to base his colony upon the Golden Rule; but Roman Catholics were kept out. He prohibited slavery and liquor-dealing, and encouraged honorable labor; but his colonists declared they could n't and would n't live in Georgia, unless they had rum and negroes, like all the other colonies; and they got them at last, in spite of Oglethorpe. Along with him, too, came the Wesleys and Whitefield to preach peace — good and great men, all three, but they only stirred up trouble. So, what with malcontent colonists, indiscreet clergymen, and plotting Spaniards, the philanthropist's lot was not a pleasant one; and at last he gave up in disgust and went home to England."

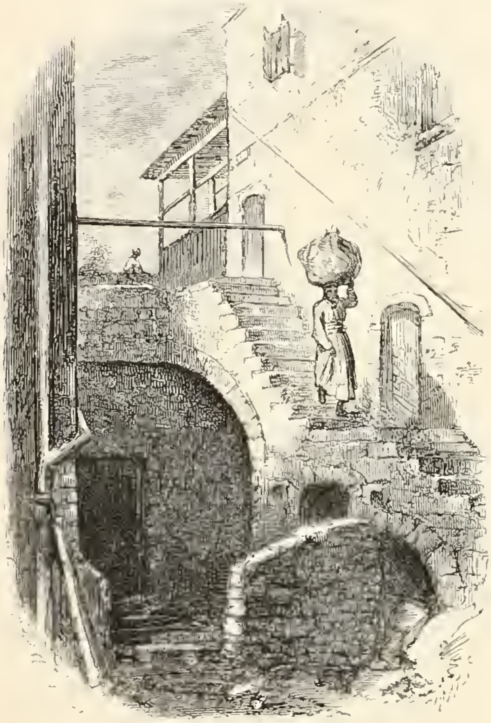
WHERE WESLEY PREACHED.
Wesley's oak at Frederica.

"I thought he had more sand than that," was Jack's verdict.

"Oh, but, Jack, think how dreadful it is to be unappreciated," said Christine.

"After all he had done for them, too!" exclaimed Marian.

"It is the story of every colony and of all colonies," Uncle Tom declared. "Mind, though, I may be wrong, for I 'm not always in accord with the historians. They claim that Oglethorpe's worth was appreciated, and that he simply went back to England in the interests of the colony. But I know that he never returned to America, and that, soon after, Georgia was made a royal province. Two things, however, with all his discouragements, Oglethorpe did not lose while here — his hope and his grip. He lost a good deal of faith and a good deal of money, but he stuck by his colony nobly until it was strong enough to force him out, and he led the Spaniards such a dance up and down these island channels from Frederica to Fernandina and St. Augustine that the dons were at last glad to give in and the Georgia border was unmolested."



THE BLUFF, SAVANNAH.

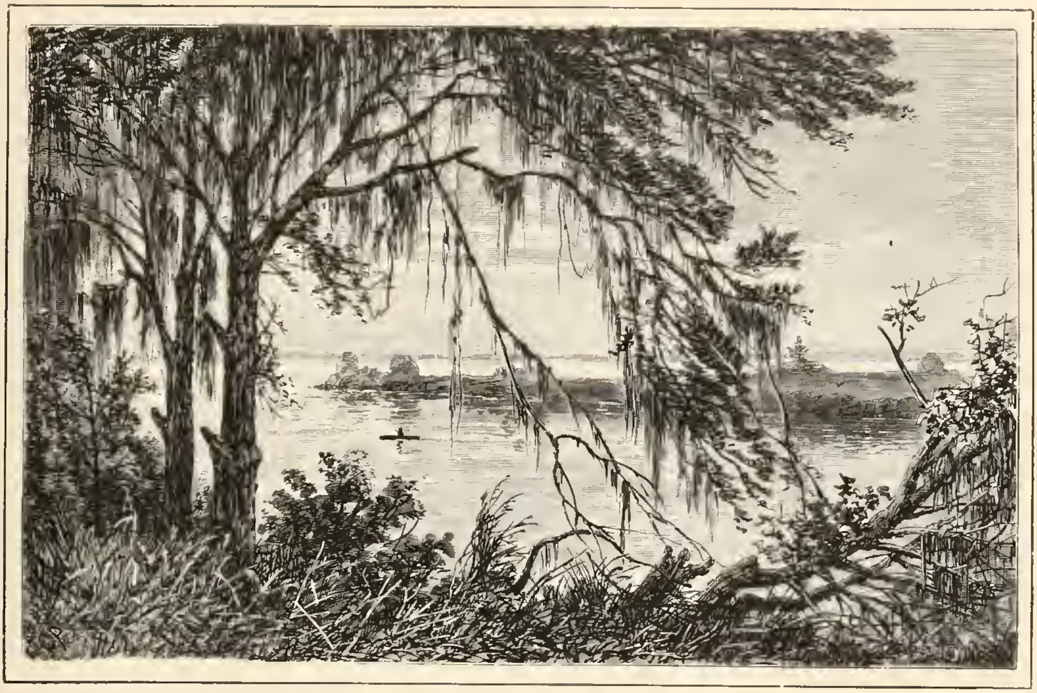
Yamacraw, when Oglethorpe landed.

"Then the colony flourished after he left it, did it?" queried Bert.

"Yes, because of the work he had done for it, and the good stock he had put into it," Uncle Tom replied. "His dealings with the Indians were as fair and friendly as those of William Penn or the Pilgrims of Plymouth; and the sturdy blood of German Lutherans and Scotch Covenanters, of Salzburgers and Moravians from central Europe, entered into the development of this fertile Southern country from the coast-line to the highlands, and so held back Spanish aggression that Oglethorpe's fortified home, of which we saw the crumbling arch at Frederica, was really, as one writer has called it, 'the Thermopylæ of the Anglo-American colonies.'"

"Thermopylæ is good!" said Jack. "I'm glad we could see a bit of that old stronghold. It almost made me feel as if I had seen one of the border castles that Walter Scott writes about."

"It was a stronghold that would have delighted just such a romancer as Sir Walter," Uncle Tom declared. "Indeed, this whole section is a storehouse of stories, if but the master-touch would draw them out, from Oglethorpe in his armor, and Mary Musgrave, the border 'empress,' with her Indian retinue, to Rory McIntosh in his tartan, defying the rebels to the king he had always fought."



WHERE OGLETHORPE SAILED.
Scene on the Savannah River.

From Savannah, on the sandy bluff where Oglethorpe had planted it, to the very modern and progressive Atlanta, the "Gate City" of the hills, where, in ages gone, De Soto's gold-hunters had wandered in vain, Uncle Tom and his colonial investigators "spied the land." They saw where, on the sands of Tybee, Oglethorpe built the first lighthouse and Wesley started the first Sunday-school in America; they sought again that field where, with a dash and valor unsurpassed in colonial history, Oglethorpe routed the army and navy of Spain, and caused Whitefield to declare that the deliverance of Georgia is such as cannot be paralleled but by some instances out of the Scriptures; they saw the fair and fertile region of middle Georgia, upon whose pine-crested heights De Soto played Æneas to the beautiful Indian queen's Dido,— much to Marian's disgust and outspoken censure,— and where, two hundred years later, Oglethorpe founded Augusta, upon the health-giving Georgia uplands. Then, at last, skirting the low, flat marshlands of the coast, between the Savannah and the Ashley, the "personally conducted" came again to delightful old Charleston, city of Huguenots and hotheads, from the Spaniard-hating Captain Ribault of 1562 to those who defied the Lords Proprietors in 1719, the Royal Governors in 1776, and the Federal Union in 1860.

Charleston, as you know, was alike dear and familiar to Uncle Tom's young people, who had tarried in it on their Revolutionary pilgrimage. So they revisited old scenes, revived old acquaintances, and hunted up the many colonial landmarks of which the city boasts—buildings as well as sites.

"Our bloody-minded but eminently religious friend Menendez, adelantado of Florida—'the greatest soldier and the greatest sailor of his day,' so the Spaniards declare—"

"Huh! I like that!" Jack burst in indignantly.

"Oh, but he was so cruel!" cried Christine.

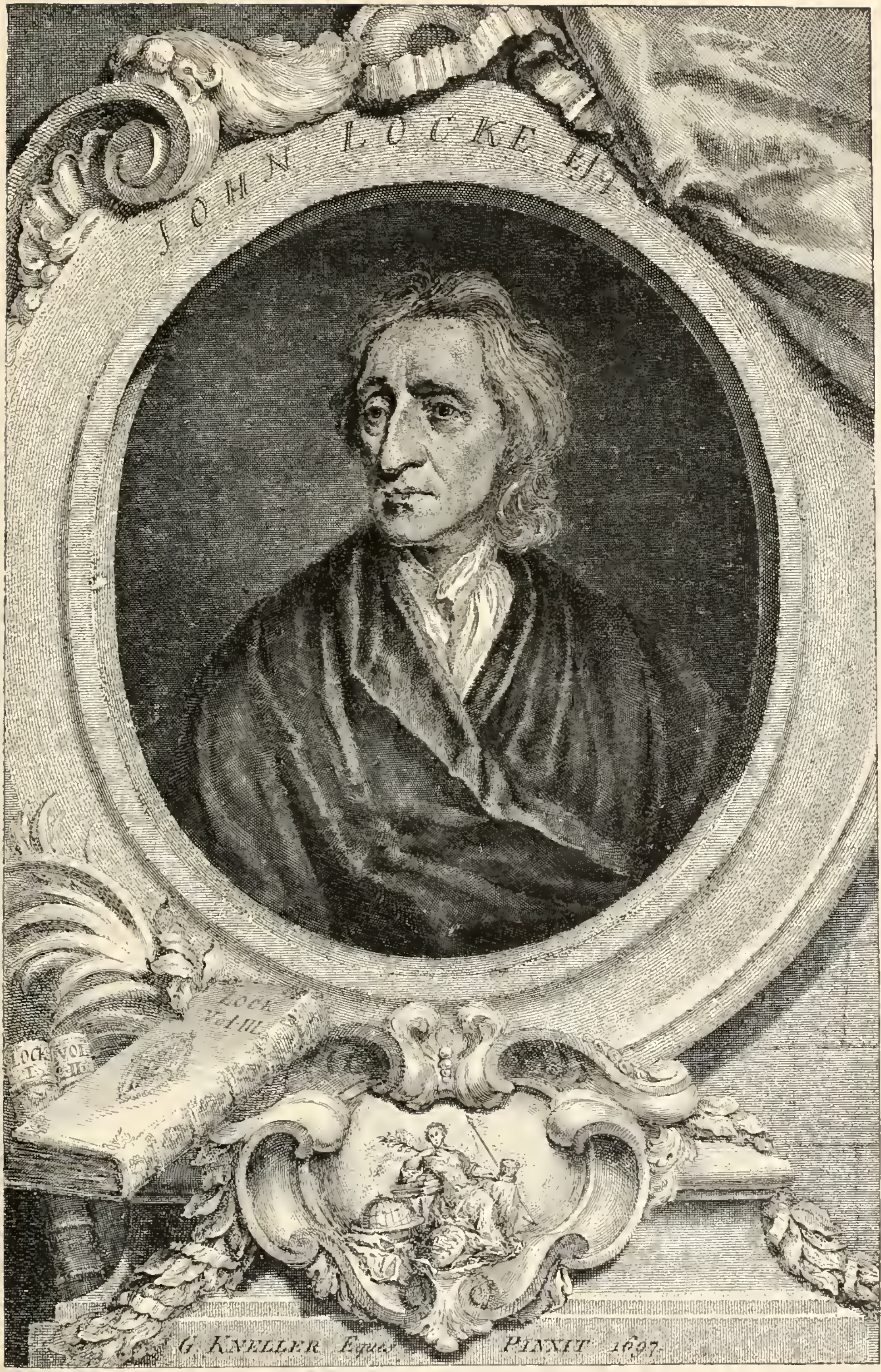
"'Different times, different manners,' my young friends," said Uncle Tom. "England did not have a monopoly of daring, nor Spain of cruelty. Brave John Hawkins began the odious slave-trade along these very coasts, and even Roger must admit the truth as to Church and the Pequots. Well, as I was about to say, Menendez the Spaniard naturally found fault with Ribault the Frenchman for daring to make a settlement hereabout in what the adelantado declared to be Florida, and Ribault and Menendez and Gourgues the avenger fought it out, as you know, on the sands of Florida. That was in 1568; and for a hundred years thereafter Carolina lay unoccupied, though by no means unclaimed, until, in 1669, a high-toned English syndicate, known as the Lords Proprietors, sent out a batch of colonists to occupy and develop the land which from that boy king of St. Bartholomew's bloody day, Charles IX of France, and later from the name of the Stuart kings of unsavory memory, Charles or Carolus, was known as Carolana or Carolina. The newcomers, however, did not like Port Royal; they did not like Albemarle Point, over yonder across the Ashley. So, after making a start at both places, they came over here to what was known as Oyster Point; and here they founded Charles Town—the Charleston of our day."

"Were they English or Huguenots, Uncle Tom—those first colonists, I mean?" Bert inquired. "I 'm a little mixed up on the facts."

"The first settlers were unquestionably English," Uncle Tom replied; "but after Charles Town was really started here on Oyster Point, men of other nationalities sought it as a home. Many of these were refugee Huguenots from France; and, under the surety of religious freedom, the colony became almost cosmopolitan, English, Irish, Scotch, French, and German making up its population."

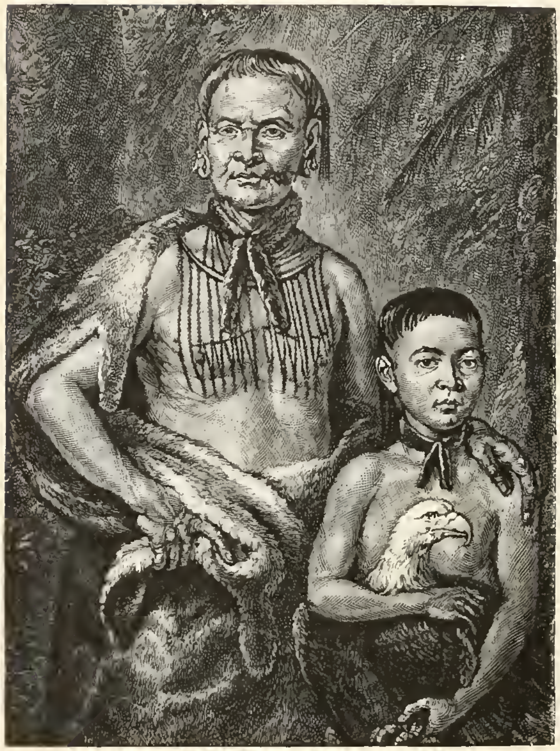
"Then why call it a Huguenot colony?" asked Bert.

"Because the Huguenot element seems especially to have survived in the atmosphere of the place," Uncle Tom replied. "Those castellated gate entrances to the house-yards, which I have shown you, are distinctly a reminder of the embattled gateways of the châteaux and castles of old France,


JOHN LOCKE Esq.
LOCK Vol III
LOCK I
VOL II
G. KNELLER Eques PINXIT 1697

JOHN LOCKE THE PHILOSOPHER.

He drew up the "form of government" for the Carolinas.



OGLETHORPE'S FIRM FRIENDS.
Tono-chi-chi, chief of the Yamacraws.

and the tinge of French Protestantism which the Huguenots brought in still tempers and affects this rose-smothered, magnolia-shaded town."

"Any one-man power in this colony, Uncle Tom?" queried Roger.

"In a way, yes, although he never came here," Uncle Tom replied. "The great man of the South Carolina Colony was undoubtedly the Earl of Shaftesbury. He was a famous English statesman; he was one of the chief of the Carolina syndicate known as the Lords Proprietors, and his family names of Ashley and Cooper reappear in the two rivers that wash the walls of Charleston. He was something of a philosopher in his way; he had a friend who was a famous philosopher, lecturer, and 'censor' of college boys' morals — one John Locke of Oxford."

"The metaphysician?" queried Bert.

Uncle Tom nodded. "You know him, Bert," he said. "Well, Shaftesbury and Locke drew up an elaborate form of government for the South Carolina Colony, and so overweighted it with 'fundamental forms,' as they called them, and undemocratic officials, that in due time their philosophic establishment fell to the ground by its own ponderosity, and South Carolina became a regular royal province."

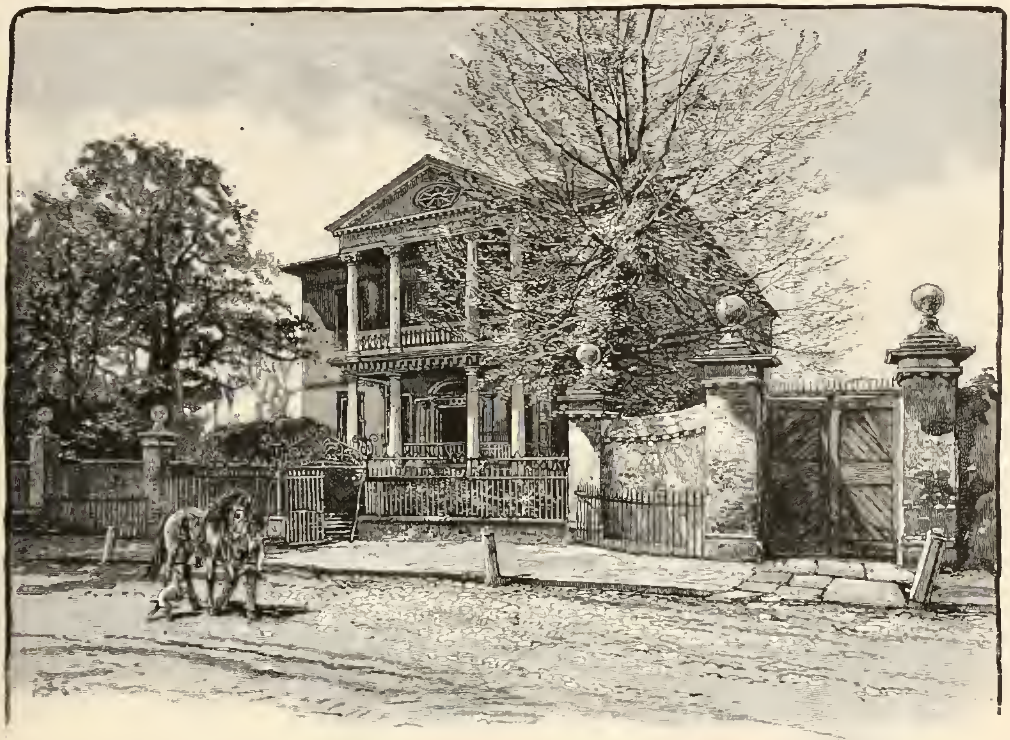
"Too much metaphysician, I guess," Roger commented.

"I reckon the colonists must have met a physician once too often, and so got sick of the whole show business," Jack suggested, and then warded off an attack by his indignant associates, who protested against his pun.

"It was doctored a bit too much," Uncle Tom admitted. "The high-toned proprietary government, with its 'palatines, landgraves, caciques, and barons' ('show business,' indeed, as Jack declares), fell because of its own unwieldiness. Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, men of various lands, faiths, and factions, could hardly be expected to live together in harmony, or be held by an unpractical if philosophical form of government, in a land whose very vastness spoke of liberty and laughed at social distinctions."

"They did come to a lovely land, though," said Christine. "Why could n't they live in peace and harmony?"

"They did, my dear, as much as any of the American colonists," Uncle Tom replied. "Growth is always restlessness, in Carolina of the palmettos as well as in New England of the elms. The little town here overlooking the Cooper River and the fair roadstead to the sea soon outgrew its first limits, and stretched out along the beautiful highway between the rivers, bordered and embowered then as now with live-oaks and magnolias, jasmines and roses. Up and down the coast and far inland toward the sand-hills colonization pushed; plantations and farm-lands blossomed and yielded harvests, and, save among the hardy Highlanders of the western hills, all the colony was either master or slave."

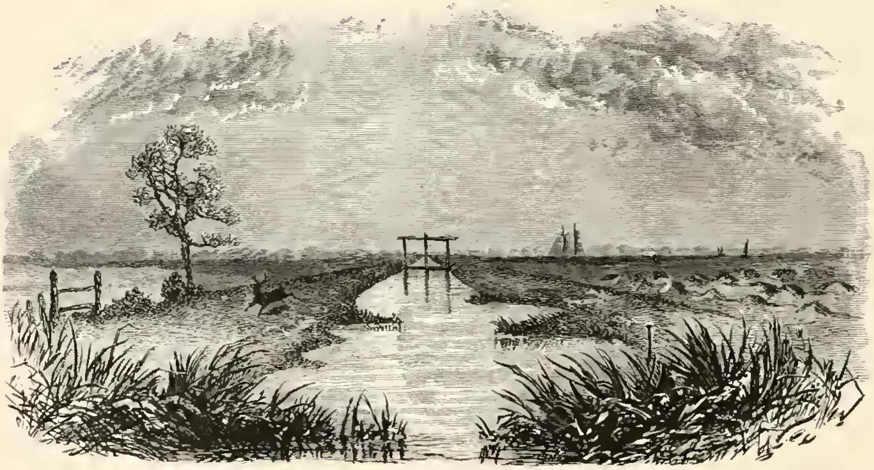


A COLONIAL MANSION IN CHARLESTON.

Residence of the late William Bull Pringle, Esq.

"Picturesque old days, were n't they?" said Jack. "The general was giving us some great old pirate stories this morning."

"Picturesque, but practical, too, for all its shortcomings," Uncle Tom answered. "And the masters of the land ably proved their manhood. Against Spaniard and pirate, against roving Indian and arrogant lord proprietor, against royal governor and British trooper, the colonists of South Carolina made stern protest or open war. Resistance to encroachment became their second nature, and side by side with Massachusetts and Virginia, the philosophy-founded colony of Shaftesbury and Locke stood up for the very principle those philosophers most objected to — liberty in a free republic. Here, on a soil seamed with strife and bathed in blood, the American Revolution at last flung Cornwallis and his redcoats from Camden into Yorktown, and brought triumphant independence to that American Union of which this colony of South Carolina was one of the chief foundation-stones."



A RICE-FIELD IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE LOST COLONY

Up the Coast to Old Point Comfort — Spain in the Lead — On the Sound Steamer — Roanoke Island — The Lost Colony and its Memorial — Sir Walter Raleigh and Virginia Dare — "The White Doe of Roanoke."

IN a swift-sailing steam-yacht, northward bound, which had put into Charleston, and upon which Uncle Tom had found an urgent and interested friend, our investigators rounded Hatteras and ran up the coast as far as Old Point Comfort.

So it came about that, once again, they entered the historic Virginia region through the broad gateway to the west, where the waters of Hampton Roads sparkled in the bright spring sunlight, and beyond the green and sloping battlements of moated Fortress Monroe rose the splendid hotels of Old Point Comfort.

"The very name of which is a reminder of long and disastrous sea voyages in old colony days," Uncle Tom remarked, as the familiar shores outlined themselves into definiteness and welcome. "'For when, on the thirtieth day of April, 1607, Captain Christopher Newport and his fleet of three small vessels came to anchor off yonder sand-spit, after a weary voyage of three months' (so good Master George Pevey discourses in his 'Observations'), 'wee rowed over to a point of land where wee found a channel, and sounded six, eight, ten, or twelve fathom, which put us in good comfort; therefore wee named that point of land Cape Comfort.'"

"How interesting!" said Marian. "You can almost see those old-time sailors in their queer clothes rowing around here hunting for deep water, can't you? But were they the first to sail in here?"

"Bless you, no," replied Uncle Tom. "The Spaniards had been in these parts long before."

"Of course they had," said Roger. "Those old dons were always poking themselves into our concerns."

Uncle Tom laughed heartily.

"First come, first served, Roger, my boy," he said. "The dons were here first, so I don't see but we were the ones who did the poking into other people's concerns."

"How do you make that out, sir?" asked Roger.

"Whether we allow it or not," Uncle Tom replied, "the Spaniards were certainly here first, by right of discovery, by right of the famous papal bull of Pope Alexander VI in 1493, and by right of colonization — for Spain, as I do not again need to assure you, was the first European nation to establish colonies in America."

"How about Leif Ericson's Northmen and Norumbega tower, up my way?" Roger demanded.

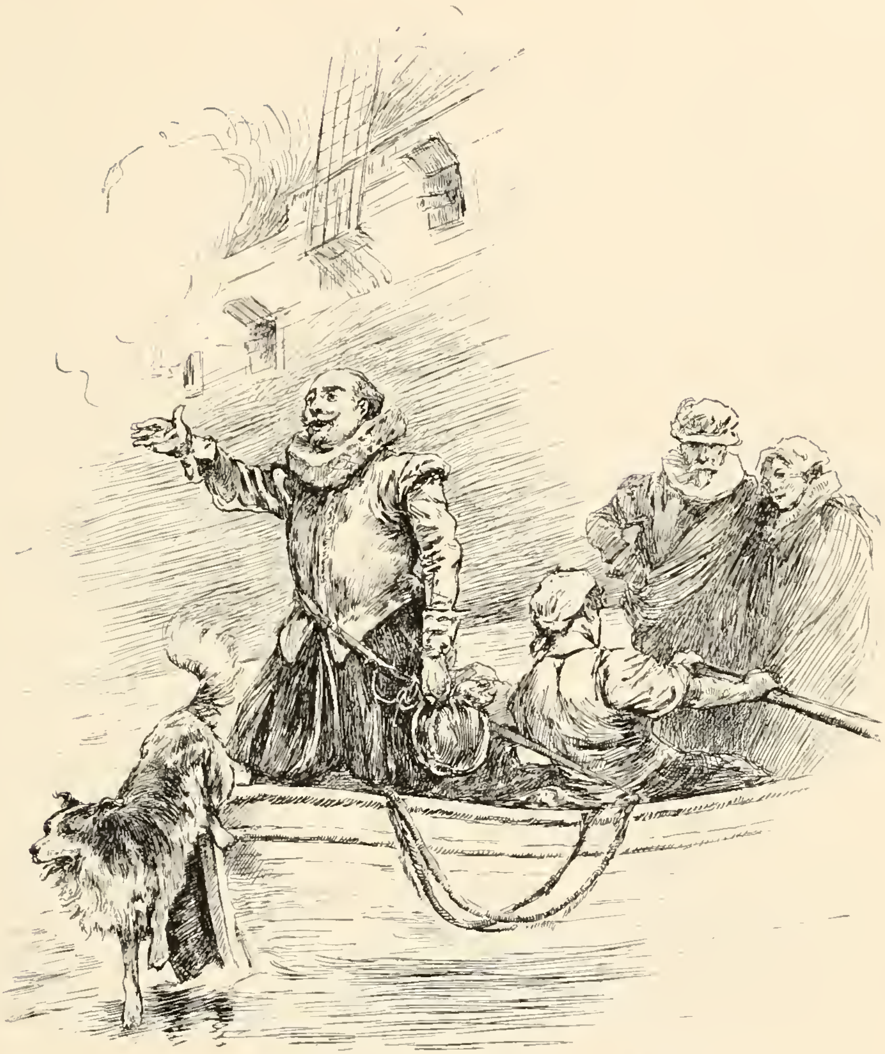
"Ancient history, ancient history, my son!" cried Jack, waving aside the Boston boy's claim. "I thought we settled all that business when we were at Cambridge."

"Whether we did or not," said Uncle Tom, laughing, "it is, as Jack says, 'ancient history.' The Northmen did not 'stick.' That wave of northern discovery soon receded, and, until Columbus and his successors sailed and settled the American coasts, the real era of discovery and colonization did not begin."

"But those Spaniards were just gold-hunters, were n't they?" queried Bert.

"It is the fashion to say so; but Spain had higher motives — this we must allow," Uncle Tom replied. "The King of Spain held the new lands by virtue of the autocratic proclamation of a Spanish pope; and the King of Spain, in that bitter time of religious struggle, aimed not only to make all Europe Roman Catholic, but all America as well. Had Spanish methods been as practical as they were prohibitory, the history of America might have been different. But brutality, greed, and tyranny underlay them all, and England's growing hatred of Spain, due largely to Marian's friend Menendez and his effective measures with the Huguenots in Florida — "

"Why, Uncle Tom! the idea!" protested Marian. "He 's no friend of mine."



"'NAMED THAT POINT OF LAND CAPE COMFORT.'"

"How about that sweeping bow and big sombrero at the old gate of St. Augustine?" demanded Bert, laughing.

"Oh, that was only a picture," replied Marian.

"'In my mind's eye, Horatio,'" cried Jack. "Nice old picture party Menendez was! I 'd like a biograph of him and all his pleasant ways."

"Well, the biograph came," Uncle Tom declared. "For, from the time of that massacre on Anastasia Island in 1565, the history of America was a moving picture of Anglo-Spanish incident during hundreds of years — until, in fact, that momentous 1st of January, 1899, when the Spanish flag dropped from its staff in Havana, and the Stars and Stripes ran up in its place, proclaiming to the world that the last vestige of Spanish misrule in America had disappeared, and that English blood had won the victory after full four centuries of struggle."

Jack doffed his cap to the starry flag that streamed from the gaff.

"Three cheers for us!" he cried; while Bert, who did not often drop into poetry, capped his cousin's cheer with a line from Tennyson.

> "'We are heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time,'"

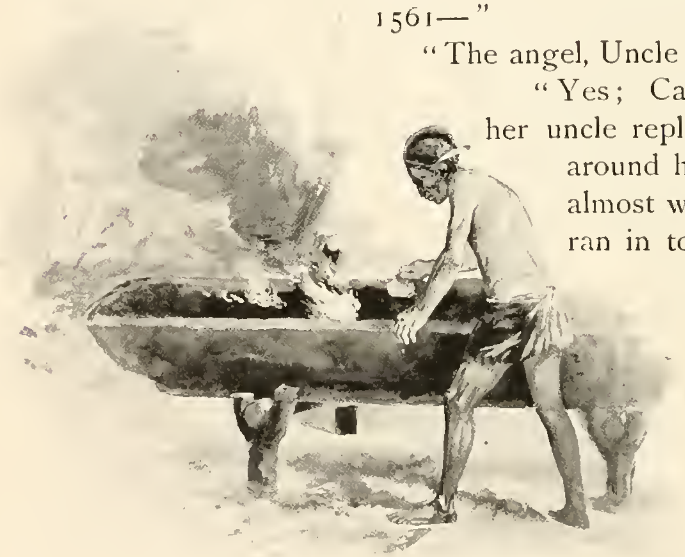
he said.

"But were the Spaniards really here as colonizers, Uncle Tom?" demanded Roger.

"Here or hereabout, surely," Uncle Tom replied. "One Captain de Ayllon, a Spanish adelantado, sailed up this very river, and actually founded Jamestown in 1526; while our friend with the gentle name and the ungentle manners who took possession of the South Carolina coast in 1561—"

"The angel, Uncle Tom?" queried Marian.

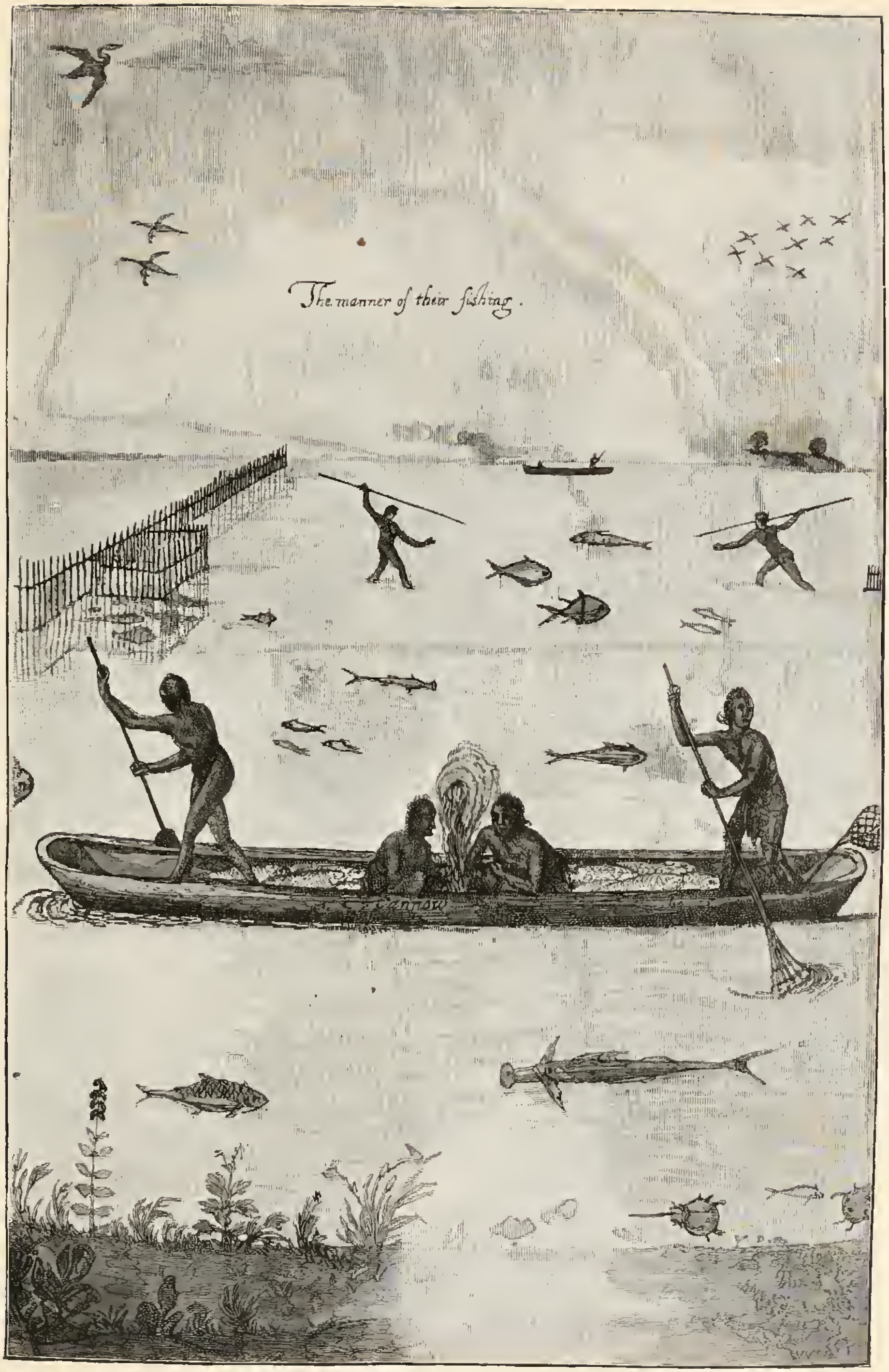
"Yes; Captain Angel Villafane," her uncle replied. "He came sailing around here that same year, was almost wrecked off Hatteras, and ran in to Old Point Comfort for safety. Then, soon after, your friend Menendez sent an expedition up this way to establish a Spanish post on the Chesapeake; and in 1572 he came here himself, and somewhere hereabout he hanged from the yard-arm of his vessel, in his usual breezy and brutal fashion, seven Indians who had objected, Indian fashion, to Spain's method of appropriation."



CAROLINA INDIAN MAKING A "DUGOUT."

"But the dons did n't stay any more than the Northmen, Uncle Tom," suggested Roger.

"They did n't stay just here, Roger," Uncle Tom agreed, "but they


The manner of their fishing.
Cannow

THE WAY THE INDIANS FISHED.

Drawn by John White.

certainly did stay in America, as the Northmen did n't. In 1605, however, Elizabeth had been succeeded on the throne of England by him whom they called 'the wisest fool in Christendom' — "

"Who was that?" and "Why?" came the inquiries. But Uncle Tom simply said: "Jot that down in your memory-books, and hunt it up for yourselves sometime"— which Bert alone did; he was the only one of the group who kept a pocket-diary.

"Well, at that time, in 1605," Uncle Tom proceeded, "Englishmen put their forty years of protest into determination. They declared that the Pope's bull was 'no good,' that England and the Reformed religion should possess a part of the New World, and that English colonies in North America should 'put a bit in their enemy's mouth' and advance the commonwealth, the commerce, and the Church of England."

"That 's the talk!" cried Jack; "and did they begin right off?"

"Why, of course, Jack Dunlap!" exclaimed Marian. "Don't you remember your history dates — settlement of Jamestown, 1607?"

"But even before that time," said Uncle Tom, "English enterprise had been seeking a foothold along these shores. On the 4th of July, 1584, Captains Amidas and Barlow sighted the North Carolina coast —"

"Good day to start in, was n't it?" said Roger.

"First-class," replied Jack. "Sort of prophetic, eh?"

"We 'll go down and see about where their vessels must have anchored," said Uncle Tom, "for North Carolina was the beginning of Virginia and of English dominion in these parts; and you shall have your share in reading an American riddle that still remains a mystery — the Lost Colony of Roanoke."

"The Lost Colony?" inquired Christine. "Where was that, Uncle Tom?"

"That 's just what you are to find out, I said, my dear," replied Uncle Tom, with a smile. "Did you never hear of Virginia Dare?"

"The first white girl born in the colonies?" said Bert. "That was here in Virginia, was n't it?"

"Was it?" Uncle Tom replied. "That 's part of the puzzle, boys and girls. To-morrow we 'll go down the coast and try to solve it."

They left the yacht at Old Point Comfort, and, after a delightful day at that ideal tarrying-place, crossed to Norfolk and, by rail and boat, went down the North Carolina coast on a search for the Lost Colony.

Where Elizabeth City, hospitable and comfortable, looks seaward from the low-lying banks of the islet-studded Pasquotank, the travelers boarded one of the big "Sound steamers" of the Old Dominion line, bound on its winding route through the inland waters or "sounds" of eastern North Carolina — a trip, so the boys and girls declared, that was but a "second instalment" of the inland waterway from Fernandina north to Savannah.

And so they came at last to the landing on Roanoke Island, that pleasant, green, low-lying island, ramparted by sand-dunes and shady with pines and oaks, where first, so Uncle Tom declared, the feet of English colonists stepped upon the shores of America, seeking for home and broader opportunities.

THE TOWN OF MANTEO, ON ROANOKE ISLAND.
Named for the friend of the Lost Colony.

"Not much opportunity for broadening here, was there?" queried Bert as, after driving from Wanchese across the mile-wide island, they drew up at the inn at Manteo, the county-seat and only town on the island.

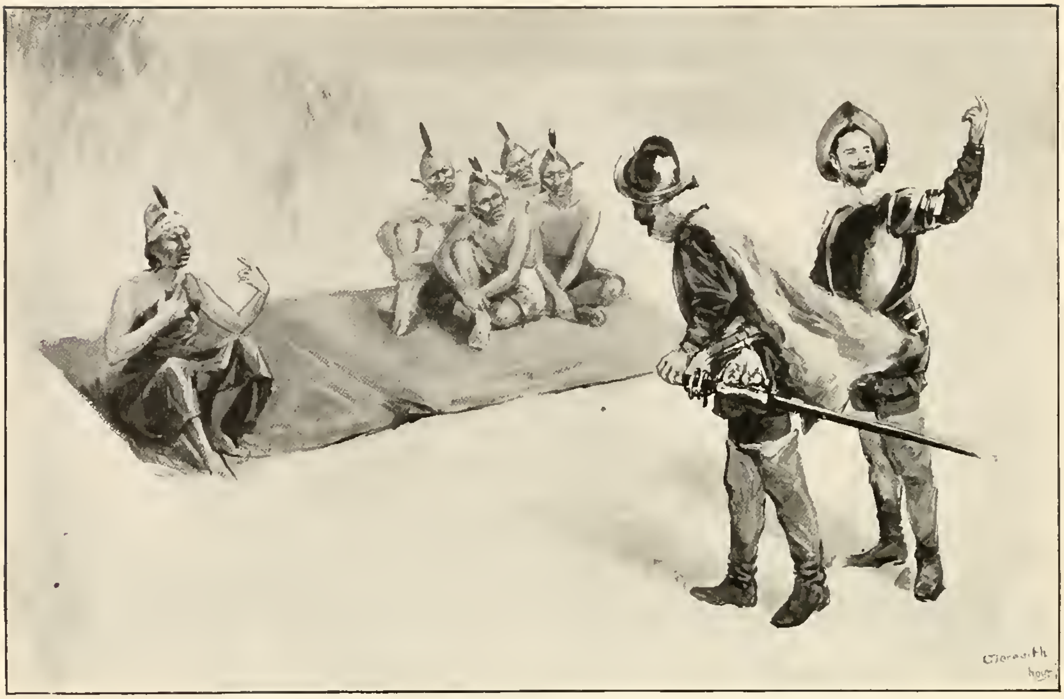
"They had all the United States before them — or behind them, I mean," said Jack. "What broader opportunities could they ask for?"

"Is this where Amidas and Barlow came to anchor?" queried Bert, surveying the broad reaches of Pamlico Sound. "Pretty good place for an anchorage after doubling Hatteras."

"Opinions differ on that point," Uncle Tom replied. "Some authorities claim that forty miles below here, at Hatteras Bank, as it is sometimes called, or the sandy beach of Chickcomacamack — "

"Phœbus! what a name!" cried Bert.

"Almost as long as a Maine lake," Jack declared.



CAPTAIN AMIDAS MEETS THE INDIANS OF ROANOKE.

Uncle Tom nodded. "It is quite a mouthful," he agreed. "Well, certain history scholars claim that the two captains anchored off there, and that the first landing of Englishmen on the American coasts was on that Hatteras beach. But Major Welch of Boston, who has made an exhaustive study of the matter, declares that Amidas and Barlow came to anchor about twenty miles above here, and entered North Carolina waters somewhere near Kitty Hawk or Cuttyhunk. The shifting sands of these Carolina coasts destroy old landmarks or make new ones, and it is hard to locate waterways."

"Kitty Hawk and Cuttyhunk! What deliciously absurd names!" commented Marian.

"American adaptation of Indian originals, I believe," Uncle Tom explained, "even as these two settlements on this island — Wanchese, where we landed, and Manteo, where we now are — perpetuate the memory of the two Indians who were kidnapped by the twin captains and carried off to England as samples."

"Pleasant way of doing things our old forebears had, had n't they?" said Jack.

"Was n't it dreadful!" exclaimed Christine. "Did the Indians like it, Uncle Tom?"

"Indians are naturally inquisitive and delighted with novelty," Uncle Tom replied; "but they are also home-lovers and resent indignities. These two red men lived to return to Roanoke, — Ohanoak, they called it, — and lived their lives out here as friend and foe of the white man."

"Which was which?" asked Marian.

"Wanchese was ever the bitter and unrelenting foe, Manteo the steadfast friend," Uncle Tom replied. "Wanchese had a hand, no doubt, in the final tragedy of Roanoke. Manteo was always a helper, and was here proclaimed by the English governor 'Lord of Roanoke and of Dasamonguepeak.'"

"Much good it did him, no doubt," was Bert's comment.

"But what was the final tragedy of Roanoke?" demanded Roger.

"We are coming to it rapidly," was Uncle Tom's answer, as, three miles to the north of Manteo, they rode into the region of woods and sand-dunes, and, within a circle of faintly marked upheavals, came upon a memorial slab, set in the midst of trees.

"This is old Fort Raleigh," said the driver, reining in his horses.

The tourists dismounted, and, gathering at once before the six-foot stone monument set up in that out-of-the-way spot by the enterprise and energy of North Carolinians, they listened while Bert, adjusting his refractory glasses, read aloud the inscription which, surmounted by a Greek cross, told the story of the historic ground on which they stood.

On this site, in July–August, 1585, (O. S.), colonists, sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh, built a fort, called by them

"THE NEW FORT IN VIRGINIA."

These colonists were the First settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England in July, 1586, with Sir Francis drake.

Near this place was born, on the 18th of August, 1587

VIRGINIA DARE,

The First child of English parents born in America—daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife members of another band of colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587.

On Sunday August 20, 1587 Virginia Dare was baptized. Manteo, the friendly Chief of the Hatteras Indians, had been baptized on the Sunday preceding. These baptisms are the First known celebrations of a Christian Sacrament in the territory of the thirteen original United States

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET AT OLD FORT RALEIGH.

"Well, that 's mighty interesting," said Bert, as he concluded.

"Is n't it, though!" said Marian.

But Roger stood silent.

"Why, I thought —" he began; but Jack cut him short.

"You thought, my son, that Plymouth Rock was the first and only pebble on the colonial beach, did n't you?" said the New-Yorker. "But" — waving his hand toward the monument — "you see, you see! Only I will say, Roger, my boy, that I thought so, too."

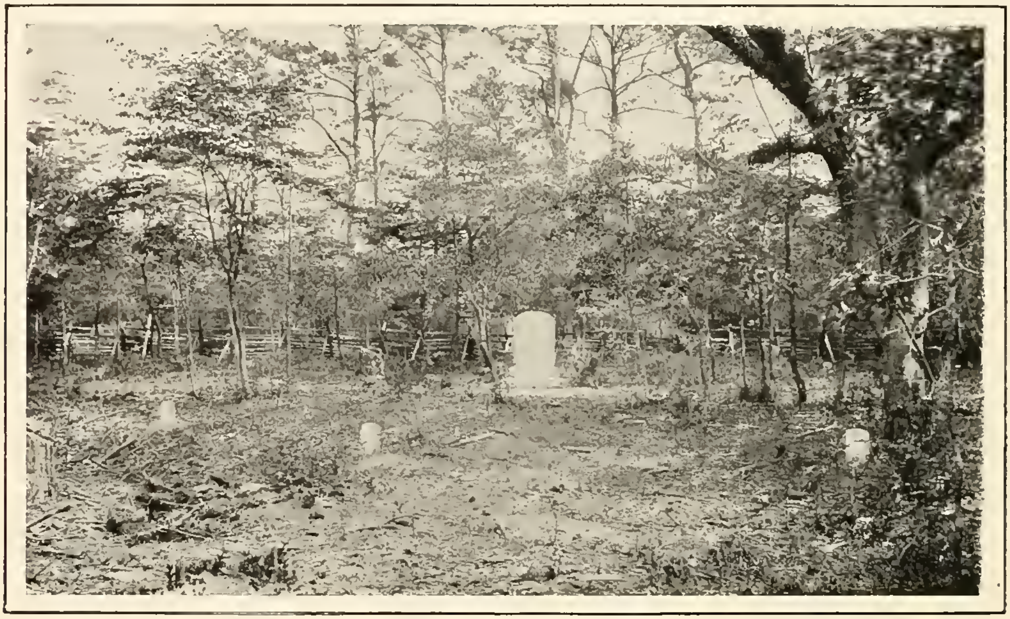
"But Plymouth stands to-day," said the boy from Boston; "and this — this —" He looked at the green-capped sand-dunes, untenanted save for the new memorial tablet.

"This — is the Lost Colony," Uncle Tom remarked, filling Roger's uncompleted sentence.

"But how was it lost?" queried Christine.

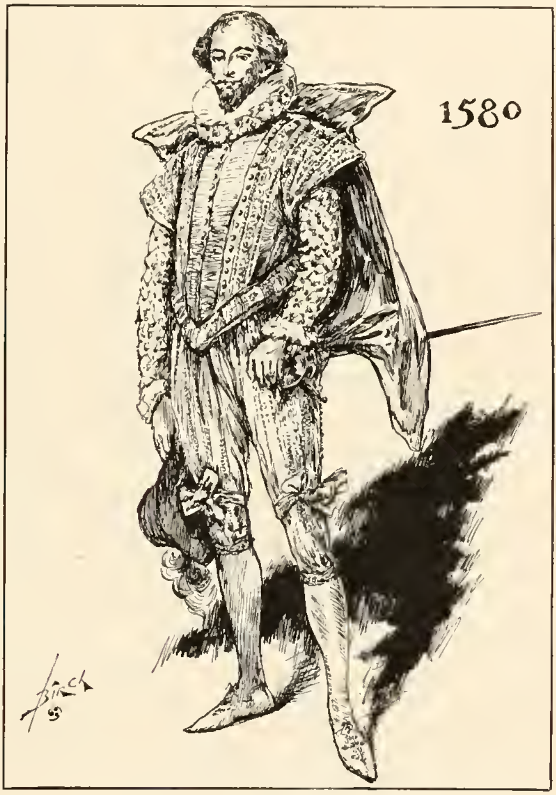
Thereupon Uncle Tom told the story of Raleigh's dreams and schemes, of Queen Elizabeth's interest, Sir Humphrey Gilbert's fate, and Sir Richard Grenville's efforts, until the boys and girls declared it to be almost like living with the delightful people of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"

He told them how the reports of Captains Amidas and Barlow led Sir Walter Raleigh, then high in the favor of Queen Elizabeth, to ardently desire and determine upon the English colonization of America; how the queen, hating Spain and loving her own glorification, seconded Raleigh's desires and permitted the attempt at the colonization of the "American land" to which Raleigh, in honor of her whom the men called the "Virgin Queen," had given the name of Virginia; how the queen would not let Raleigh go along, "out of her affection for him," much to his disgust; and how in April, 1585, Sir Richard Grenville sailed from Plymouth with seven ships and "one hundred householders." He told the young people how Grenville landed his colony here—"almost where you stand"—on Roanoke Island, and then sailed back to England, while Ralph Lane, whom he left in charge, proceeded to build this very fort within whose faintly marked outlines they had read the memorial tablet, and which he called Fort Raleigh; how the colony languished and would have starved to death had not Sir Francis Drake, coming upon them in the very nick of



AT OLD FORT RALEIGH.
Showing also the site of the home of Virginia Dare.

time, carried them back to England, and, with them, two famous American offerings to Europe's necessities and indulgences — potatoes and tobacco. He told how Grenville, coming to Roancke with supplies, found the colony gone and the fort deserted, but left fifteen men to hold the ground, with two years' provisions; how Raleigh backed up another colonial enterprise, styled "the Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh in Virginia," and saw a second expedition of one hundred and fifty colonists, with John White as governor, sail away to Virginia. He told how the colonists, with strife between the leaders, were left in an unsupported condition in and about Fort Raleigh on Roanoke Island, and how at last the governor, White, was sent to England to obtain help and supplies. But the Spanish Armada, so Uncle Tom explained, so occupied England's attention and energies at that time that help could not be granted nor supply-ships spared.



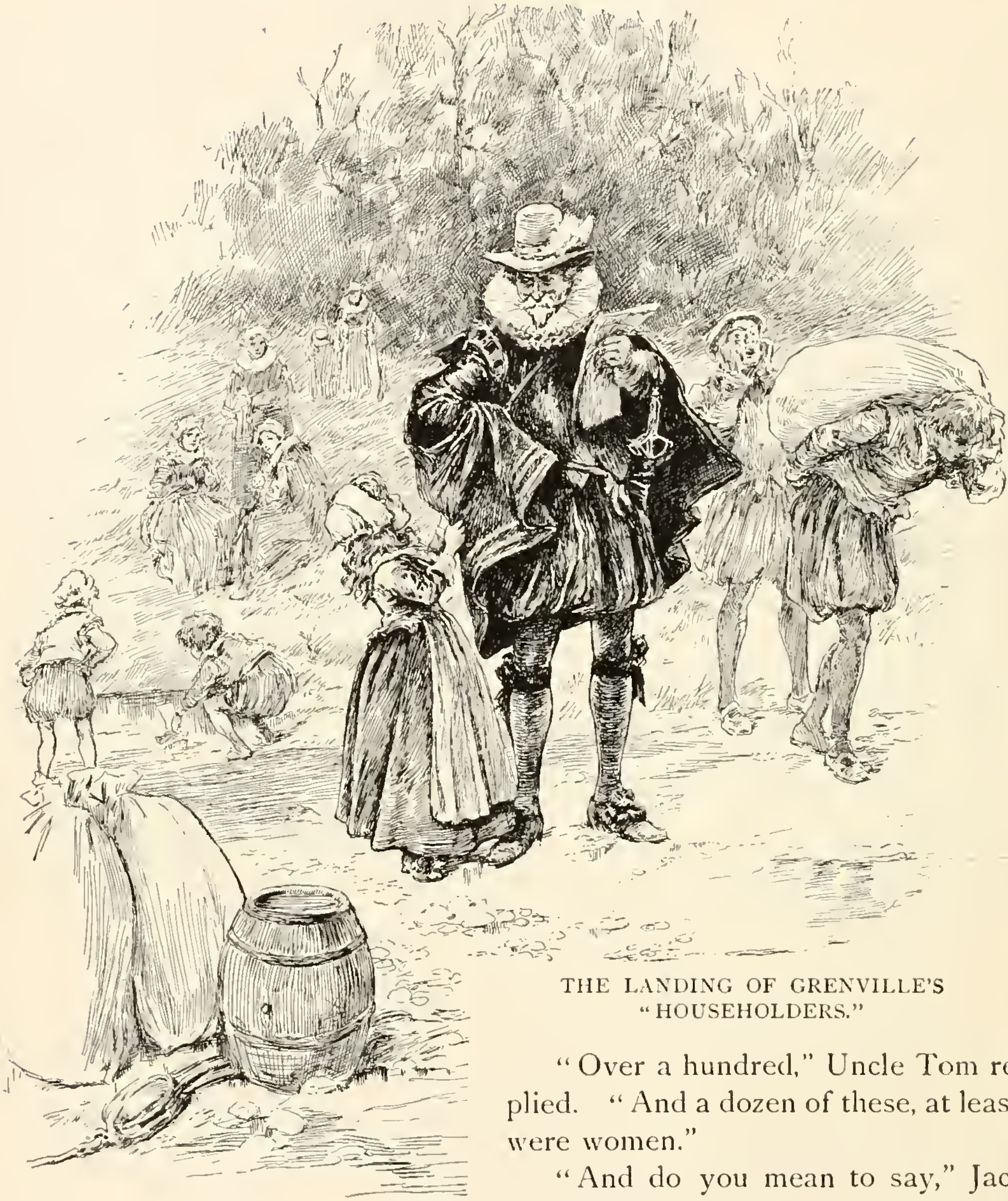
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"Twice," said Uncle Tom, "did Raleigh fit out relief expeditions. But one was seized for the home defense by the British government, while the other was beaten back by the Spaniards; and when, in 1591, four years after he had left the colony, Governor White did get across the seas to relieve the colony and see his dear little granddaughter, Virginia Dare, of whom this tablet tells you, not a living soul was to be found. The colony was lost. To this day, in spite of conjectures and theories, its fate has remained a mystery; and so it must remain forever one of the tragedies of American colonization — the Lost Colony of Roanoke."

"How sad!" exclaimed Marian.

"Poor little Virginia Dare!" said Christine, glancing at the memorial stone and sighing over the unknown fate of this lost baby of the long-ago.

"How many were there in the colony when the governor went off for help?" queried Roger.



THE LANDING OF GRENVILLE'S "HOUSEHOLDERS."

"Over a hundred," Uncle Tom replied. "And a dozen of these, at least, were women."

"And do you mean to say," Jack demanded indignantly, "that one hundred men in a fort so well placed as this could n't hold it with guns and powder and shot against a lot of naked Indians armed only with bows and arrows? Kingsley's men in 'Westward Ho!' would have held it."

"I 'm afraid they did n't have many Amyas Leighs among them," declared Marian.

"Was n't there any way to find out something about them?" inquired Christine.

"What did the Indians say about it all?" asked Bert.

"Four years is a long time to hold out on a storm-beaten, harborless coast," Uncle Tom explained. "The first colonists to America did not know how to get along, either in raising crops or conciliating Indians. The colonists of Roanoke—including your little friend Virginia Dare, Christine—were either massacred or adopted by the Indians hereabout, and this memorial tract in the sand-dunes, upon an island to be made yet more famous two hundred and seventy years after by the fierce fighters in America's Civil War, is the only thing left to mark the ambitious beginnings of 'the Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh in Virginia,' the Lost Colony of Roanoke, and the fate of little Virginia Dare."

"Except the story of 'The White Doe of Roanoke,'" said Christine.

"What was that?" queried Uncle Tom.

"Why, that nice old colonel we met at Elizabeth City yesterday told the story to Marian and me," Christine replied. "He said that for years after the colony was destroyed a beautiful white doe used to haunt the island and stand on the slope of the grass-grown fort, looking mournfully out to sea. The Indians hunted this doe and tried to kill it, but no arrow or bullet had any effect, until one day that hateful Wanchese, who had been to England and was a foe to the white men, you know, stood here and fired at the white doe a silver bullet which Queen Elizabeth had given him as a defense against witches."

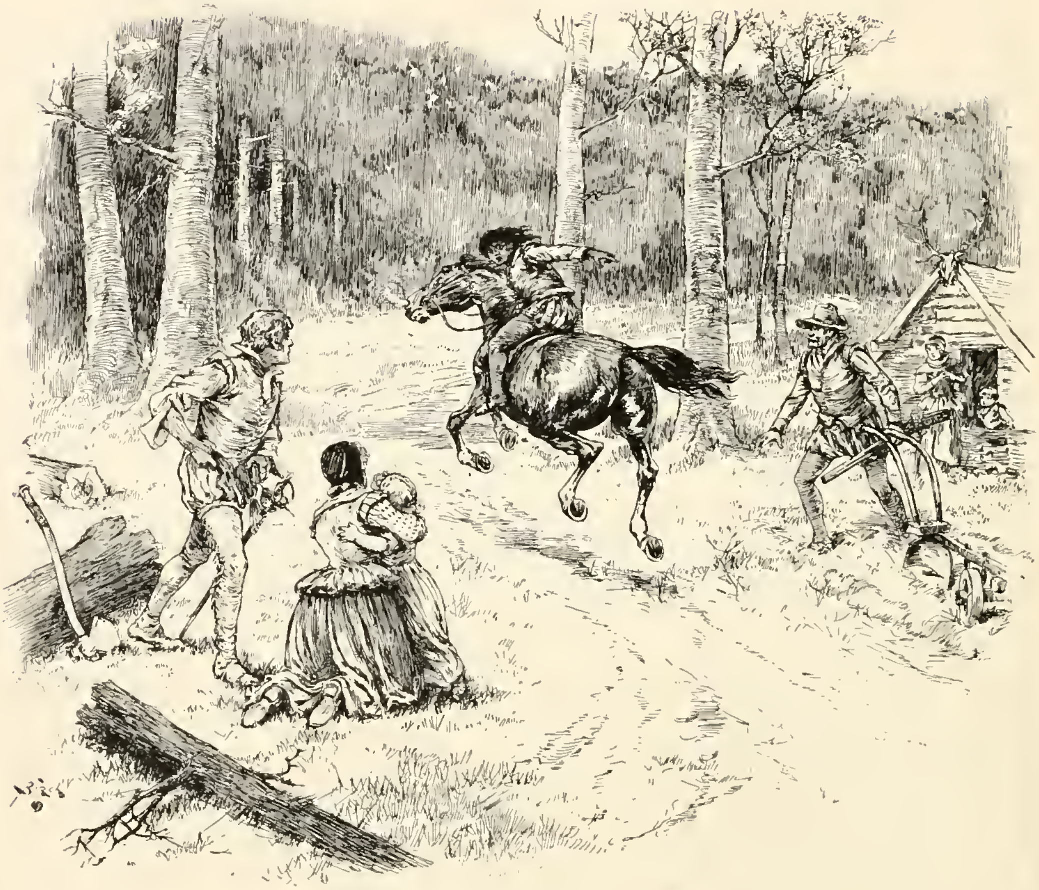
"Well, did it work?" cried Jack, as Christine hesitated.

"Too well, Jack," Christine replied sorrowfully. "The colonel says that Wanchese's silver bullet brought down the game, and as he dashed forward with his hunting-knife, the white doe sank in death right here where this tablet stands, and sighed out as her last breath the words 'Virginia Dare, Virginia Dare.'"

"Every place has its legends," said Uncle Tom, "and old Fort Raleigh, you see, is no exception. But though the first attempt at planting an English nation on these shores ended so disastrously that even the fate of those who founded it is a blank page in our history, the efforts of Raleigh led to further and more successful attempts, and the noble earl whom Elizabeth the Great loved and honored, and whom James the Little hated and slew, declared even in the midst of failure, 'I shall yet live to see it an English nation.'"

"And did he?" Marian asked. "I hope so."

"He did, although he was then a prisoner in the Tower, condemned to an unrighteous death by a small-minded tyrant," Uncle Tom replied. "For when, on that October day in 1618, he laid his head upon the block, saying



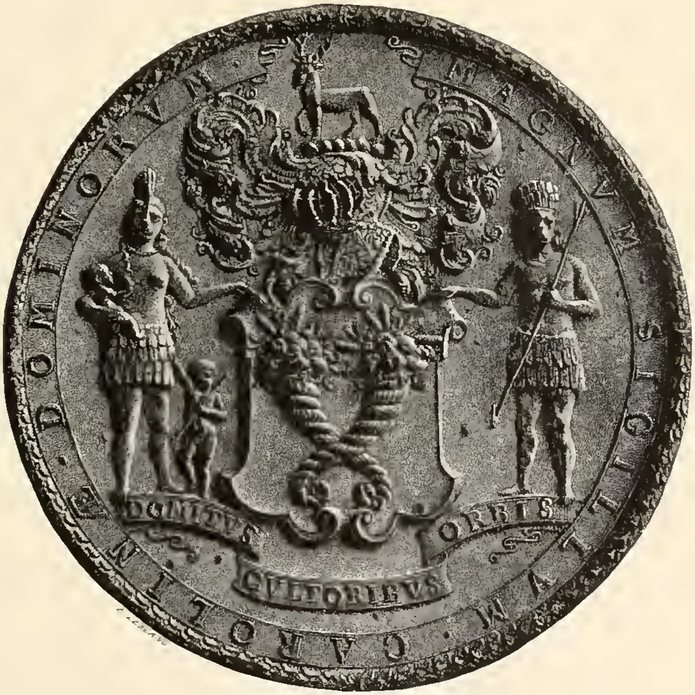
"THE SAVAGES—THE REDSKINS! 'WARE ALL!"

How the colony fell.

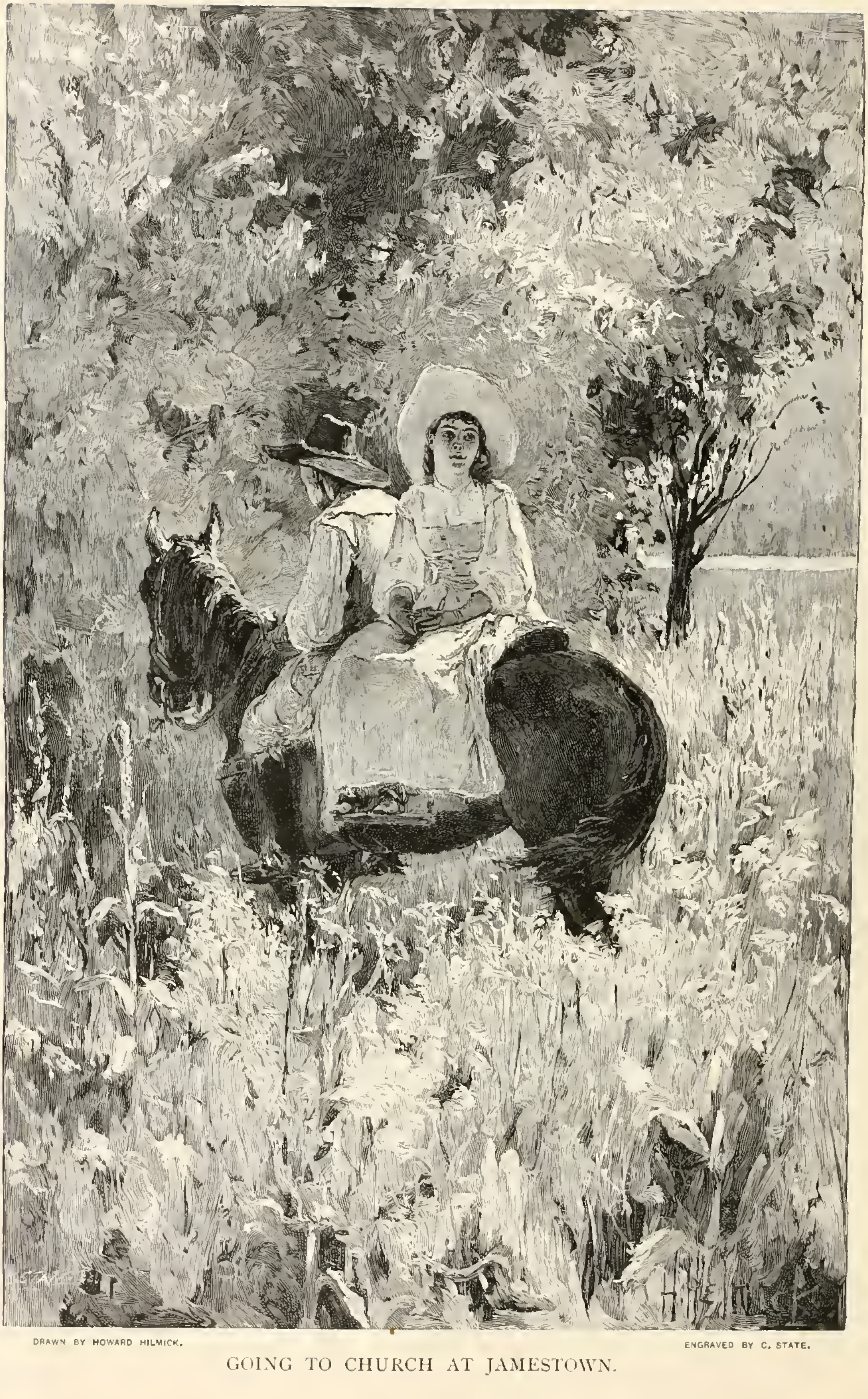
bravely to the hesitating headsman, 'Strike, man! What dost thou fear?" English colonies had already obtained a foothold, and the advance toward Anglo-Saxon supremacy in America had begun. For Jamestown had been settled."

"How soon did they try it again here in North Carolina?" Bert inquired.

"Not for a hundred years was Raleigh's attempt at colonization repeated within the present boundaries of North Carolina," answered Uncle Tom. "And then it was begun by those same high and mighty lords proprietors who nearly smothered South Carolina in the cradle by the burden of those absurd and un-American 'forms and fundamentals' of which I told you. But the people who gradually came into North Carolina were not to be held down by lords proprietors or by royal governors. They were among the first in the colonies to demand a free Parliament and freedom of religion. From the sea-coast to the mountains their chain of settlements grew. In Alamance, not far from Guilford Court-house, where we once found a restored Revolutionary battle-field, was struck, in 1771, almost the first blow for independence; at Mecklenburg, near Charlotte, which we also visited, was signed, in May, 1775, the first preliminary declaration of independence. So, you see, the land which was the first to receive the footsteps of colonizing Englishmen was the first to strike openly for freedom of speech, of religion, and of action, and the plucky colonists of 1776 built into a free and independent State the fertile section of America that had its beginning in the sad and pathetic story of Raleigh's Lost Colony of Roanoke."



THE SEAL OF THE LORDS PROPRIETORS OF CAROLINA.



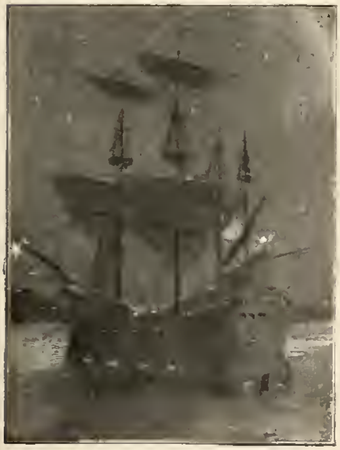
DRAWN BY HOWARD HILMICK. ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

GOING TO CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.

CHAPTER V

WHERE THE OLD DOMINION BEGAN

Newport News and Modern Progress — The Father of Virginia — Smith and Pocahontas — San Miguel and Jamestown — The Ruined Tower — Williamsburg and its Memories.



THE HARBOR AT NEWPORT NEWS IN CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S DAY

THE clang of hammers and the puff of steam filled the air as the steamer swung at the dock at Newport News; the towering red iron hulls of the big cruisers and great steamers building in the yard filled the eye to the right, while, to the left, men and mules and steam-shovels and cranes were scooping out the great hole in the ground which, so the boys and girls were assured, was to be the largest dry-dock in the world.

"Big things going on here, eh, Jack?" said Roger, as the boys surveyed the busy scene. "Is n't the *Illinois* a rouser, and would n't Captain John Smith be surprised if he could see what was being done here on his familiar river?"

"I don't know as he 'd find it so very familiar, with all these modern wharves and docks and machine-shops and war-ships; do you, Roger?" queried Bert.

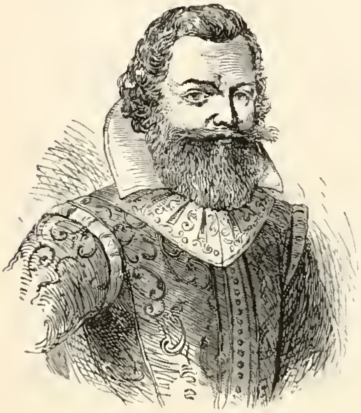
"I don't know as he would," Roger admitted. "And phew! would n't that flame in the foundry scare him? He 'd imagine he was in some regular Macbeth witch-circle, instead of quiet Virginia."

"I don't believe it would," Jack declared. "Nothing ever fazed the cap'n; did it, Uncle Tom?"

"Not if we can believe his own stories," Uncle Tom replied. "But then — the captain was a master hand at telling stories, you know."

"Why! what do you mean, Uncle Tom?" demanded Marian. "Were n't they all really so?"

"Well, my dear," Uncle Tom replied, as the steamer moved from the dock and steamed up and across the broad, bluff-bordered river to Fergusson's, "*quien sabe*, as the Spaniards say. In these days, when even Plutarch is doubted and Herodotus is called the 'Father of Lies,' who can wonder that we criticize a man who, though he died at fifty, and lived forty quiet years in England, declared that he spent thirty-seven years in the midst of war, pestilence, and famine, crowded the story of fully five years of adventures into less than eighteen months, and, though in Virginia only a little more than two years (where he landed as a prisoner and left in disgrace), was still so well able to plagiarize the works of others into a 'General History' that people for nearly three hundred years have actually believed his yarns and admitted his claim to remembrance as the father of Virginia!"



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

"Oh, come, Uncle Tom, are n't you a bit too rough on the cap'n?" asked Jack.

"Why — then — did n't Pocahontas —" Christine began. But Uncle Tom refused to be led into argument.

"I 'm not claiming anything, my dear young protesters," he said. "I 'm only giving you the results of the latest investigations into the value of Captain John Smith's veracity. I once got myself disliked for trying to tell the true story of Pocahontas. So, if it will soothe your perturbed young spirits, I stand as ready to show you the very stone on which the doughty Captain John laid his devoted head as I am to place you upon the very rock in the Catskill Mountains upon which Rip Van Winkle went to sleep."

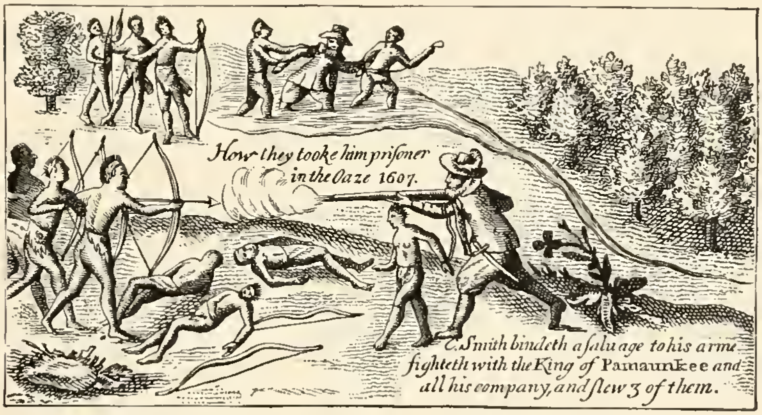
"Oh, I 've seen that," said Marian, confidently.

"Of course you have, my dear," said her uncle, suavely; "and no doubt that piece of wreckage over yonder by White Shoal Lighthouse is a bit of that very same good ship, *Sarah Constant*, within whose hold, as it came sailing wing-and-wing up this very river, one John Smith lay a prisoner and malcontent — and, therefore, the father of Virginia!"

Roger looked as though he were not sure of Uncle Tom, and even Jack seemed troubled.

"But who was the father of Virginia, if he was n't?" Bert demanded.

"I don't know as we can give any one man the credit of being really its 'father,'" Uncle Tom answered, "though I fear there were several who had the colony's affairs in charge whom we might call its stepfathers, don't you know—and pretty poor ones at that! But if 'father' means founder or promoter, the first place must be given to Sir Walter Raleigh, who gave the idea of Virginia colonization form and force. Next to him, Thomas West, the good and noble Lord Delaware, has place. Indeed, one of the deepest and most reliable students of Virginia history declares that 'if any one man can be called the founder of Virginia, it is Thomas West, third Lord Delaware.' And there are others, as you boys say: Sir Thomas Gates and Sir Thomas Dale, enterprising and practical directors of affairs, of the latter of whom John Rolfe declared that 'Sir Thomas Dale's worth and name in managing the affairs of that colony will outlast the standing of this plantation'; Newport, the great captain for whom Newport News was named; George Percy, the colony's best chronicler, and twice governor *pro tem.*, with other names, less known, of those who had part in the stormy beginnings of the Old Dominion. And yet all of these have for years and years been overshadowed by the self-assertive John Smith, who was a failure as explorer, settler, promoter, and president, but who could tell so plausible a story that, because he outlived, even as he out-talked, all his contemporaries, he has linked his name inseparably to the history of Virginia as the colony's father, founder, and foremost man."

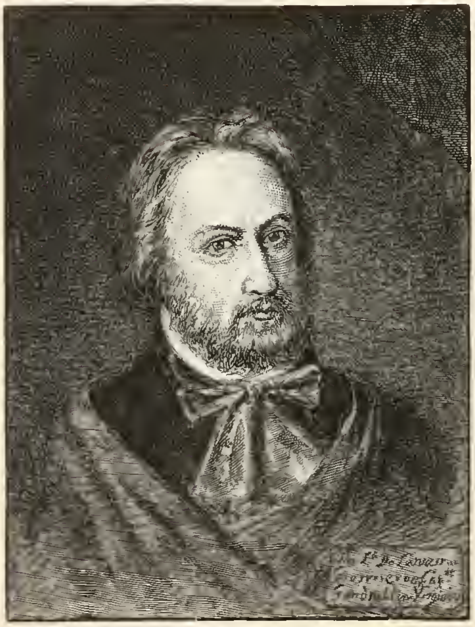

How they tooke him priſoner
in the Oaze 1607.
C. Smith bindeth a ſaluage to his arme
fighteth with the King of Pamaunkee and
all his company, and ſlew 3 of them.

FACSIMILE FROM SMITH'S "GENERAL HISTORY."

Up the wide James River they held their zigzag course as the steamer touched at wharves on either shore. At last, stretching its park-like meadows before them, on the right bank of the stream they spied a long, low-lying green and tree-sprinkled island, floating almost on the bosom of the river, in marked contrast to the high-facing bluffs of Scotland, across the stream. The sandy beaches gleamed yellow in the sun; the river rippled blue and sparkling from shore to shore; from a little cove at the northern end there shot out a long, new, commodious steamboat pier, flanked by green trees upon a little rise of ground to the left, while in the fields to the right rose the blackened brick walls of a burned and ruined mansion. Then the steamer slid in alongside the dock, the hawser-loops fell into place over cleat and post, and Uncle Tom and his party descended to the lower gangway as the plank was run out.

"All ashore for San Miguel!" cried Uncle Tom.

"Jamestown!" announced the first officer. And the young people, believing the first officer, and yet having implicit faith in Uncle Tom, backed their conductor against a tier of asparagus-crates filled with the best product of this green, low-lying islet, and demanded: "Now, sir, what do you mean? Is this Jamestown, or is it — what 's your Spanish name? — San Miguel?"



THOMAS WEST, LORD DELAWARE.

"It 's like the Irishman's problem in pronunciation, boys and girls," he declared with a laugh. "'It 's nather, for it 's ayther,' so Pat said."

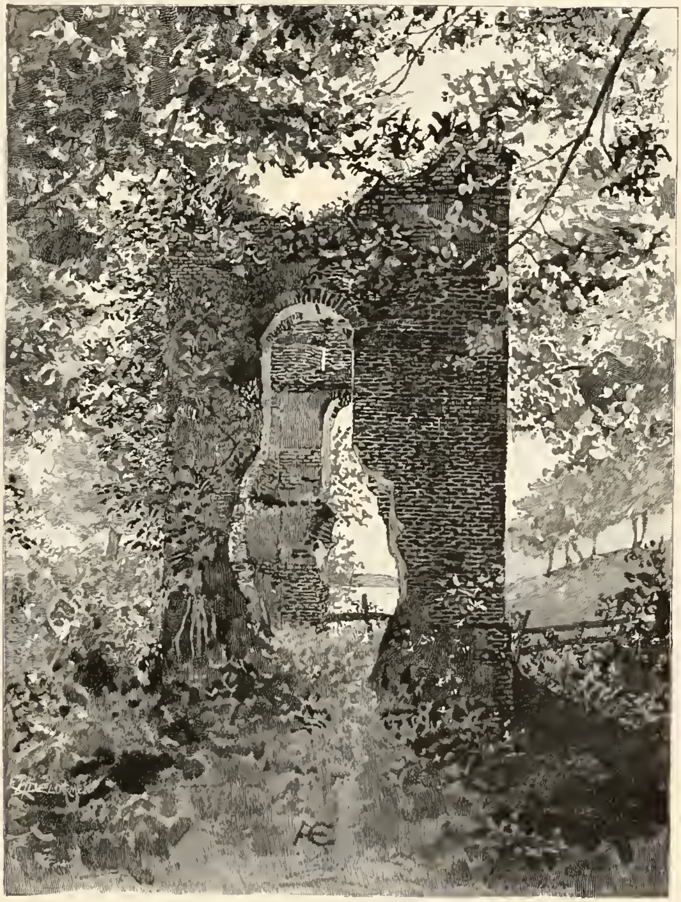
"Explain yourself, good sir; you speak in riddles, forsooth," said Jack, striving to get what he called the "colonial flavor" into his speech.

Uncle Tom paid the "wharfage fees" for his party, — "as if we were so many bundles of asparagus," objected Marian, — and, as they strolled up the long dock to the tree-shaded inclosure, reminded them that he had already told them of the Spanish Captain de Ayllon's attempt at the colonization of Virginia in 1526.

"He came up this river with nearly five hundred colonists," said Uncle Tom. "He landed here, and, almost on the exact site of Jamestown, built houses and started a colony, which he called San Miguel. But malaria, lack of gold, and dislike of the climate and the surroundings dissatisfied the Spanish colonists, who all aimed to be Pizarros at once, and when sickness had killed their leader and reduced their number to one hundred and twenty, they gave up in disgust, and sailed away to the West Indies. Then Jamestown Island lay here unsettled and unknown for eighty years, when Captain Newport's English colonists came oversea seeking a home in Virginia.

They picked out this very island as the best place for settlement, and, landing here in 1607, began to build a 'city,' the only remains of which is the broken brick church tower yonder, within the inclosure, festooned with ivy and half sheltered by its grove of trees."

They passed through the entranceway, and stood before the crumbling square tower, built at once for religion and war, that marks the remains of the vanished colony of Jamestown. Behind it, dark in the shade of hackberry and sycamore, lay the old, old stones of the ancient cemetery, some of them, like that on Commissary Blair's grave, hoisted high by the aggressive roots of the big sycamore, sprung from the old commissary's bones.


RUINS OF THE CHURCH TOWER, JAMESTOWN.

"And is this really where John Smith went to church, and where Pocahontas was baptized and married?" asked Marian.

"The place, assuredly, but not the same," Uncle Tom replied. "This old tower marks the fourth church erected here by the Virginia colonists, and was probably built after the burning of Jamestown in the time of Bacon's Rebellion in 1676. As to the surroundings — come up with me to the ridge and take a survey."

They entered the confines of the encircling mounds that marked the grass-grown ramparts of the old Confederate fort, and, standing on the shore above the almost obliterated ruins of the ancient powder-magazine, they looked about them. One hundred yards from shore, a lone cypress-tree sprang, bent, but green and flourishing, from a single tuft of earth; still farther out, remains of spiles and piers rose above the rippling water.

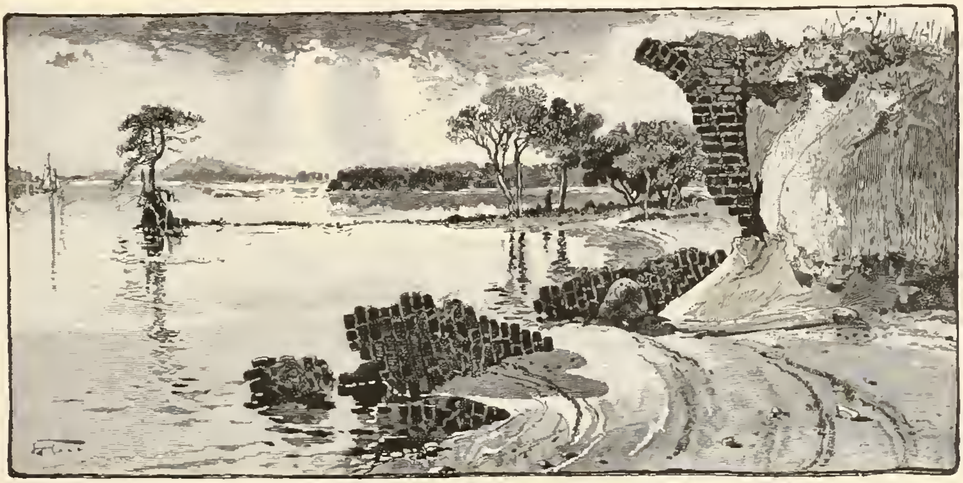
"That stretch of water was Jamestown," said Uncle Tom; "that, too, was doubtless San Miguel. The river currents and the northwest winds for three centuries have worn and washed and eaten this island shore until full two hundred yards and more of old Jamestown have disappeared. Government and the island proprietors have alike tried to save this historic spot from destruction, but, thus far, without avail. The powder-magazine, which stood far inland, has, as you see, been almost washed away, and unless some vital measures are taken, the old church tower and the crumbling gravestones will vanish too, in time. But even thus the colony town which England planted here in 1607, and alternately fostered and neglected through ninety years, vanished finally from the scene; and to-day that ruined tower and those neglected graves are the sole reminders of the life and hope, the jealousy and love, the strifes and struggles, that once were active here, in the days when, upon this low and grassy island, the Old Dominion had its beginnings, and, truthfully or not, gave to fame the names and deeds of John Smith and Pocahontas and Rolfe and Nat Bacon and Governor Berkeley, while others even more important in the story of American colonization have been neglected or forgotten."

"Interesting old spot, is n't it?" said Bert, surveying the scene, where trees and vines, dismantled Confederate fort, and broken ancient tower combined in a landscape at once attractive and suggestive.

"Water privileges rather too generous, I should say," remarked Jack, looking over the decaying shores to the solitary cypress-tree, the wide-reaching river, and the submerged colony lands.

But the girls dropped upon the grassy slope of the old fort, and, glancing up at the "ivy-mantled tower," as Christine, remembering her Gray's "Elegy," insisted on calling the picturesque ruin, they demanded of Uncle Tom that here, "on the very spot," he should refresh their minds as to this old Virginia colony.

"It is a stirring story, boys and girls," said Uncle Tom, from his loungingplace beneath the great, flower-crammed rose-bush. "And yet it is briefly told. Suggested by Raleigh, fostered by Elizabeth, evolved from the Lost Colony of Roanoke, backed by British capital, compounded of British restlessness, British feuds, and civil wars, this colony of Jamestown was founded by a company of adventurous, illy assorted, and disappointed gold-hunters in May, 1607. It began in struggle, was rent by quarrels and jealousies, scarcely survived Indian craftiness and lack of home support, and yet was lifted out of failure by the practical statesmanship of Lord Delaware and his liveried retainers, curbed into law and order by wise Sir Thomas Dale, awakened into a love of liberty by the misgovernment of Argall, stirred into faction and feud by the strifes of Cavalier and Puritan, and plunged into open rebellion and civil war by the blunders of Berkeley and the patriotism of Nathaniel Bacon. And yet, in spite of despotic governor and independent colonist, with all the faction and friction that their antagonisms meant, the colony grew with constant accessions from England, and with more and more of the wilderness turned into farm-land. Tobacco became the corner-stone of Virginia's wealth. Excepting the little village of Jamestown on its marshy island, there were few, if any, towns in the colony; but in seventy years the population of Virginia had grown to forty or fifty thousand. By the increasing wealth of the colony more home-seekers were attracted to Virginia, and when the American Revolution opened, Virginia was the oldest, the most populous, and the most important of all the thirteen colonies, with a total, in white and black, of over half a million inhabitants."


THE OLD MAGAZINE AT JAMESTOWN.

"Slavery began here at Jamestown, did n't it, Uncle Tom?" asked Roger.

"Yes, when the Spaniards first came here in 1526," Uncle Tom replied. "For when the adelantado De Ayllon began to build San Miguel, here on Jamestown Island, he did it with the help of negro slaves brought from the West Indies."

"Why, I thought the English colonists were the first slave-owners here," said Bert.

"Spaniards first, as usual, you see," said Jack. "I never heard of such 'previous' chaps as they were."

"But they did n't stick, you know," said Roger.

"No, they did n't stick, as we do know," Uncle Tom assented; "and the permanent colonization of America, as well as the beginning of its slave-trade, was really laid by the Englishmen here at Jamestown. The Spaniards were the instruments, however, even in this final curse of the slave-trade; for, you must know, the first cargo of negro slaves was not the Dutch cargo you have learned of in history, but was brought by Captain Daniel Elfrith on the English privateer *Treasurer*, and was part of a cargo taken by him in 1619 from a ship of Spain which he had overhauled at sea. So you see how from the Spaniards themselves came the seeds of that crime which, two hundred and fifty years later, almost split the great American republic in twain; and we may remember Captain Daniel Elfrith of the *Treasurer* as the man who introduced two pests into America — rats and negro slavery."

"Rats! horrors!" cried the girls, springing to their feet.

"Do you suppose they 're here yet, Uncle Tom?" said Marian, looking anxiously about her. "I do detest rats."

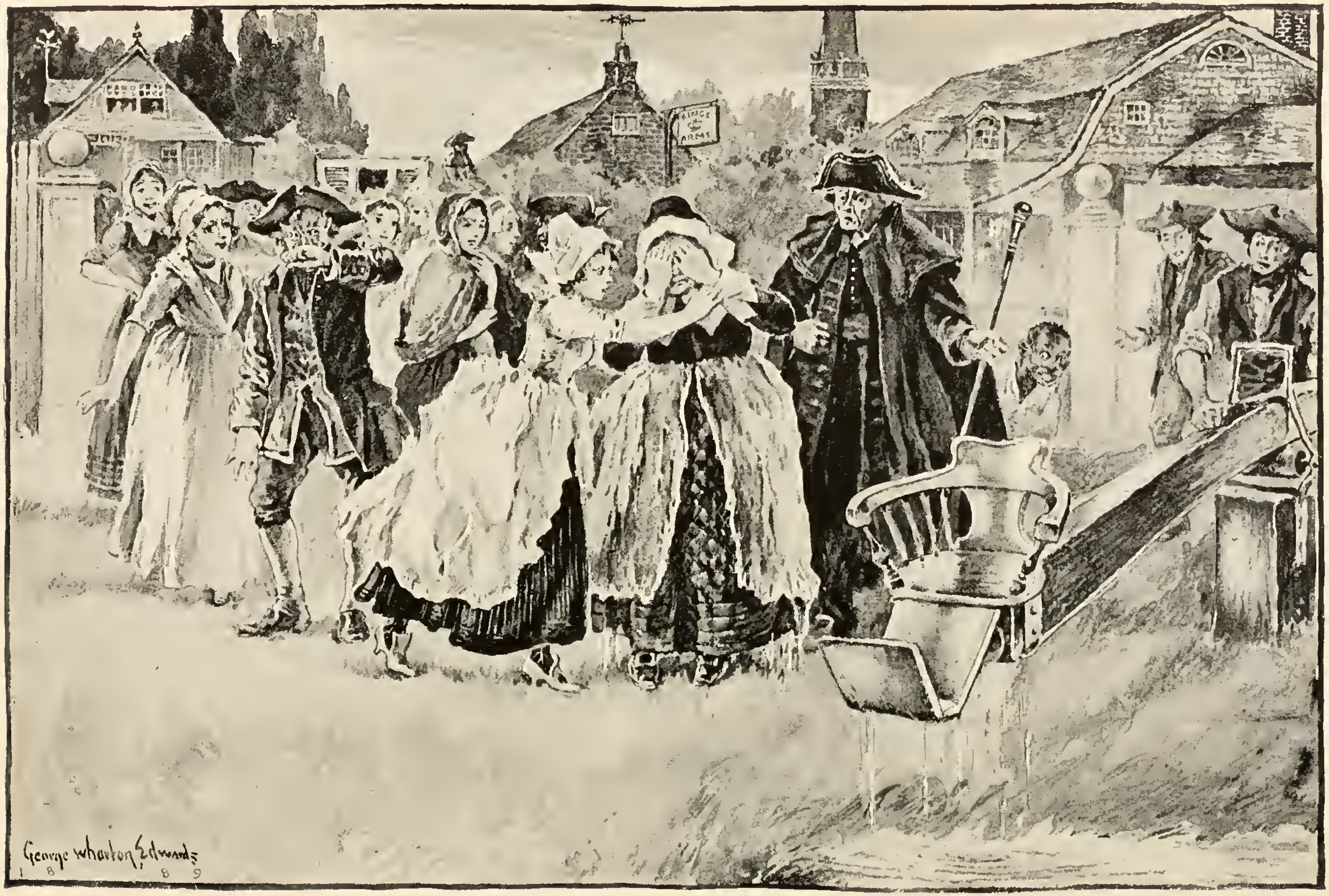
Uncle Tom rose laughing from his nook under the big rose-bush. "They 've vanished with the Jamestown colony, I guess," he said. "Come, there 's the carriage! All aboard for Williamsburg!"

They drove across the creek and through the fair York woods to Williamsburg, successor to Jamestown as the colonial capital. As they crossed the creek Bert said: "The superintendent at the cottage told me that this island used to be a peninsula in the colony days, and that it was over the neck of land that ran across from the north end of the island, yonder, that Bacon rode with his volunteers to capture the town, and that Pocahontas came bringing warning or relief to the colonists."

"That way as well as any other," Uncle Tom assented. But Marian did not like his tone.

"What do you mean, Uncle Tom?" she demanded. "Was n't it so?"

"As to the peninsula? Oh, yes," her uncle replied.


KINGS ARMS
George Wharton Edwards
1889

THE DUCKING-STOOL.

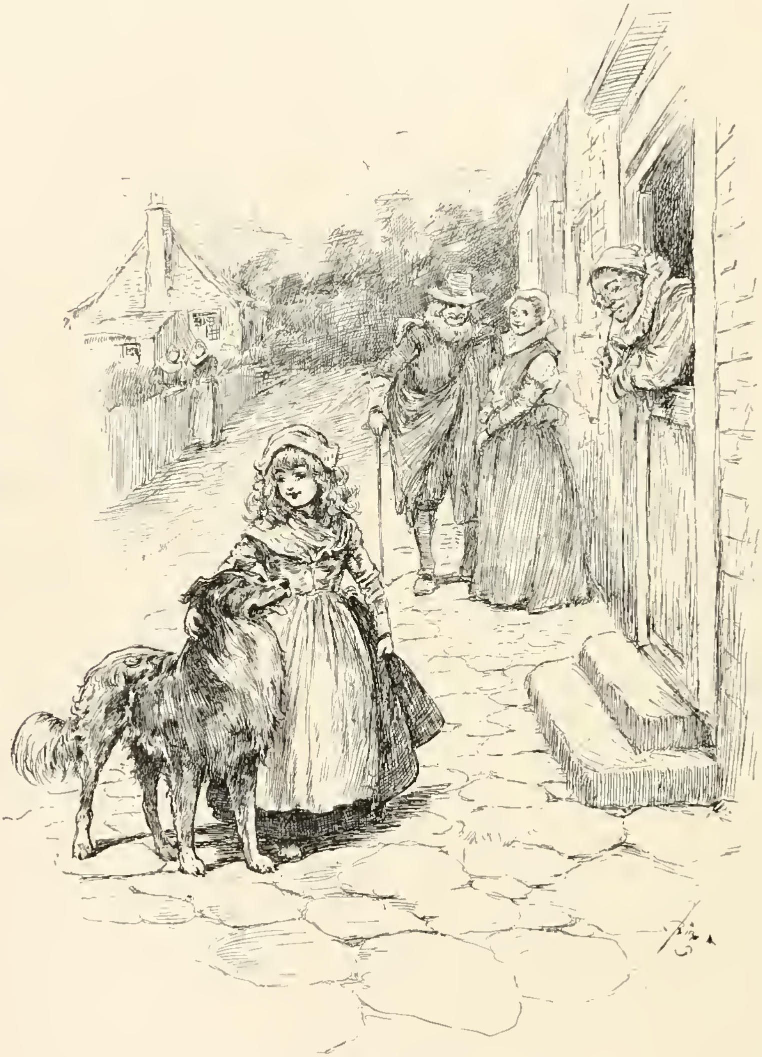
A way they had in Jamestown for curing scolds, gossips, and scandal-mongers.

"And as to Pocahontas?" persisted Marian.

"Gone to join Captain John Smith and Washington's cherry-tree!" said Jack.

"I don't like to have you not believe those things, Uncle Tom," said Christine.

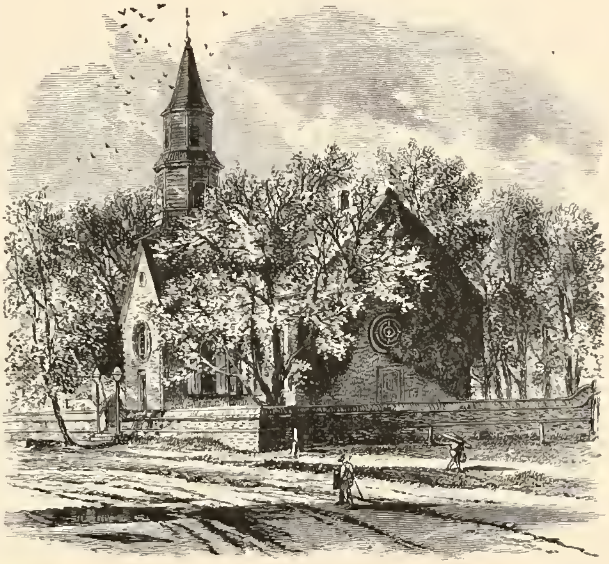
"I 'd like to believe anything that pleases you, my dears," said Uncle Tom; "but when you corner me on the truth of history — why, that 's where I am like the greatest of all Virginians: I cannot tell a lie."



AN OLD JAMESTOWN STREET.

"No Pocahontas, no Powhatan, I suppose?" said Christine, shaking her head sadly.

"Far from it, my dear," said Uncle Tom, with a smile; "there were lots of him. We read in the records of the 'great Powhatan' and the 'little Powhatan,' and the 'river of Powhatan' and the 'town of Powhatan,' from all of which we must infer that Powhatan was the name of an Indian tribe in possession of this land along the James and the York, with their main lodges or 'capital' on what is known as Timberneck Bay, on the north shore of the York, a little above Yorktown. The chief of the Powhatans, who gave the Jamestown settlers so much trouble, and figures so largely in Captain Smith's story, was really named Mamonatowick —"



CHURCH OF BRUTON PARISH, WILLIAMSBURG.

"The father of Pocahontas?" queried Marian.

Uncle Tom gave his niece a quizzical smile.

"Which Pocahontas do you mean, my dear?" he said. "He seems to have been the father of several Pocahontases. For, you see, *pocahuntas* was Indian for 'tomboy,' and there are at least three such from the Powhatan tribe to whom this nickname was given. The Pocahontas so dear to all American girls is now proved to have been ten years old in 1608, to have been married to an Indian chief in 1610, and to have been nineteen years old in 1614! You cannot make these things agree, you see; so we must conclude that the chief of the Powhatan Indians had two or three 'dear little daughters' who were so full of spirit as to be called 'little tomboys,' or poca-huntases; that one of these was friendly with the English settlers at Jamestown, and warned them of Indian attack or helped them when taken captive, while one, whose name was Ma-ta-oka, and who had married an Indian chief called Ko-ko-un in 1610, was married a second time to John Rolfe in April, 1614, and so became the Pocahontas of history."

The girls and boys were by no means satisfied with this "true-story business," as Jack termed it; but their pleasant ride through the woods to Williamsburg soon drove Pocahontas from their minds, and as they rode past the ancient college and down the broad main street of the old colonial capital, they found fresh matters of interest and inquiry.

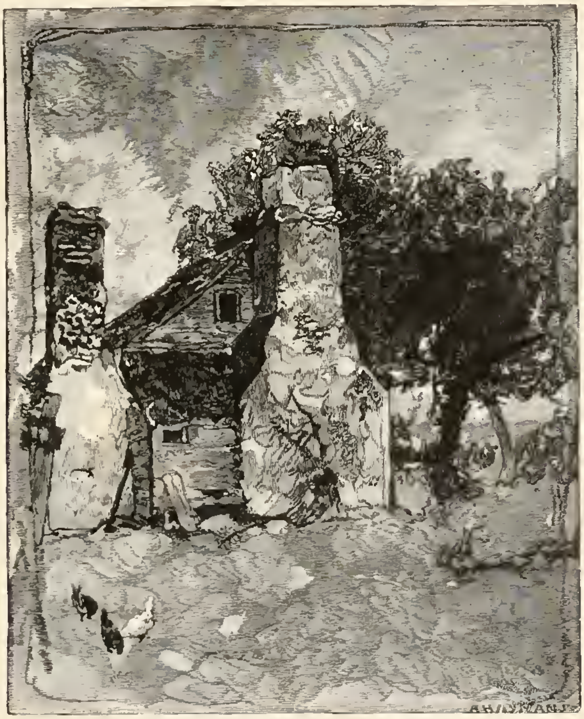
They roamed up and down the broad streets of the old town, attracted by everything, from the brick-boring insects in the tower walls of old Bruton Church, the font out of which Pocahontas was baptized, and the grave of Martha Washington's first husband, to the red-and-white monogram on the polo-caps of the college boys. They strolled across the green where, on the site of the colonial palace, now stands the "Grammar and Matty School of the College of William and Mary"; they visited the quaint buildings of the old, old college from which were graduated four signers of the Declaration and three Presidents of the United States; they visited the site of the old Capitol in which historic Virginians had "moved" and "resolved" and "declared," from royal governors like Spotswood and Dinwiddie to noble rebels like Patrick Henry and George Washington; they joined, each of them, the "Order of Jamestown," which the patriotic rector of old Bruton had just instituted; and they so mingled the past and the present, the ghosts of old renown and the very living and lively collegians of to-day in their walks and talks, that, when they took the cars for Richmond, they were not altogether sure as to which interested them most — the W and M, in the shape of which the loyal Governor Nicholson had laid out the streets of the old capital, or the W and M embroidered on the polo-caps of the boys who, in these athletic days, put new life into the second oldest college in America — the College of William and Mary.

The Old Dominion — as it was the fashion to call Virginia, so Uncle Tom informed them, because of its loyalty to the pestilent Stuart King of England in the days when the great Cromwell laid the foundations of a later and nobler England — was, he said, not so much a colony of towns as of farms and plantations. Its people were scattered and agricultural, and the aristocracy of estate had a firmer footing in Virginia than in any of the other colonies.

"Convicts, redemptioners, and negro slaves," Uncle Tom said, "of whom there were many in Virginia, went far to create and foster this unfortunate spirit of caste; but the breath of freedom and the liberty-loving spirit of such men as Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry in the fullness of time broke into this un-American spirit and made Virginia one of the stanchest as she was the most aggressive supporter of independence in the days of the American Revolution."

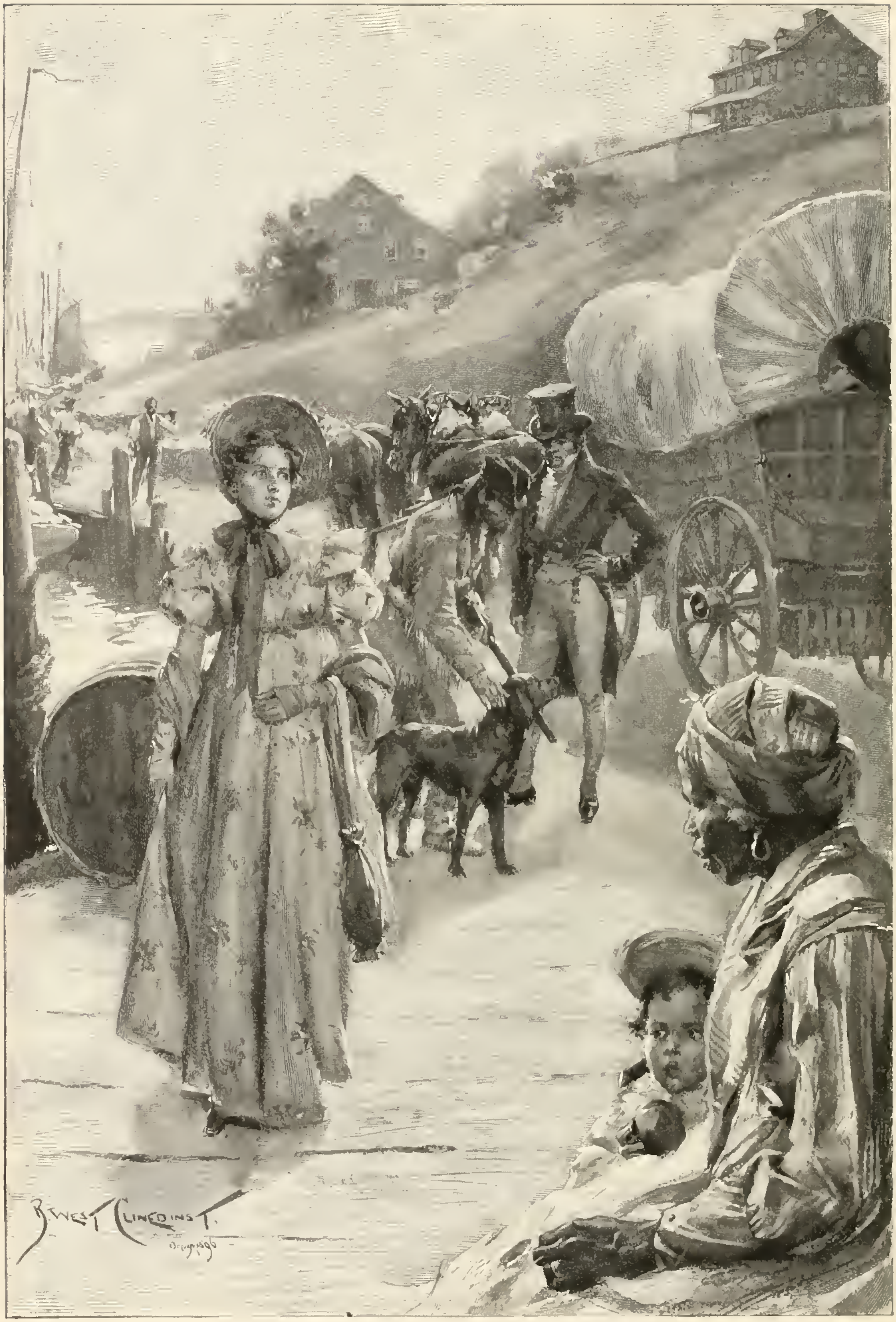
"How do you explain that, Uncle Tom?" queried Bert. "One would think that so aristocratic a colony as Virginia would have stuck to the king to the last."

"It was largely because of their own belief in themselves," replied Uncle Tom, "that Virginians became protesters and patriots. They yielded to no one in a question of right or position; the leaders of Virginia believed themselves the natural leaders of America; and you know what Burke says—you boys and girls who have had to study his great speech: 'Those who have been accustomed to command were the last who would consent to obey.' So the lords of thousands of Virginian acres cast in their lot with the farmers and fishermen of Massachusetts, and from town and plantation, from fertile valley and forest-crested bluff, from the sandy capes of the seashore to the verdant slopes of the Blue Ridge, planter and pioneer, redemptioner and ranger, aristocrat and artisan, the seed of old Jamestown and the sons of the Potomac sedges joined hands to make the Old Dominion a free and independent commonwealth — the nursery of statesmen and the mother of Presidents."



THE POWHATAN CHIMNEY.

Above Gloucester Point, on the York River. The last Virginia relic of the Powhatan chiefs.


B. WEST CLINEDINST.
Copyright 1896

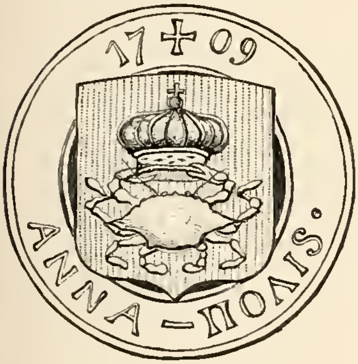
THE LANDING-PLACE, OLD GEORGETOWN.

Three miles above Washington city.

CHAPTER VI

FROM THE SEVERN TO THE THREE COUNTIES

Terra Marie — Latin Names for American Colonies — A Colonial Memory — St. Mary's and Joppa — Where Rodney Rode — With Swede and Dutchman.



COAT OF ARMS OF ANNAPOLIS.

"TERRA MARIE! Is that what you say they called it?" Marian exclaimed. "Who gave the place such a name as that, Uncle Tom?"

"Sounds too much like terra-cotta," grumbled Jack. "What 's the matter with good American for an American colony? I hate those faked-up Latin names."

Christine laughed heartily; but Bert, his scholarly instincts quite outraged by what Uncle Tom called "Jack's Philistinism," fairly shook his cousin in critical disapproval.

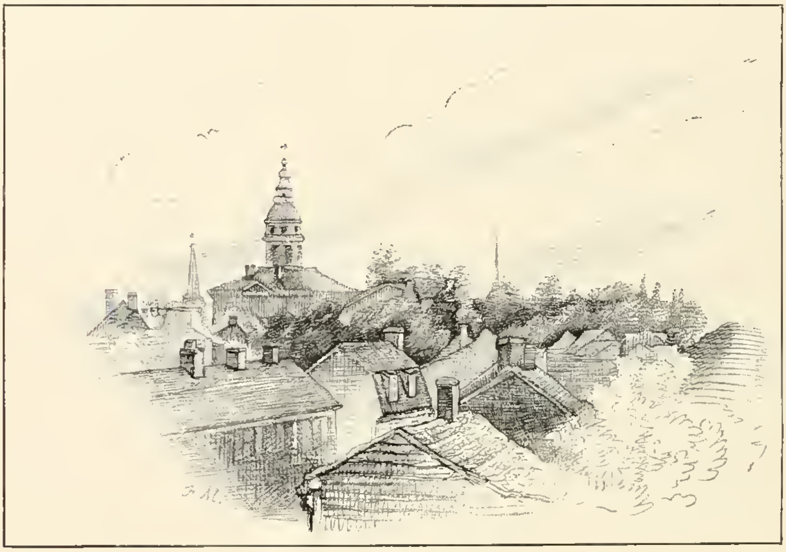
"Faked-up Latin! good American! Why, what are you talking about, Jack Dunlap?" he cried. "Terra Marie is the 'land of Mary,' and that comes pretty close to being Maryland, does n't it? And Maryland is good enough American, I should say."

"S'pose I don't know that, Bert the scholar?" demanded Jack, indignantly. "I was only asking why they Latinized it. American 's good enough for an American colony — that 's what I said."

"The Latinizing of Maryland, as you call it, Jack," Uncle Tom explained, "was the idea of King Charles I, who, in granting this territory to Lord Baltimore,— a territory, by the way, including the present States of Maryland, Delaware, and most of Pennsylvania,— requested that it be known as Terra Marie, in honor of his queen, Henrietta Maria — the 'land of Mary,' and hence Maryland, as Bert explained."

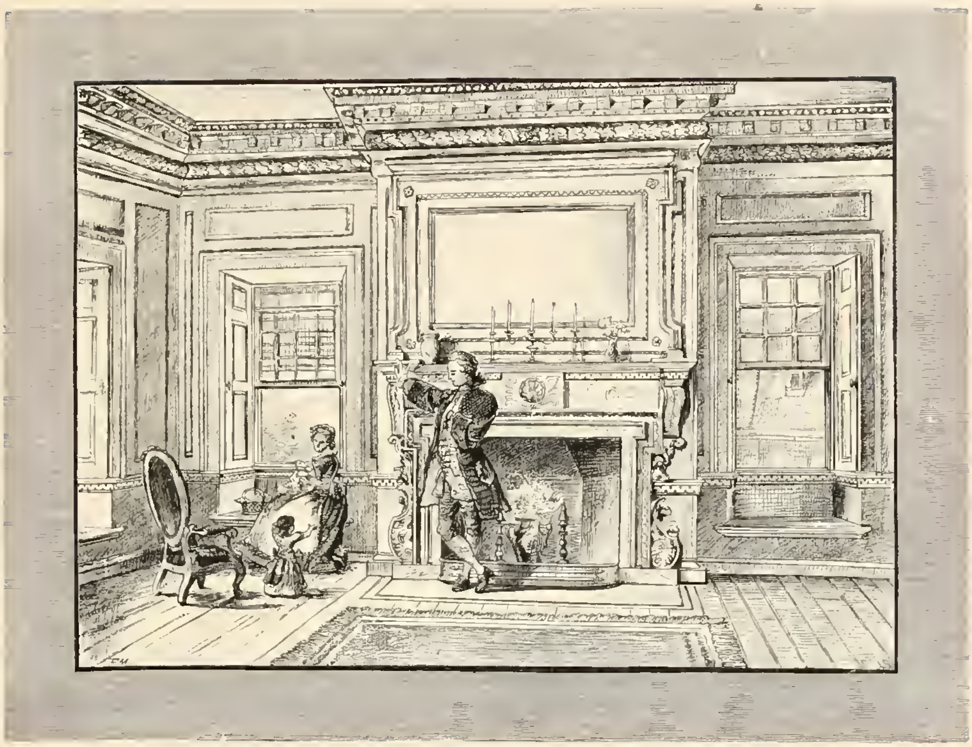
"It was n't the only colony that started with a Latin name, was it, Uncle Tom?" queried Bert.

"Certainly not," his uncle replied. "From Maine to Mexico, Latin names were first given to the new lands. For you must remember, my very American Jack, that Latin was the language of literature, of science, and of diplomacy, and these three professions had very much to do with the work of colonization and land-naming. Pascua Florida and Terra Marie, Virginia and Carolana, Nova Scotia and Nova Albion, Georgia and Laconia, Nova Francia, Nova Cæsarea, and Sylvania or Penn-sylvania—these all were the Latin originals of certain of the colonies in America, some of which to this day, as you know, retain their first-acquired names. The most of them, however, were Anglicized or turned into English equivalents; and so it came to pass that the Terra Marie of King Charles's day became the Maryland of colonial, Revolutionary, and modern American times."



THE STATE-HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS.

They stood within the old State-house grounds in the beautiful city of Annapolis, which persecuted Puritans from Virginia first founded in 1649 under the name of Providence, and where, in March, 1655, was fought, between Puritan and Cavalier, the bloody battle of the Severn, the first armed victory for democracy on American soil, so Uncle Tom asserted. On their left, upon the green slope of the Capitol grounds, rose the colossal bronze figure of Chief Justice Taney, an honored son of Maryland; to their right they saw springing from the turf the heroic figure of the Baron de Kalb, swinging his sword aloft as he led the Maryland troops to a glorious defeat



· INTERIOR VIEW IN THE BRICE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS.

on the battle-field of Camden; behind them rose the symmetrical dome of the old State-house, heralded, when it was built in 1704, as the finest in the land, and hallowed to-day by memories of such great American events as Washington's resignation as general of the American army in 1783, the ratification of peace with Great Britian in 1784, and the session of the first constitutional convention of the United States in 1786; before them, stretching down to the beautiful Severn, lay the old town—"perfectly dear," so Marian declared, "with its old colonial houses and its streets with high-sounding names"; and "just immense," so the boys voted, in its crowning glory of the United States Naval Academy, fascinating to every young hero-worshiper who bows before American sea supremacy from Decatur to Dewey.

They had come down to Annapolis from Washington, twenty-five miles away, and they were delighted with everything they had seen in Maryland's capital city. They had roamed its streets, seen its sights, "kodaked" its typical old-time mansions and hostelries, from the double-winged, ample Brice house on Prince George Street, and the broad, hospitable-looking Chase mansion, to the old City Hotel, where Washington always "put up," and the other "photographical finds," as Jack called them, that suggested the days of Pope and Marlborough and good Queen Anne.

They had sailed down the bay to Kent Island, that big, broad piece of farm-land dropped into Chesapeake Bay, where first the doughty Clayborne, colonial Maryland's "thorn in the flesh," had set up his claim as proprietor, and fought Lord Baltimore's men on land and sea. And last, but by no means least, they had invaded the Naval Academy grounds, and, under escort of the genial chaplain and his gracious wife, had saturated themselves with the atmosphere of American naval heroism, from Perry's immortal pennant—"Don't give up the ship"—to the memorial tablets to Bagley and Jenkins, the Academy's contribution to the honored dead in the war with Spain.

Indeed, the new and the old pressed so closely upon each other in the historic old town that Uncle Tom had to break away from the Naval Academy and seek the State-house slope to recover what he called the colonial atmosphere.

"What with that Institute Hall just yellow with the captured flags of Manila and Santiago," he said, "and living captains and commodores in the war of '98 saluting you beside the band-stand, I 'm afraid I was as much in danger of the contagion as you; so, as we have an hour before train-time, let 's rally here under Sir Christopher Wren's dome and pull ourselves back into colonial history."

"There 's lots of it here in Annapolis, certainly," said Marian.

"Sure!" Jack assented. "But say, Roger, would n't you like to see that match between the cadets and Pennsy? I 'll bet that chap they said was cap'n of the nine is just a hus—"

But Marian cut him short. "Base-ball is too disgustingly modern, Jack," she cried. "I want to know about Maryland. Besides, that one you call the captain was n't nearly as good-looking as—"

"Where 's St. Mary's?" Uncle Tom broke in, with a ringing laugh. "Talk about contagion! Come, colonials, where 's St. Mary's?"

"Gone, you told us, Uncle Tom, that day we sailed down the Potomac," Christine reminded him.

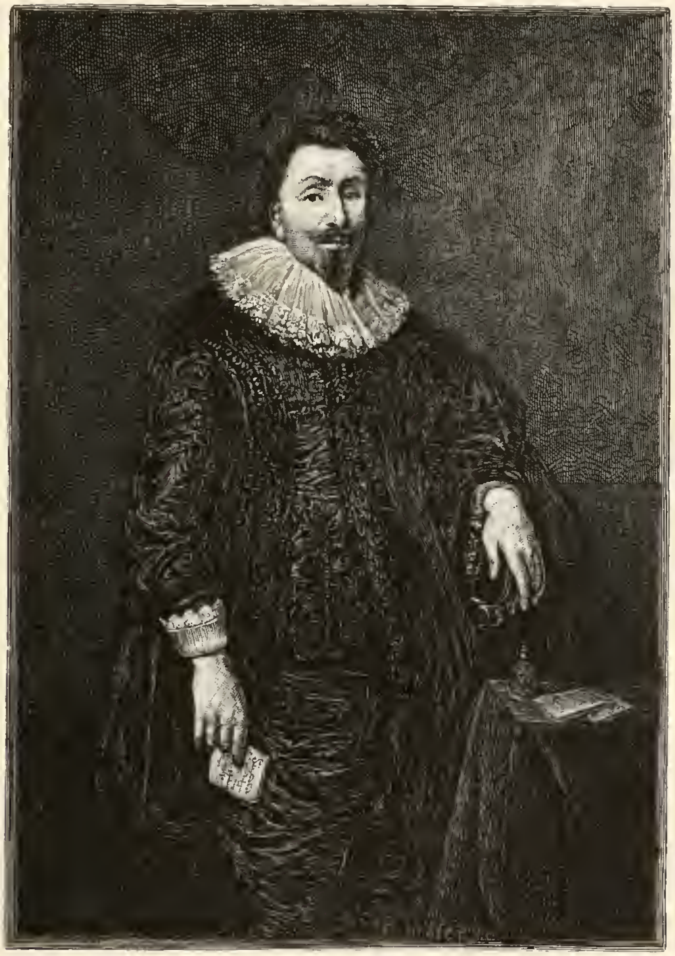
"That 's so; you have the best memory, after all, my dear," Uncle Tom said, with an appreciative nod. "There is n't much more left of Maryland's first capital than of Joppa, its wide-awake first seaport."

"Where was Joppa?" queried Bert.

"Up on Gunpowder River, midway between Baltimore and Havre de Grace," replied his uncle. "It was started with a great flourish of trumpets, and was, in its day, the most famous seaport town of Maryland. But as Annapolis swallowed up St. Mary's, so did Baltimore, in turn, absorb Joppa and Annapolis too, and swell to great proportions as a commercial center. To-day a few gravestones and a pile of grass-covered brick-heaps (as in the vanished colony of Jamestown) are all that remain of the vanished seaport of Joppa on Big Gunpowder."

"How soon after Virginia was Maryland settled?" asked Roger.

"Twenty-three years after Newport's fleet sailed up the James," Uncle Tom replied, "was the good Lord Baltimore denied a home in Virginia.



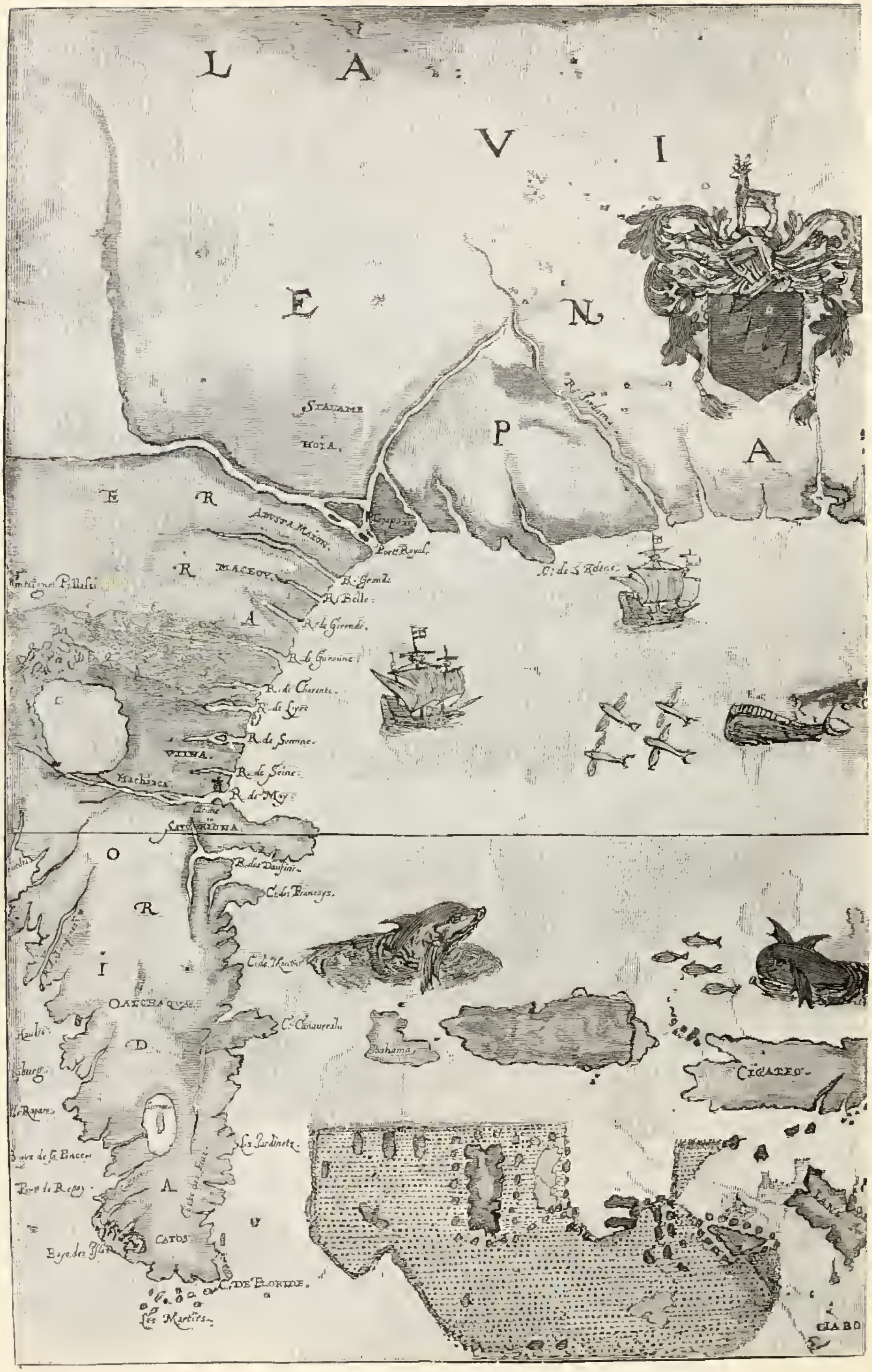
GEORGE CALVERT, FIRST LORD BALTIMORE.

From a portrait presented to the State of Maryland by John W. Garrett, Esq.

So he secured from the king a grant of Maryland. But even before his day the William Clayborne of whom I told you had established a trading-post on Kent Island, and —"

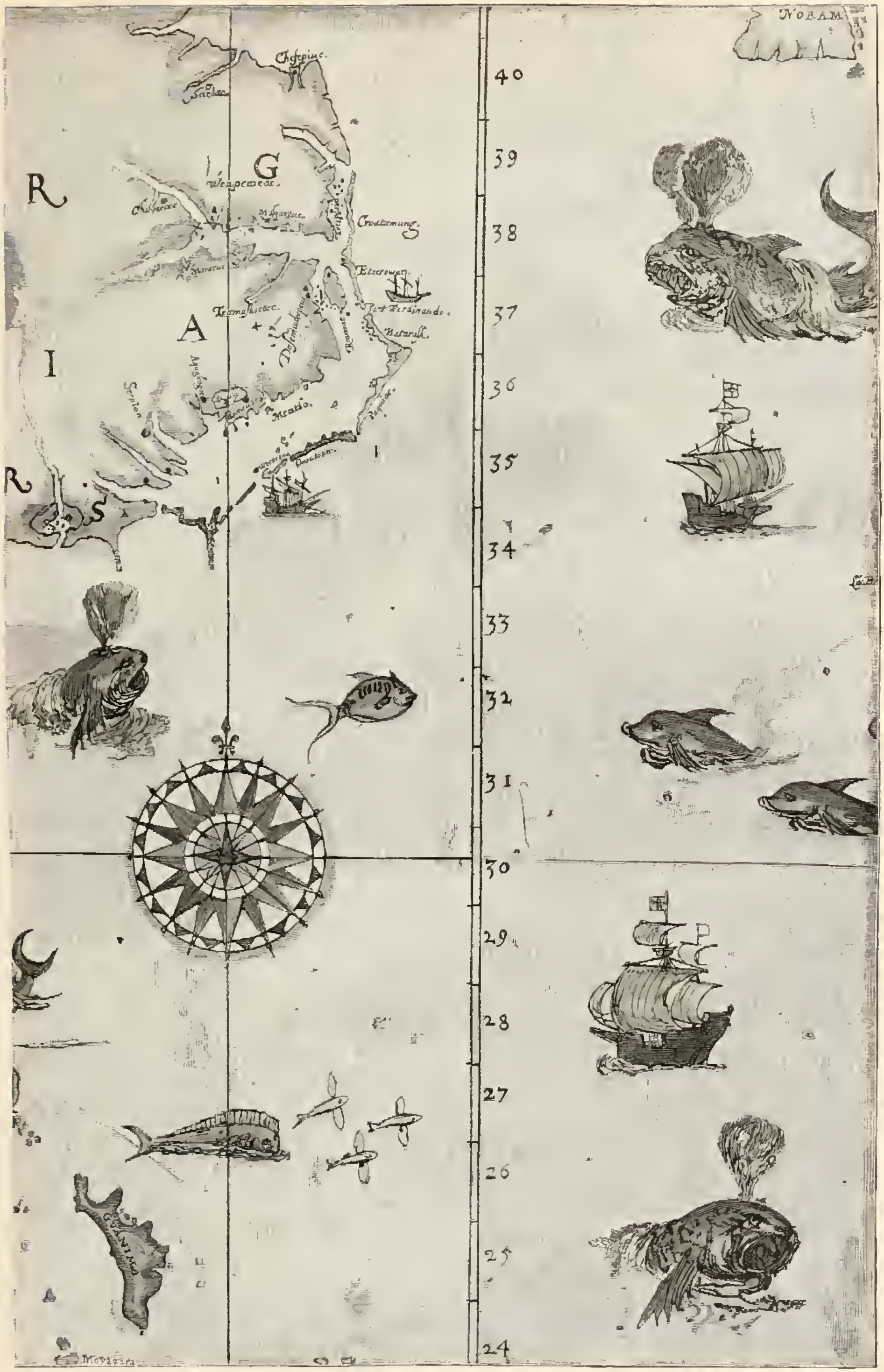
"And I 'll bet a cooky," Jack broke in, "that those day-before-the-fair Spaniards had been 'snooping around' here, too."

"You 'd win your bet, Jack," laughed Uncle Tom. "For, sure enough, between 1560 and 1570 Villafane —"


L A V I
E N
P A
STALAME
HOIA
E R
R
A
ADUSTA MAION
Port Royal
C. de S. Helene
MACEOV
R. Grande
R. Belle
R. de Gironde
R. de Garonne
R. de Charente
R. de Loyre
R. de Somme
VTINA
R. de Seine
Machiaca
R. de May
SATVRIONA
O
R
I
D
A
R. des Dauphins
C. des Francoys
OATCHAQVE
C. Canaveral
Bahama
CIGATEO
Les Sardinetz
CATOS
Baye des Isles
C. DE FLORIDE
Les Martires
CIABO

MAP OF THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE

Drawn by John White,



NORAM
40
39
38
37
36
35
34
33
32
31
30
29
28
27
26
25
24
R
G
A
I
R
S
A
Chesepiuc.
Sacbac
Weapemeoc.
Chawanoac
Croatamung
Etrrewee
Port Ferdinando.
Hataraske
Tecomaskecac.
Dasemunkepeuc
Roanoac
Secotan
Aquascogoc
Meatios
Paquiwoc
GUANIMA
Moyaxa

ATLANTIC COAST OF NORTH AMERICA.

artist to the Raleigh Colony.

"The angelic gentleman?" queried Marian.

"Yes, my dear," replied her uncle, "and your good friend Menendez—"

"Oh, Uncle Tom! Don't call him that, please," Marian again protested. "I think he was just horrid."

"Your picturesque enemy Menendez, then," said Uncle Tom, with a bow in acknowledgment of the protest, "sailed up the Chesapeake to build chapels, found missions, hunt for gold, and hang Indians. But—"

"They did n't stick," said Roger, with his favorite expression.

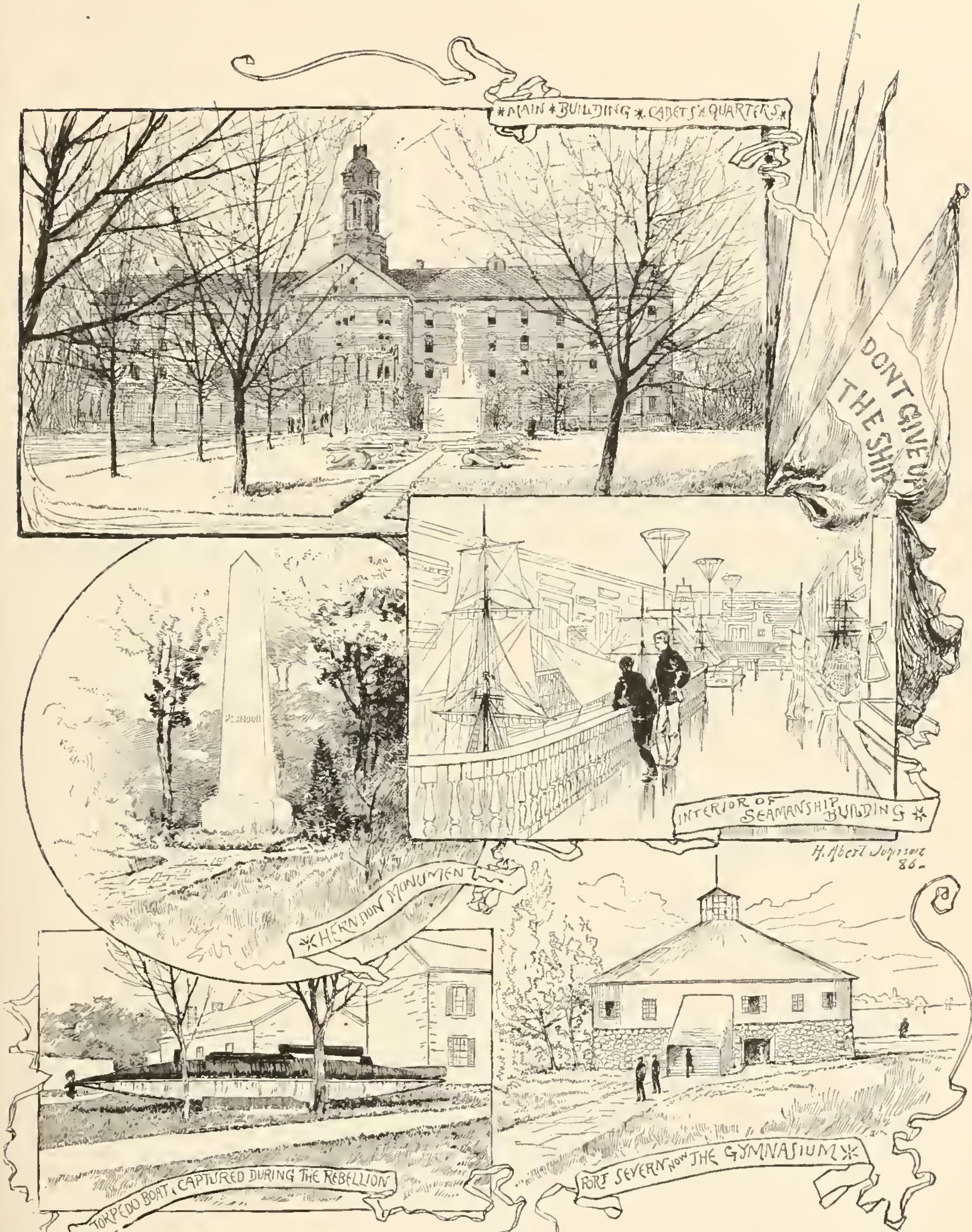
"No; Maryland was to be English — English and tolerant," Uncle Tom replied; "for no other expedition of exploration or settlement amounted to anything until Lord Baltimore's colony sailed into the Potomac in 1633, and began, upon the green and beautiful bluff at the mouth of Washington's home river, the settlement known as St. Mary's, the first home of religious toleration in America."

"More so than Rhode Island?" queried Roger, who, so Jack declared, always had his New England line and rule ready for a measurement of standards.

"I 'm afraid that history will discriminate, Roger," Uncle Tom replied. "Rhode Island was first settled by factious and turbulent fanatics; Maryland by broad-minded, liberal, and peace-desiring colonists. But, on the other hand, Rhode Island was an independent colony; Maryland was a proprietary colony. It was owned and 'run' by the Baltimores, good enough to begin with, but petering out sadly in later generations, much the same as did the Penn proprietorship in Pennsylvania."

"Why, how was that, Uncle Tom? Were n't the Penn family good and sober Quakers always?" Marian exclaimed.

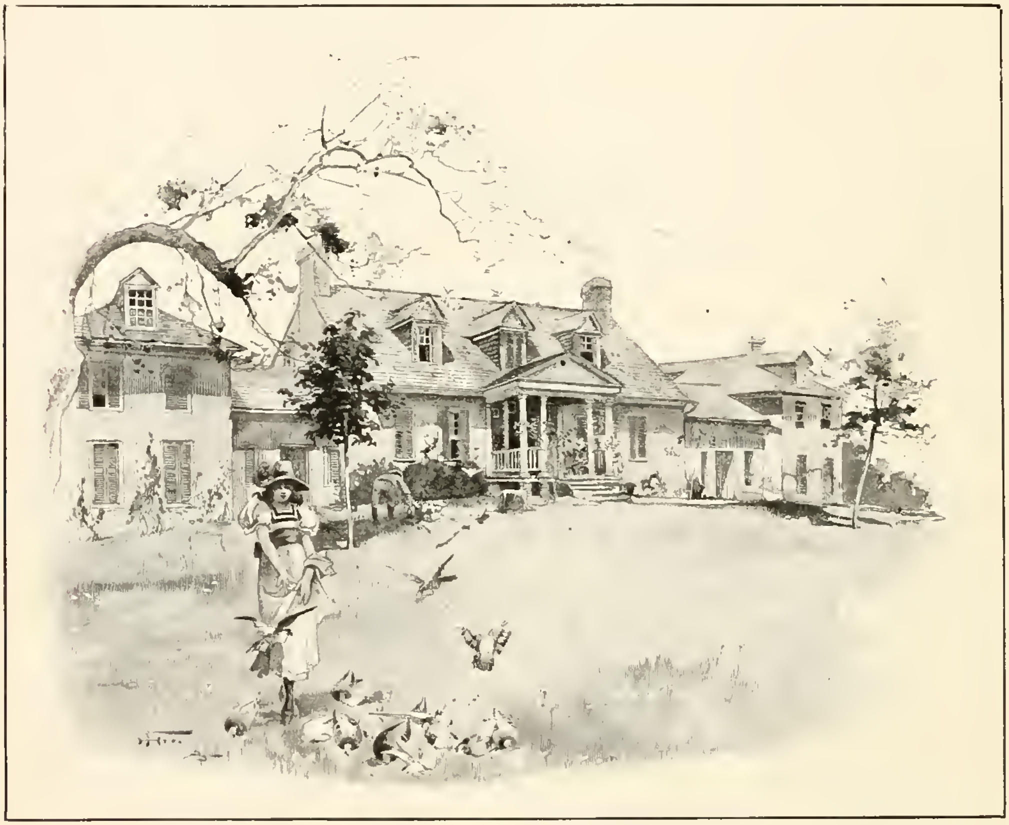
"We 'll see when we get to Philadelphia," her uncle answered. "The fact is this, however: Both the Baltimores and the Penns were proprietors. That means owners. And Americans have, even from the first, resisted ownership. The proprietary governments were feudal—based on the traditions of the middle ages. And America stands for progress. A vast and practically an unpeopled country suggests a chance for all, you see; it fosters the spirit of independence. Hence the proprietors and their tenants were ever at loggerheads; hence the struggle in this colony between the Puritans and the Cavaliers — between the spirit of progress and the traditions of the past. Maryland became in time ripe for independence, and the names of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, an Annapolis boy, who signed the Declaration, and of Francis Scott Key, a Frederick County boy, who graduated over yonder at St. John's College, and later wrote the "Star-Spangled Banner," outlive in American memories even the best and greatest of all the


MAIN BUILDING CADETS' QUARTERS
DONT GIVE UP THE SHIP
INTERIOR OF SEAMANSHIP BUILDING
HERNDON
HERNDON MONUMENT
H. Albert Johnson 86.
TORPEDO BOAT, CAPTURED DURING THE REBELLION
FORT SEVERN NOW THE GYMNASIUM

AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

Lords Baltimore, proprietors and feudal lords of this colony of Terra Marie."

"Well, good-by to Annapolis!" said Jack, as he swung himself on the train just before it pulled away from the dingy little station. "It 's a fine old town, anyhow, from Prince George Street and the Severn to the Academy grounds and the commodore, and I 'm mighty glad I 've seen it."



AN OLD MARYLAND MANOR-HOUSE.

"Belmont," the seat of the Dorseys, built in 1738.

To which sentiment all the boys and girls assented heartily, and Uncle Tom, with "Richard Carvel" in his hands, read aloud, as the engine puffed off to the junction, the chapter that told how Dick and Dorothy, on "one 2d of May," sailed in the squire's pinnace down the Severn and around the toe of Kent Island, from Annapolis to the Hall.

Christine had closed her eyes as she listened.

"I can see it all," she said, "from Marlborough Street to Carvel Hall; and all those old-time names and old-time houses we heard and saw in Annapolis make the story as real and vivid as if I had been there, too, with Dick and Dorothy and the squire. Is n't it delightful to visit a place where the scene of a story you like is laid?"

"We have been fortunate in that way, my dear," Uncle Tom assented.

"What with 'Prisoners of Hope' and 'To Have and to Hold' at Jamestown, and 'Richard Carvel' at Annapolis, we are now quite ready to take our way to Philadelphia and see that famous old town in the time of William Penn and in the atmosphere of 'Hugh Wynne.'"

So they came to Philadelphia. But even before "doing" the Quaker City, they ran down the Delaware to Chester and Wilmington, where, in the early days, Dutchman and Swede had struggled for possession until the all-compelling Englishman came with his patents and his charters and took to himself the country alike of Swede and Dutchman, without so much as saying "By your leave!"

The boys and girls confessed to a little disappointment in Chester, for they expected to discover and roam the rambling old-time streets they had read of in "Old Chester Tales," and to meet Dr. Lavender or Miss Maria jogging along in chaise or cabriolet. Instead, they found a very modern setting for the oldest town in Pennsylvania, and, save for the quaint old court-house and the grass-covered site of old St. Paul's, they saw little to remind them of the Upland of the Swedes, who settled it, under that name, in 1643, or of the old-time Chester that Penn called it, when he "acquired" it from the Swedes in 1682. So they boarded a car in the square and "trolleyed" to Wilmington, nine miles down the broad and busy Delaware, past old stone houses of the ancient type and modern dwellings of to-day, where, from the highway along the first ridge of the Brandywine hills, they could overlook the intervening farm-lands and the wide sweep of the Delaware, around which had sailed, in days gone by, explorer, colonist, philanthropist, sectary, refugee, friend, and foe.

The river lay, far-reaching and misty, in the distance, and as the scent-laden breeze from grass-land and farm-land came in through the open car-windows, Uncle Tom assured them that they were riding through a historic land.

"How the old patroons and burghers of the Valley of the Swans, as the Dutchman De Vries first called this section, would stare in amazement, could they see us whizzing along in this 'witch-chariot,' as they would be sure to term our trolley," said Uncle Tom; "and how this same trolley line would have helped along Cæsar Rodney as, over this very road, he spurred his horse from Dover to Philadelphia to reach Independence Hall before night and give the vote of Delaware for freedom and the Declaration."

"Oh, Uncle Tom! was this where he rode?" exclaimed Christine.

"Sure enough!" cried Jack. "Don't you remember how and where he rode? Say! he must have gone almost as fast as the trolley, eh?

> 'It is five; and the beams of the western sun
> Tinge the spires of Wilmington gold and dun.
> Six; and the dust of the Chester street
> Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.'

Great ride that, eh?"

"And it was right along here? How delightful!" said Marian.

"We are looking down upon reminders of other events, too, from this trolley-shod ridge!" Uncle Tom remarked. "Where the river swings in its great and graceful curve from the bay to the cities, have sailed many ships laden with peace or war in days gone by. Here steered Hudson and Mey and Penn and Franklin; and yonder, off Wilmington, the British frigates dropped anchor after the battle of Brandywine. Great names, too, are associated with the land — Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish hero-king, and his famous daughter Christina, for whom the creek that flows through Wilmington was named. The very name first given to that old city was in her honor, for it was called Christina-hamm, or Christina-town. Indeed, my young people, if we remember that the English colonization of America was due to a boy king, Edward of England, we must also set it down that the tide of Swedish emigration to these shores was set in motion by a girl queen, Christina of Sweden."

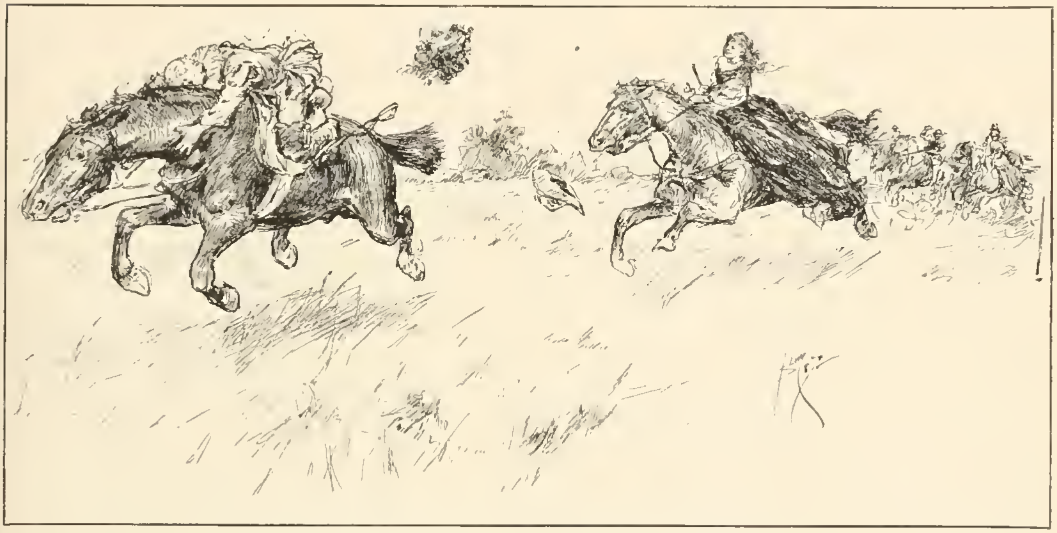
"And a historic girl at that, Uncle Tom?" suggested Marian.

"Yes, eminently so," her uncle answered, with a smile of acknowledgment. "From the day when Oxenstiern the chancellor — whose name also is associated with this region — set the girl of six on the throne of her illustrious father and cried, 'Swedes! behold your king!' Christina of Sweden was, in name and in fact, King of Sweden and lord of this land of Delaware — which they called New Sweden. But the Swedish subjects of the queen-king were raced and driven about this colony by the Dutch as mercilessly as ever the Dutch envoy himself was raced and driven by this tomboy queen — you remember the story, do you not?"

They did remember it, for they all read "St. Nicholas"; and the region through which they were "trolleying" took on a new interest when they learned that it was linked to the name of Christina of Sweden.

At Wilmington they took a carriage and drove about the town, covering all its points of interest, from the Old Swede Church near the river, with its simple gravestone of our first ambassador to England, to the home of one of the most famous American illustrators and the modern Gilpin Avenue houses on the hill above the town.

From that high outlook they could see Christiana Creek — the debatable boundary between Dutchman and Swede — winding this way and that over the marshy lowlands to the Delaware; they located the probable site of the Swedish fortress named for a girl,— Fort Christiana,— half a mile above its mouth; and, returning to Philadelphia by the river-boat, noted along the Delaware, on either shore, the points where rival nations strove for footing as, in what was known as the South River country, they sought for peaceful homes, but secured instead only an uncertain tenure.



QUEEN CHRISTINA AND THE DUTCH ENVOY.

"Up this broad river," said Uncle Tom, "sailed Captain Thomas Young in an English ship, in the summer of 1634, feeling his way from Cape May to Trenton, fondly expecting to discover that entrance to the Mediterranean Sea which, so the Indians assured him, lay four days' journey beyond the western mountains."

"The Mediterranean Sea!" exclaimed Marian, laughing. "What an idea!"

"I 'm afraid those Indians were n't up in geography," said Jack.

"Their Mediterranean Sea and that of Captain Young were something altogether different, you see," Uncle Tom explained. "They undoubtedly referred to Lake Erie and that marvelous chain of five great inland, or mediterranean, seas upon our northern border."

"Oho! then they were n't so far out of the way as Captain Young was, were they?" said Roger.

"Anyhow, Captain Young was stopped by the shallow water and rocky ledges above Trenton, and so missed his Mediterranean trip," Uncle Tom continued. "Other explorers had doubtless, long before Captain Young's day, sailed far up the river — perhaps even your prying friends, the Spaniards, Jack; for they were in this very region early in their American career, and—"

"I was just going to ask if they were n't on deck here first," Jack broke in. "They always seem to have been in the lead when there was any discovering to be done."

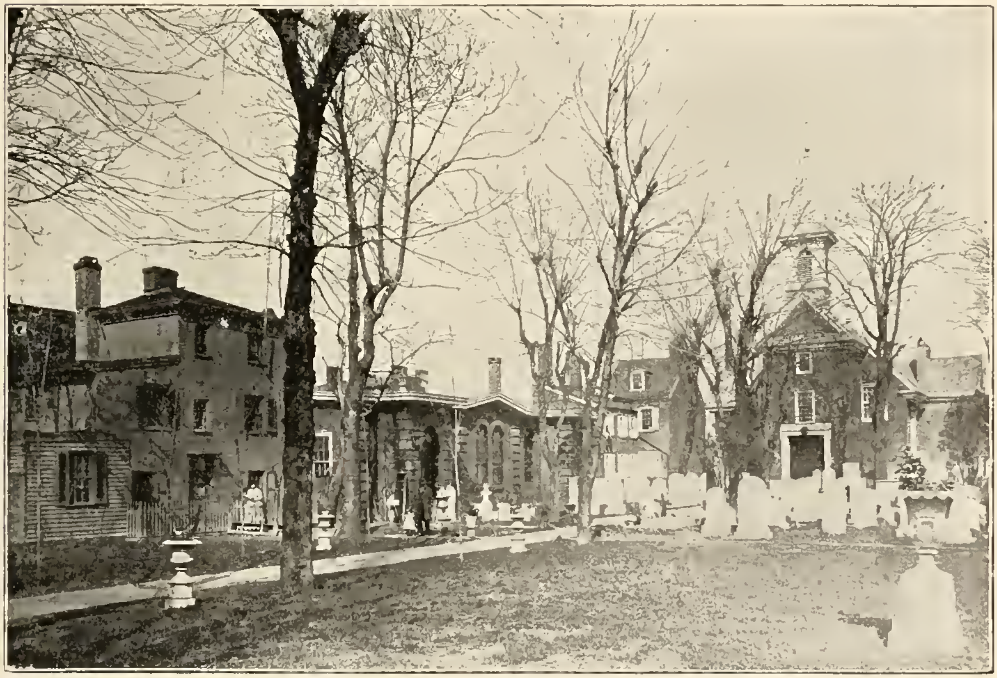
"But the real occupation of the land did not begin until a Swedish syndicate, headed by Gustavus Adolphus and his courtiers (and, after his death at Lützen, continued by his daughter Christina and her advisers), planted a colony here in 1639, and claimed the land from Capes May and Henlopen to Philadelphia and beyond. The Dutchmen of New York, however,— New Amsterdam, you know,— objected to New Sweden, as Christina's colonists called their American home; for, you see, the Dutchmen claimed everything from Connecticut to Virginia. So they built a fort at Gloucester, just above here on the New Jersey side. The Swedes built Fort Christiana at Wilmington, and from words the controversy came finally to blows in 1654, when the Swedish governor captured a Dutch fort which he said was in Swedish territory. Thereupon down to this region came the terrible Governor Stuyvesant, the wooden-legged Dutchman. He captured Fort Christiana, made all the settlers take the oath of allegiance to Holland, and literally wiped New Sweden off the map. The Dutch, in turn, were swept off by the English in 1664; and in 1682, when William Penn came sailing up the river, landing at Newcastle and Wilmington and Chester and Gloucester, and finally at Philadelphia, the English occupation of the country was complete, and Swede and Dutchman alike became English subjects. Christina-hamm became Wilmington; Upland became Chester; Fort Nassau was called Gloucester; and just above the northern boundary of New Sweden rose, in time, the roofs of Philadelphia."

"Seems too bad to have had all they did go for nothing, does n't it?" said Roger. "But I suppose that was the only way to make America."

"Mark the progress of Anglo-Saxon absorption, my son," said Jack, grandiloquently. "One by one other nations come over here and start things; one by one England embraces them all; and it was a regular bear's hug, for they never came out from that embrace — as nations."

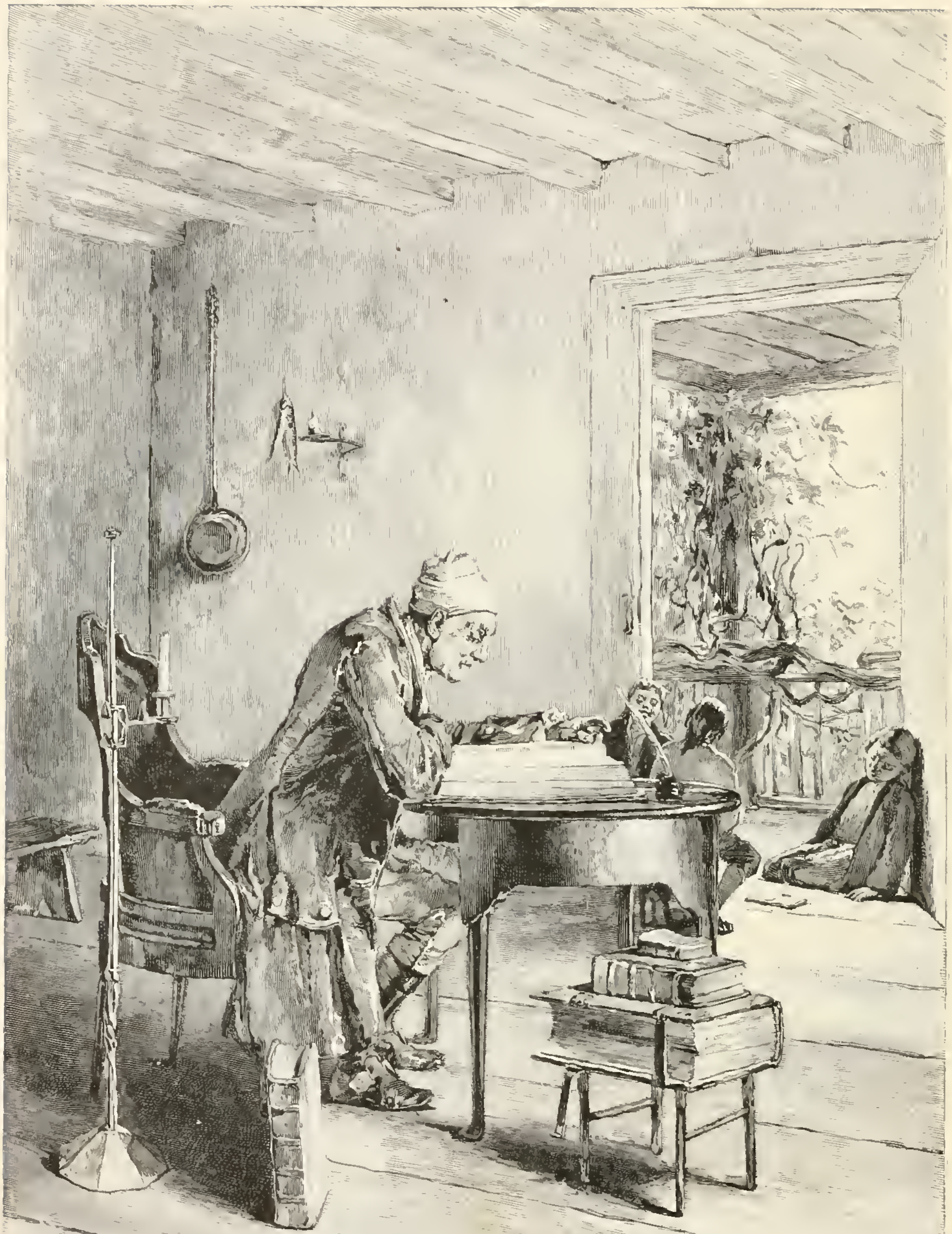
"No; but they did as a Nation, don't you see, Jack — a Nation with a capital N, too," Bert responded. "It had to be fusion before it could be freedom; did n't it, Uncle Tom?"

"*E pluribus unum*, you know," said Uncle Tom, with a nod. "And though all here are now Americans, it is interesting to note how the life of the people still retains traces of the founders of each section; for, just as the Old Swede Church in Wilmington, with its distinctively old-world air, still links us to the time of Penn and Printz and Stuyvesant, so out of the sturdy Swedish stock came the men and women who, in later years, were the patriots of Cæsar Rodney's day, and the signers of the Constitution."



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM H. RAU.

OLD SWEDE CHURCH, WILMINGTON.


H Helmick.
Anderson Sc

A COLONIAL SCHOOLMASTER.

CHAPTER VII

FROM SHACKAMAXON TO SANDY HOOK

In Penn Treaty Park — The Elm Tablet — William Penn — The Walking Purchase — Cranks and Citizens — Pastorius — Colonial Philadelphia — In the Jerseys — Plowden's Patent — Thrifty Farmers.

PENN COAT OF ARMS.

FROM the high walls of a far-reaching factory and foundry the trim grass-plats and paved walks of a little park ran down to the pier-guarded river. Set almost against the west wall of the factory buildings rose a modest memorial, simple in design, and brief, though positive, in its inscription, its white stone gleaming against the green of the ivied wall.

"So this is Shackamaxon, is it?" said Roger.

"Is or was, Roger," replied Uncle Tom. "It is now the Nineteenth Ward of the city of Philadelphia, and, as you see, is in the heart of the manufacturing district. But in the good old colony days this land, sprinkled with noble elms, sloped down to the Delaware yonder; and right here, as you may read on this tablet, stood the most notable of all those splendid trees the old Elm of Shackamaxon, beneath whose spreading branches was made, as one historian calls it, 'the one treaty never subscribed to and never broken.' For this is Penn Treaty Park."

"Where Penn made his treaty with the Indians, eh?" said Jack.

"And bought their land for a song," said Bert.

"Could n't do it, my boy," Jack declared. "Quakers don't sing."

"But was it what that man called it, Uncle Tom — 'the one treaty never subscribed to and never broken'?" queried Roger. "I 've been taught that the Puritans of Plymouth treated the Indians just as squarely as Penn did."

"Of course they did, my venerable Ancient and Honorable," said Jack, "of course they did. They never had any witches; they never hung any Quakers; they just loved the Indians to death!"

"Come, come, Jack! no sarcasm," Uncle Tom broke in. "There is reason in all things, and, as you will learn if you study Massachusetts history, the things you inveigh against were just and necessary. While, as for that Indian treaty, Roger is right, as I can show you. Just now, however, we are more interested in William Penn than in the Pilgrim Fathers. Read the inscription, Bert."

The "Reader of Inscriptions to the Expedition," as Bert had been dubbed, read as directed. Upon the front face of the tablet were the words: "Treaty-ground of William Penn and the Indian Nations, 1682. Unbroken Faith." On the right face Bert read: "Pennsylvania Founded 1681. By Deeds of Peace." And on the left face was the inscription: "Placed by the Penn Society A.D. 1827, to mark the site of the great elm-tree."

"Unbroken faith and deeds of peace, eh?" said Jack. "Modest, are n't they? Claim everything, seems to me."

"As they had a right to, so far as William Penn was concerned," Uncle Tom declared. "The founder of Pennsylvania was, to my thinking, one of the most remarkable men in history, and as one who was willing to show his faith by his works, this tribute to his principles is altogether justified. The son of a great soldier, and a dashing soldier himself, he sacrificed position, estate, privilege, and his father's good opinion to become the follower of that shepherd boy who became a saint — George Fox, the great Friend, the prophet of absolute equality. Through good report and evil report, in prison and out, William Penn remained steadfast to the principles he had accepted, and when his father's death left him a very rich man, with an income of nearly forty thousand dollars a year, he determined to devote his wealth to the good of his fellow-men — and died a bankrupt, the victim alike of his principles and his friends."

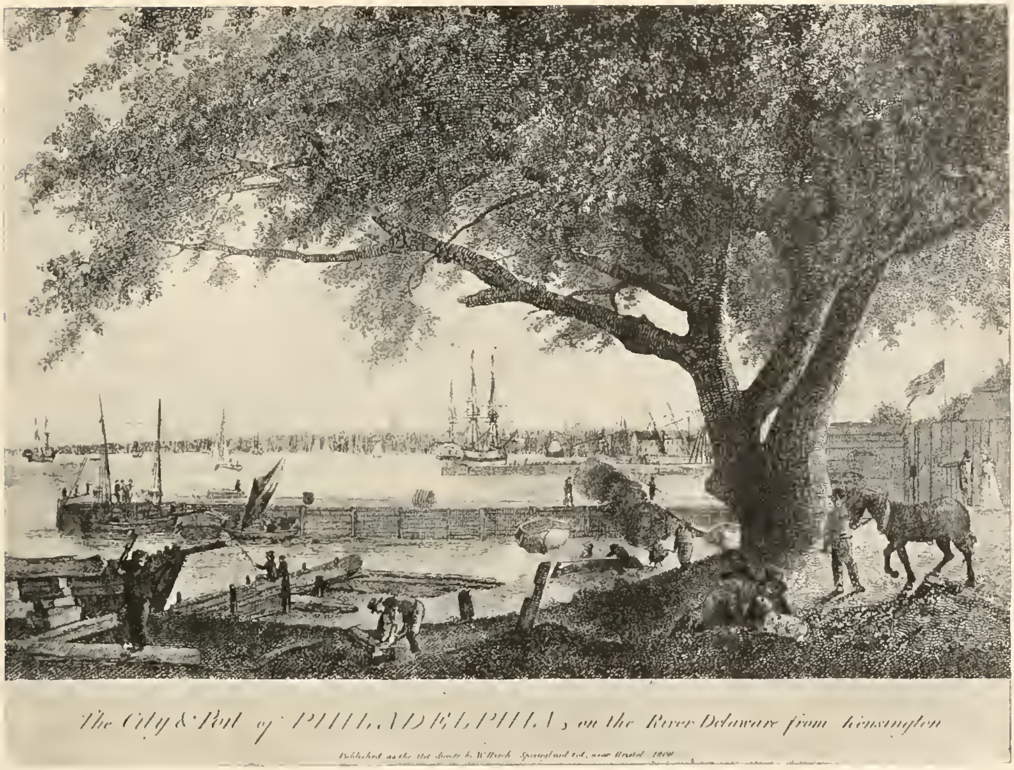
"Awfully good, was n't he?" said Marian.

"I don't know; it does n't seem just right," Roger mused. "Sort of an unselfish spendthrift, don't you think?"

"It was n't business, at any rate," Jack declared. "How would the world get along if every one did that way?"

"No fear of that happening, Jack," Uncle Tom said, with a smile; "but though Penn did use up his estate for his hobby, Pennsylvania, he was a wise, shrewd, and practical man of affairs, only, as is the case even with many business men nowadays, he undertook a greater scheme than he could successfully handle. But he started it so wisely and so well that to-day this great city and this flourishing commonwealth are the result of his labors and the fruitage of his plans."

As they sat in the little pavilion overlooking the busy river, Uncle Tom


The City & Port of PHILADELPHIA, on the River Delaware from Kensington

THE OLD ELM AT SHACKAMAXON.
From Birch's Views of Philadelphia.

told his boys and girls the story of Pennsylvania, and how the wisdom of William Penn laid the foundations of a mighty State.

"King Charles, out of respect to the memory of Penn's father, and as a payment for a debt due his estate, gave the son the value in Pennsylvania grants — a convenient way the Stuarts had of paying their debts without money and in other people's land. These same lands, however, had been sold by the Indians to the white men several times. Dutch, Swedes, and Englishmen alike had bought them. But as the Indian's idea of land titles was altogether different from the white man's, we can't really find fault with the red men for selling, or the white men for buying."

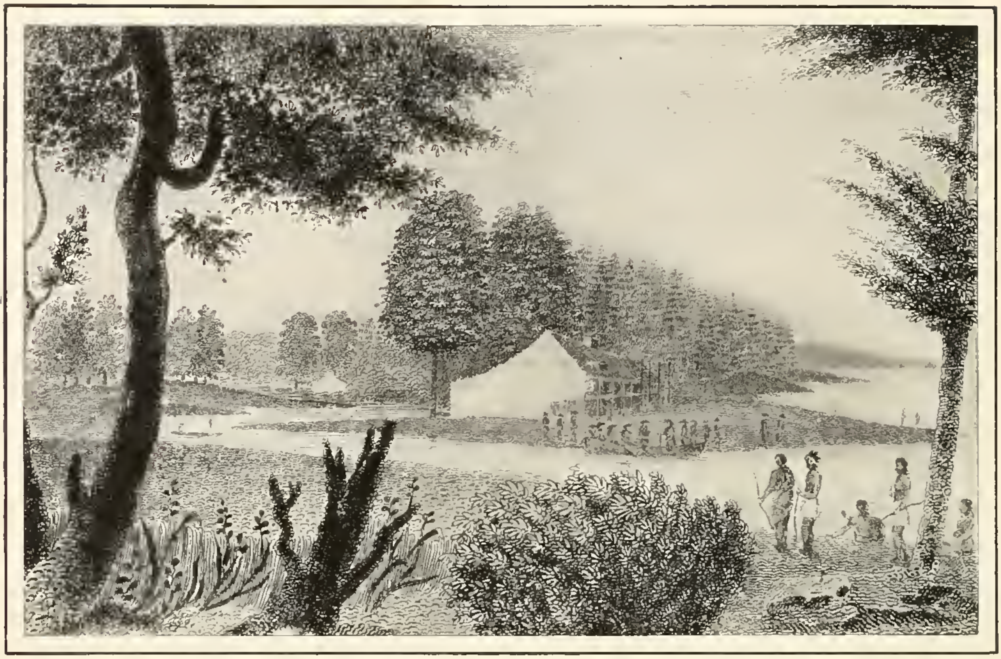
"But did n't Penn buy the land from the Indians under the old elm where the monument stands?" asked Bert.

"No more than he really made a treaty there," Uncle Tom replied.

"Why! did n't he?" cried Christine, who hated to have her idols shattered.

"Well, not in the exact sense that tablet implies or your histories assert," Uncle Tom replied. "As a matter of fact, there never was any real 'Penn

A438210



THE LANDING OF PENN AT DOCK CREEK, PHILADELPHIA.
From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia."

Treaty' with the Indians. But, also as a matter of fact, he made many treaties with the Indians."

"How you do love to say just such mixy-up things, Uncle Tom!" exclaimed Marian. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Well, you see, my dear, William Penn was a very just and well-meaning man," her uncle replied. "He was what the boys call 'square,' Lord Macaulay to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Why, what did Macaulay say of Friend William?" demanded Jack.

"Said he was an 'unfit man for an honorable career,' and charged him with the crime of selling into slavery those school-girls who embroidered a flag for the rebel Monmouth," Uncle Tom replied.

"What, the maids of Taunton — those girls we read about in the 'Oak Staircase,' Uncle Tom? How dreadful! He did n't do it, did he?" cried Christine.

"I 'm glad to say he did n't," Uncle Tom replied. "Macaulay liked to pull down the accepted estimates of great characters — "

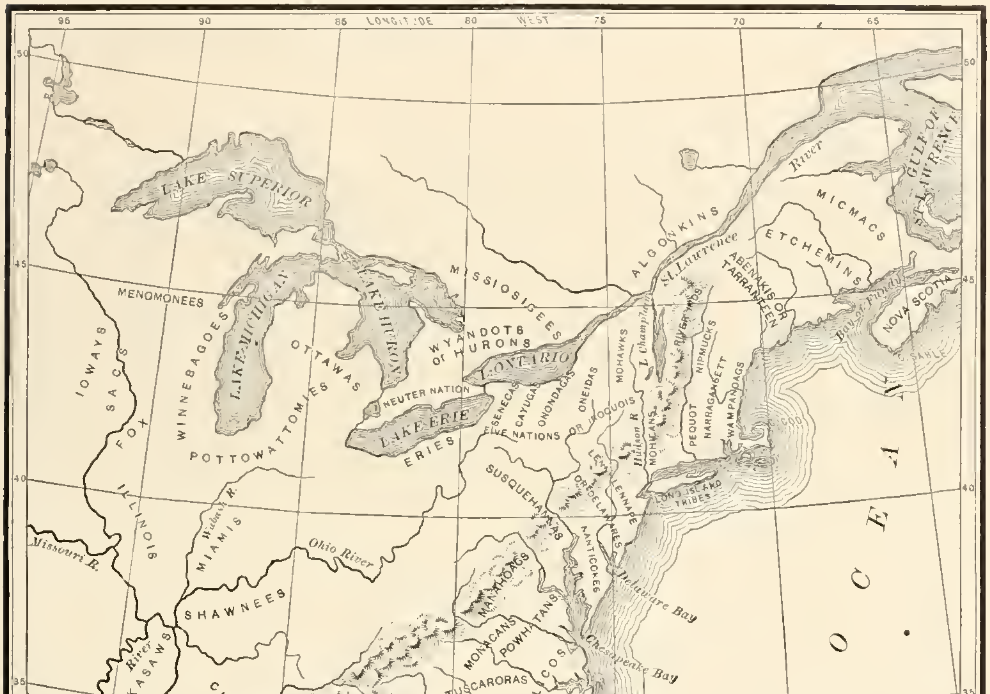
"As he did the Puritans," said Roger.

Uncle Tom nodded and proceeded: "So when he found that a Penn had a hand in that miserable affair, he jumped to the conclusion that it was William the Quaker, whereas investigation proves it was quite another man."

"I 'm glad of that," said Christine.

"I think it was real mean of Macaulay," said Marian.

"Penn made, as I have told you, several treaties with the Indians,"

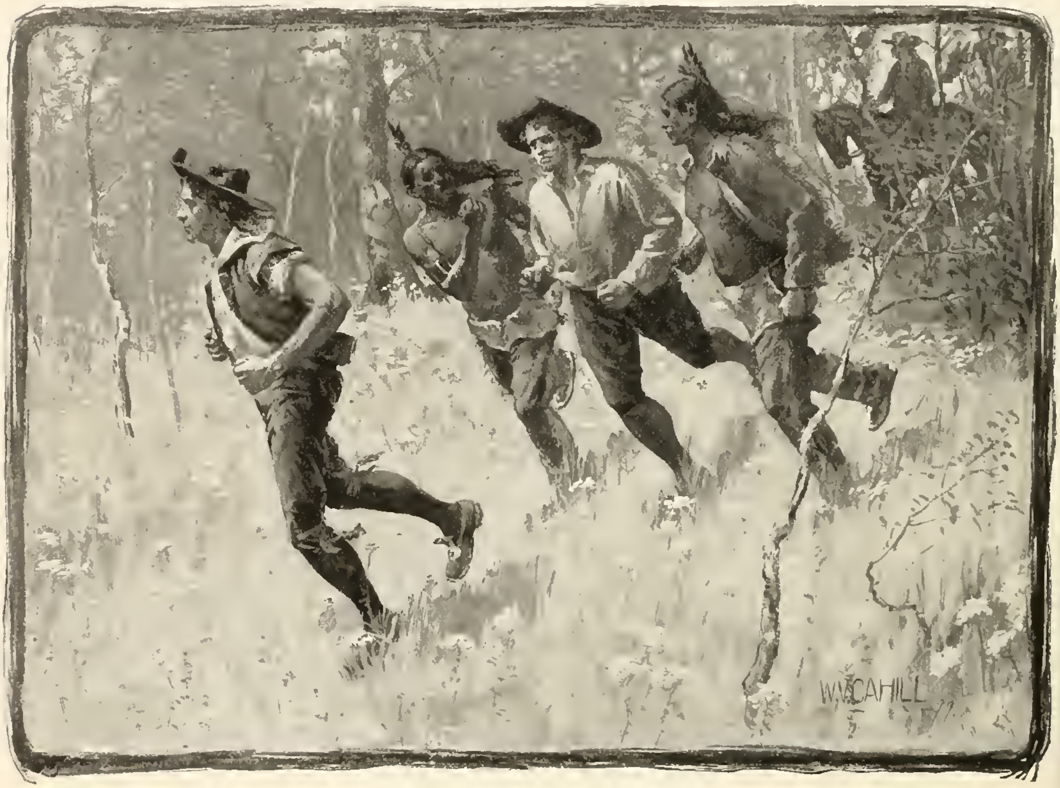

LONGITUDE WEST
95
90
85
80
75
70
65
50
45
40
35
30
25
LAKE SUPERIOR
LAKE MICHIGAN
LAKE HURON
L. ONTARIO
LAKE ERIE
MENOMONEES
WINNEBAGOES
IOWAYS
SACS
FOX
OTTAWAS
POTTOWATTOMIES
MISSISIGEES
WYANDOTS or HURONS
NEUTER NATION
ERIES
ILLINOIS
MIAMIS
Wabash R.
Missouri R.
Ohio River
SHAWNEES
SENECAS
CAYUGAS
ONONDAGAS
ONEIDAS
MOHAWKS
FIVE NATIONS OR IROQUOIS
SUSQUEHANNAS
LENNI LENNAPE OR DELAWARES
NANTICOKES
MANAHOACS
MONACANS
POWHATANS
CONOYS
TUSCAROAS
PAMLICOS
CATAWBAS
CHERAWS
CHEROKEES
Tennessee R.
CHICKASAWS
QUAPPA
River
Mississippi
CHOCTAWS
NATCHEZ
MUSKOGEES or CREEKS
Alabama R.
YAMASSEES
Savannah R.
SEMINOLES
ALGONKINS
St. Lawrence
River
MICMACS
ETCHEMINS
ABENAKIS OR TARRANTEEN
L. Champlain
Hudson R.
MOHICANS
RIVER
NIPMUCKS
PEQUOT
NARRAGANSETT
WAMPANOAGS
LONG ISLAND TRIBES
C. COD
Bay of Fundy
NOVA SCOTIA
C. SABLE
GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
Delaware Bay
Chesapeake Bay
C. HATTERAS
C. LOOKOUT
C. FEAR
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO
C. SABLE
BAHAMA ISLANDS
R. D. SERVOSS N.Y.

MAP SHOWING INDIAN TRIBES FIRST KNOWN TO THE COLONISTS.

Uncle Tom went on. "One of these, perhaps made under this very tree, in 1683, granted him what was known as the Walking Purchase."

"What was that?" asked Roger.

"The Indians were an odd sort of landowners and real-estate men," Uncle Tom replied, "and under this Walking Purchase they agreed to sell Penn as much land west of the Delaware River as a man could walk over in three days. So Penn and some of his friends filled their lunch-baskets and set off on a sprinting match against time. But they gave it up before it was won, for they only walked about a day and a half. That satisfied Penn, who was forty years old and rather stout. But fifty years later, when Penn's idea of a fair bargain had died out, some of his successors thought they 'd finish out his walking contract, so they engaged three fast runners, divided the 'event' into three parts, and by this means in another day and a half added ninety miles in a straight line to Penn's original Walking Purchase, and then claimed it all."



THE WALKING PURCHASE.

"And took the prize, I suppose," said Jack.

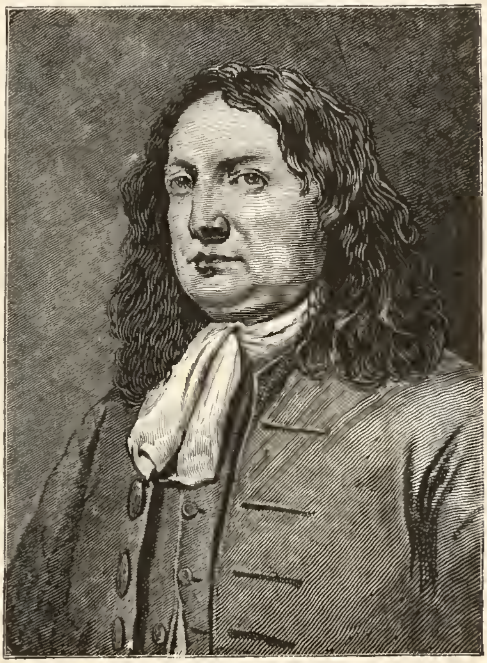
"Assuredly," his uncle replied. "Business was business, even when it came to outwitting Indians."

"I 'm glad William Penn did n't do that," said Christine. "It does n't seem right."

"No; it was n't exactly in Penn's style," Uncle Tom declared. "He tried to be just and liberal in all things. He gave the Indians equal rights and equal justice with the colonists; he gave the colonists peaceful possession of their land on the fairest terms; he permitted liberty of conscience as no other colony had done, only stipulating that his colonists should believe in one God and obey the laws. Pennsylvania, indeed, was the only colony in the world which gave religious freedom to all alike — Jew as well as Gentile. The Jews, however, were not allowed a vote; but, as one discriminating student remarks, voting was esteemed a privilege and not a right. In fact, William Penn's 'Body of Laws,' as he called the regulations which he made for his colonists, are well worth your reading — and they are by no means dry reading, either."

"Did he settle here in Philadelphia right off?" asked Marian.

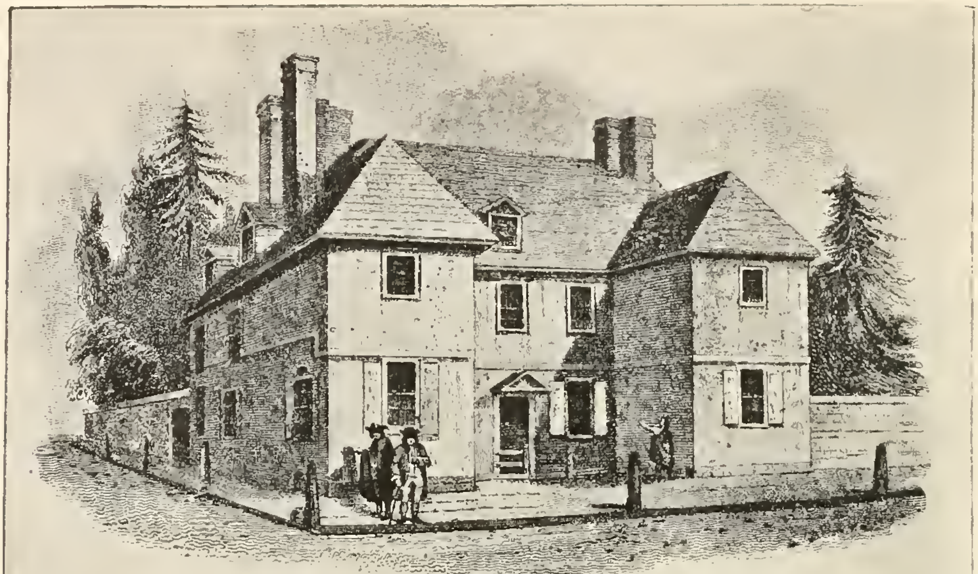
"He never really did settle in Philadelphia himself, or in Pennsylvania, either, my dear," her uncle replied. "The settlement of Pennsylvania was due to him, but he only visited the colony twice, staying here two years each time. In 1868 the old slate-roofed house in which he lived, at what is to-day the corner of Second Street and Norris Alley, was torn down, and the house he built for his daughter Letitia has been removed to Fairmount Park. He had, too, in Bucks County, four miles above Bristol, what was called his country house. But all his interests lay, as all his life was spent, in England, and his labors in behalf of the colony he founded in America were neither satisfactory nor remunerative. 'I am day and night spending my life, my time, my money, and am not a sixpence enriched by this greatness,' he wrote home to England; and then he added: 'Had I sought greatness, I had stayed at home.'"



WILLIAM PENN.
Taken at fifty-two years of age.

".But do you really count William Penn a great man, Uncle Tom?" Bert asked.

"So great, in many ways, that America has not yet properly appreciated the influence he was in his day and for all time," Uncle Tom replied.



THE SLATE-ROOF HOUSE, BUILT 1685.

[*Home of Samuel Carpenter.*]

WILLIAM PENN'S HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.

"He was the first practical promoter of tolerance, independence, and equal rights. He was the first to propose a union of all the American colonies. He first suggested and tried to establish the Court of Arbitration and International Peace, that even the recent Peace Congress at The Hague has found it hard to pledge the world to. A hater of slavery, and the first nation-builder to seek to unite all men against it, William Penn was at once philanthropist, philosopher, and practical man of affairs. Brave as a lion, gentle as a lamb, rebuking certain of his own following for foolish fanaticism, and yet loyal to his beliefs and principles through life, William Penn stands side by side with John Winthrop as a 'maker of America.'"

"Then that monument up there by the factory wall is right, I suppose," said Bert, "when it says 'Pennsylvania founded by deeds of peace.'"

"It certainly is," Uncle Tom replied. "The very first people to take up Penn's offer of his broad Pennsylvania acres at forty shillings a hundred —"

"For a hundred acres? Whew!" cried Roger, thinking of the present value of the land about them.

"Cheap as dirt that was really, was n't it?" said Jack.

"Yes," assented Marian; "but if you could buy it by just walking over it, you could afford to sell it cheap, I suppose."

"No, no," her uncle corrected; "that was simply for measurement, Marian. The Indians agreed to sell as much as a man could walk across in three days. Penn settled for it all honorably with the red men, though, of course, at 'bargain prices.' He had fifty thousand square miles of territory granted him, so you see he could afford to sell his land cheap. He offered it to all Europe as purchasers. He was a famous man throughout Europe even then; for he was widely known as a reformer, and his scheme for an 'open door' to all people and to all religions was quickly taken up by those who had suffered persecution for opinion's sake. As I was about to say, the very first persons to avail themselves of his liberal offer of land at forty shillings a hundred acres (with a nominal rent to him as owner and proprietor of one shilling a hundred) were the Mennonites from Germany, lovers of peace, opposed to war, office-holding, and legal oaths."

"Huh!" cried Jack. "They would n't be much good nowadays, would they? Any descendants living, Uncle Tom?"

"Hundreds and thousands, my boy," his uncle replied; "and a good stock of Americans they have developed, in spite of their odd views, I can tell you. They and the Pietists, the Dunkards, the Moravian Brethren, the Ridge Hermits, and Quakers of all degrees held opposition to war and the doctrine of non-resistance as the cardinal point of belief—or the practice of it. So, you see, Pennsylvania really was founded by men of peace and deeds of peace."

"I should call them religious cranks," said Jack, bluntly.

"Well, some of them were, no doubt," Uncle Tom replied. "In all religious movements the fanatic, or 'crank,' as you call him, is always conspicuous. William Penn found that out speedily, and to his cost. For, besides disputes with Lord Baltimore's colonists over rights to land and dividing-lines, Penn had to face the cranks and crooks and charges of his own colonists, even of his own religious following. He had rascally agents and good-for-nothing sons, and before he died he had been forced to give up his proprietary rights to the King of England, and his descendants were bought off by a pension. He had really spent his life and his wealth upon his colony, but he had founded a State which was to become one of the greatest, the strongest, and the proudest in the future sisterhood of States, the home of freemen, of statesmen, and of heroes, of such men as Robert Morris and Benjamin Franklin and Stephen Girard and Thaddeus Stevens, and of that strong and sturdy German-American stock known as 'Pennsylvania Dutch,' which, coming here with the good Pastorius, Whittier's 'Pennsylvania Pilgrim,' became in time the bone and sinew, the strength and support, of the great industrial commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

"I know that poem of Whittier's, Uncle Tom," Christine observed. "I can almost see the pictures it gives, as you tell of peaceful Pennsylvania here beside the Delaware. Don't you remember that part?— this is for you, too, Roger"; and Christine's gentle voice almost gave the spirit of peace to the Quaker poet's lines:

"'Who knows what goadings in their sterner way
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,
Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay?

'What hate of heresy the east wind woke?
What hints of pitiless power and terror spoke
In waves that on their iron coast-line broke?

'Be it as it may: within the Land of Penn
The sectary yielded to the citizen,
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.

'Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung
The air to madness, and no steeple flung
Alarums down from bells at midnight rung.

'The land slept well. The Indian from his face
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the place
Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,

'Or wrought for wages at the white man's side,
Giving to kindness what his native pride
And lazy freedom to all else denied.'"

"Well, that 's peaceful enough," said Marian.

"And stupid enough, too," the critical and "hustling" Jack declared.

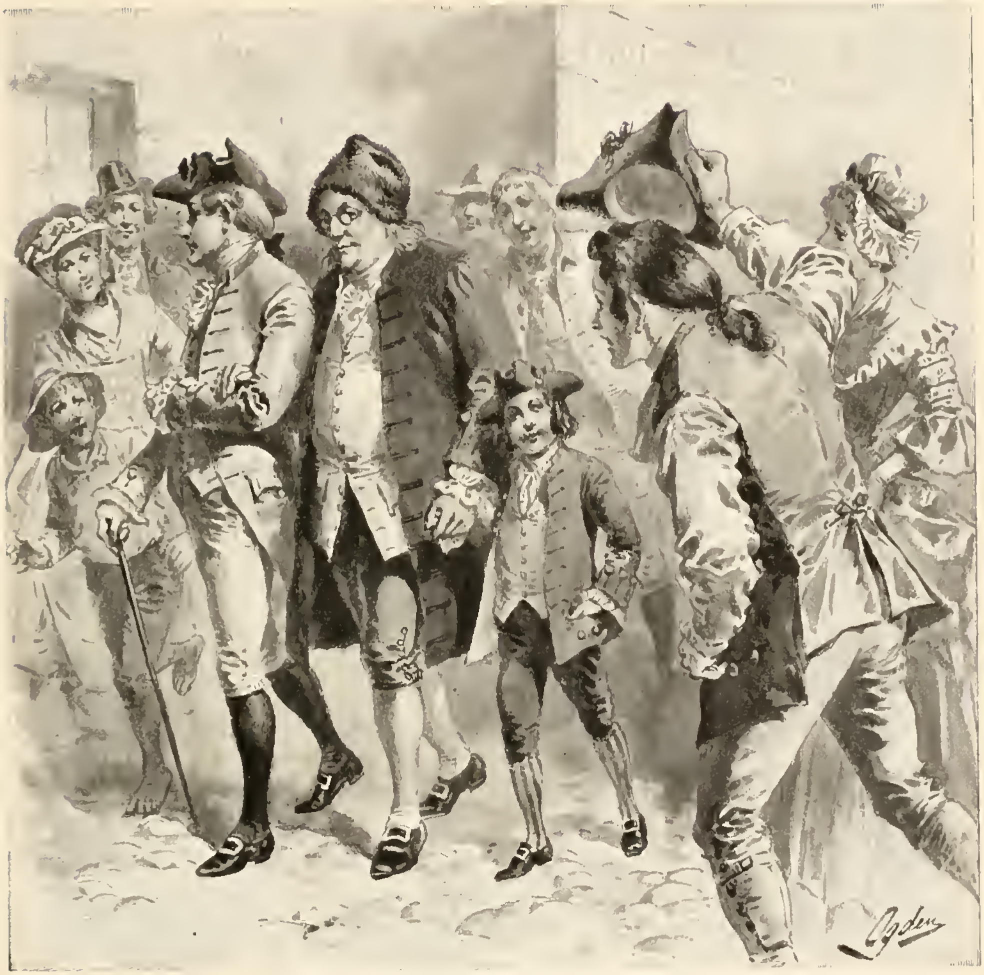
"All things unite for good, my dears," Uncle Tom reminded them. "Peace and war, creed and conscience, sternness and softness, the warrior and the reformer, have alike played their part in our nation-making, and to-day, as Whittier says in the same poem,

'Lo! the fullness of the time has come,
And over all the exile's Western home
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom bloom.'"

"But it was n't just here that Pastorius brought his people, was it?" queried Bert.

"No; they founded Germantown — hence the name," Uncle Tom replied. "I move we go up that way and investigate."

They did so; and they did more. For, after once more going up and down the mile-long main street of Germantown, where Pastorius had settled



A FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIAN IN PARIS.

Benjamin Franklin and his grandsons in the Paris streets.

his peace-loving weavers of Crefeld in 1683, and where, a hundred years later, had raged, up and down, the furious battle in the fog while Washington had stood in command upon one of the old-time "fronts," they traced out all the colonial landmarks in Philadelphia; and, from the Old Swede Church near the river, with the "foreign-churchyard" atmosphere, to the Letitia Penn house in Fairmount Park, the first brick house built in Philadelphia, they studied the early story of the Quaker City, even to the old mansions left as reminders of Hugh Wynne's warlike day.

They saw, too, all the pleasant suburbs, new and old, of what had become, at the time of the American Revolution, the first city of America, laid out in checker-board pattern, with its open squares, poplar-lined streets, plain-looking houses and plainer churches, green orchards and gardens,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM H. RAU.

THE HOUSE WHICH PENN BUILT FOR HIS DAUGHTER.

Now in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

paved crossings, police, firemen, street-cleaners, and street-lamps — all these latter the result, as they remembered, of Franklin's practical, energetic brain.

Germantown and Bethlehem, Reading and Lancaster, York and Bristol, were, so Uncle Tom told them, the other growing towns of the province. In and round about them was lived the staid, simple, comfortable, but, as Jack decided, "deadly stupid" life of colony days; while in the scattered farmsteads and the rougher and lonelier frontier homes of the western border were gradually developing, from the sturdy, thrifty, almost patriarchal farmers and pioneers, the substantial, permanent, and democratic freeholders who became, in time, the makers and defenders of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Then they moved up the Delaware and invaded the colony of the Jerseys, with the ocean to the east, the hills to the west, and wide rivers cutting it into fertile fields and forests.

"New Jersey," so Uncle Tom informed them, as from the top of the beautiful battle memorial in Trenton they once again overlooked the pleasant capital of the Garden State, "has a somewhat mixed colonial history. Its beginnings were alike Dutch, Swedish, Cavalier, and Quaker. But neither Dutchman nor Swede can be called the real colonizers, and the practical beginnings of New Jersey may rightfully date from that August day in 1664 when Philip Carteret, first governor for the English Lords Proprietors, rounded Sandy Hook, tacked through the Narrows, sailed across the Kill van Kull, and, dropping anchor in Newark Bay, went ashore with his hoe on his shoulder, 'like any other farmer,' he said, and turned up the soil for the first New Jersey city, to which he gave the name of his wife — Elizabeth."

"That 's nice, is n't it?" said Marian. "I like that Philip Carteret."

"Which was more than the Jerseyites did, my dear," said her uncle. "For as the towns in the province sprang up, and more and more colonists came to Elizabethtown and Woodbridge, Piscataway and Bergen and Newark, they began to find fault with Governor Carteret's ways and methods, and gave him so much trouble that at last they met in Assembly, practically put him out of office, and elected his nephew governor."

"Seems to me, in every colony we 've struck, there was just such trouble between the colonists and their governor," said Jack.

"Almost without exception," his uncle replied. "Even Oglethorpe and Penn did not escape; while such governors as Berkeley and Andros were in the hottest kind of hot water. Colonizers in every land and of every time are generally those who are dissatisfied at home, and when they come into a new country the dissatisfaction does not disappear. If they are to plow and plant and reap, if they are to build and develop and establish things, they always wish a voice in the developing and establishing. This is the story of colonization troubles, from Nat Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia to Jameson's Raid in South Africa. It was the story in the Jerseys, too, where, though things began peacefully enough, they ended in the open and armed protests of the American Revolution, and, even in the early days of the Earldom of Plowden, swept that noble proprietor's claim to the Jerseys into oblivion and forgetfulness almost before it was established."

"What was that, Uncle Tom?" asked Bert. "I never heard of it."

"No; it is a forgotten chapter in our colonial history," his uncle replied. "It seems that in 1632 a certain Catholic gentleman of England, Sir Edmund Plowden, wishing to equal the Carterets and Baltimores in importance, obtained from King Charles I a grant of land in America which practically embraced all of New Jersey, parts of Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, all the coast from Cape May to Sandy Hook, and all of Long Island — "

"Tidy little bit of land, that," commented Jack.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Roger. "How many times was that same land granted to different people?"

"Kings had a great habit of forgetting in those days, I guess," said Jack.

"Did Plowden ever occupy it?" asked Bert.

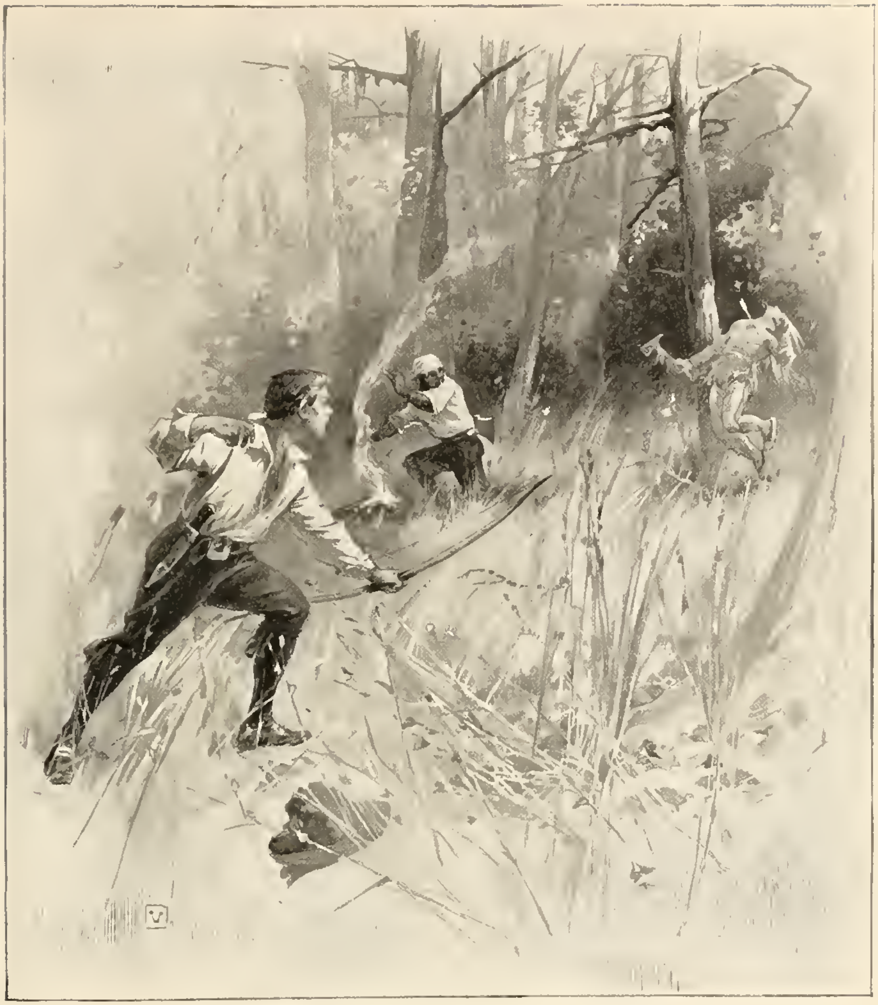
"He called the land New Albion, and himself Earl Palatine, Lord Proprietor, and Governor-General," Uncle Tom replied. "Plowden came over to visit and inspect his earldom in 1642. But he was a lord proprietor with scarcely a penny. He got into trouble over ownership with the Swedes of Delaware, who claimed the land, and with the Dutchmen of New York, who also claimed it. He was always 'hard up,' and rich only in promises. So, returning to England, he tried, in 1648, to induce colonists to settle New Albion and help to make his title good. But with so many grants and so much risk, English colonists had no great desire to try a settlement in the Jerseys, or New Albion, as he called it, where they could not tell what might happen. So the land remained unoccupied by Englishmen until the day of Philip Carteret and his hoe. Sir Edmund Plowden left his shadowy title and his yet more shadowy grant to his heirs as a legacy; but they never had spunk enough to champion or defend the claim, and New Albion, as I told you, dropped out of existence even before it existed. It is quite an interesting episode, however, in colonial history — this grant with a title and a list of privileges longer than its life, and this 'onsartin' claim to a vast territory, believed in but never defended by the heirs of Sir Edmund Plowden until the American Revolution brought it to a sharp and sudden ending."

They visited and studied many points of colonial interest in the "Jerseys." Uncle Tom explained that the quarrel over rights and boundaries and possessions between rival proprietors led them to divide the land, in 1676, into two parts by a line running southwest and northeast, so that the colony became known as East and West Jersey. Hence, even at the time of the Revolution, he said, the province was known as the "Jerseys" in the details of Washington's campaigns.

"The population at that time," said Uncle Tom, "was largely English in stock and speech — 'a rustical people,' one of the colonial governors called them. Their towns were small and country-like; their farms were unfenced and unscientific. A cow and a side-saddle were the best wedding outfit a Jersey country girl would receive from her father at her marriage."

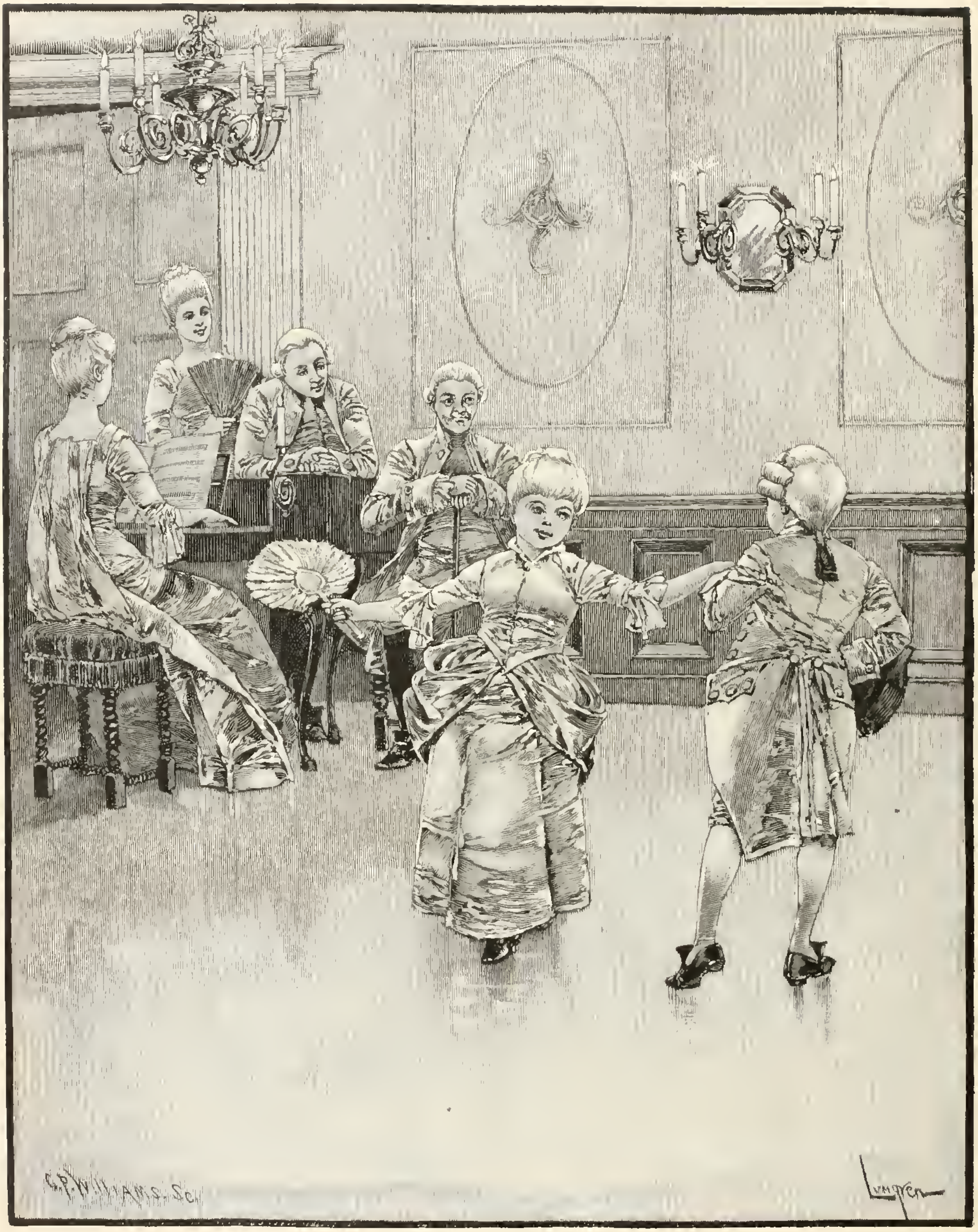
"Gracious!" cried Marian. "What did he expect her to do? Saddle the cow and ride to her own wedding?"

"Give it up," said Uncle Tom. "I suppose her husband was expected at least to provide a horse to fit the saddle. The New Jersey of colonial days was a simple, hard-working, thrifty farmers' community, so unostentatious in manners that we read of one of its governors sitting on a stump in



COLONIAL TROUBLES IN NEW JERSEY.

his meadow, laying down the law and judging cases, and so loyal to the powers across the sea that ruled or neglected it that one hot-headed man was prosecuted and fined simply for saying bad words about his Grace the Duke of Cumberland, whom loyal Englishmen in England did not hesitate to call the 'Butcher.' But out of thrift and moderation and simplicity came, in time, a sturdy independence that could stand beside Connecticut and Virginia in backing up the rebellious spirit of Massachusetts in 1768, and could give to the new republic such patriots and heroes as the Livingstons of Liberty Hall, the Stocktons of Princeton, signers, soldiers, and sailors, Witherspoon, the college president who taught his students the worth of freedom, and Dayton and Paterson and Brearly, who, with another Livingston, put their names to the great and glorious Constitution."

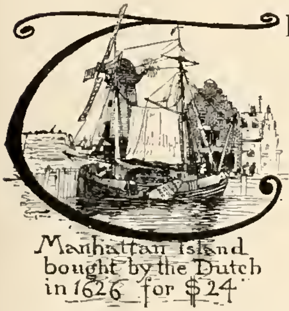

C.P. Williams Sc.
Lungren

THE FIRST MINUET.

CHAPTER VIII

IN KNICKERBOCKER LAND

Who Discovered the Hudson — Spanish Tracks and Trade-marks — The First "Apartment-houses" — Colonial New York — The Purposes of Emigration — Stuyvesant and the Knickerbockers — Through the Province.



Manhattan Island bought by the Dutch in 1626 for $24

THEY stood close up against the zigzag gate that guards the rounded "jumping-off place" of the ferry-boat.

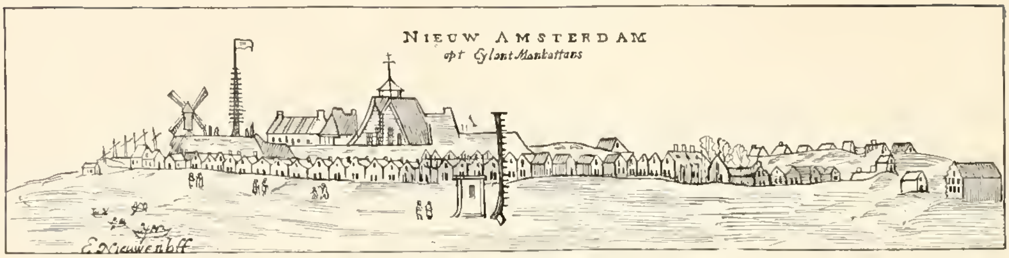
"Fine river, is n't it!" exclaimed Roger, as he looked down to the Statue of Liberty and up toward the misty outlines of the Palisades. "Who discovered it first, Uncle Tom? Not the Spaniards this time, eh?"

The great city, with its high-aspiring sky-line, stretched before them, restless, vast, and American. And southward to the sea swept, as it had swept for ages, unchecked, unbridled, and uncurbed, the mighty river that in song and story, in fact and fiction, in history, adventure, traffic, war, and peace, outclasses every other river in broad and busy America — the Hudson.

"What — de Rivier van den Voorst Mauritius?" said Uncle Tom, nonchalantly enough, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"The — what?" cried Marian.

"Why, the Great River of Prince Maurice — the River of the Mountains — the River of the Iroquois — in other words, this very North or Hudson River which we are now crossing. It is a much benamed stream, boys and girls, and from the day when England claimed it because Sebastian Cabot happened to be once in this latitude (though out of sight of land) to the day when that same England lowered its flag on yonder Battery and yielded all claim of ownership and dominion to the victorious American republic,



THE "SKY-LINE" OF NEW YORK IN 1650.

the colonial story of this splendid stream was as varied as it was stirring, and as attractive as it was romantic. In fact, no river of America better merits the hackneyed adjective 'storied' than does the Hudson."

"And who — after the Indians, of course — really first saw the 'storied' river, Uncle Tom?" Roger inquired.

"The claims are as numerous as the names given it," Uncle Tom replied. "Let me see — we won't count the Norsemen, the Arabs, or the Welsh; we 'll give the go-by to John and Sebastian Cabot, to the Spanish successors of Columbus who, it is claimed, left their traces in the valley of the Mohawk and of the upper Hudson —"

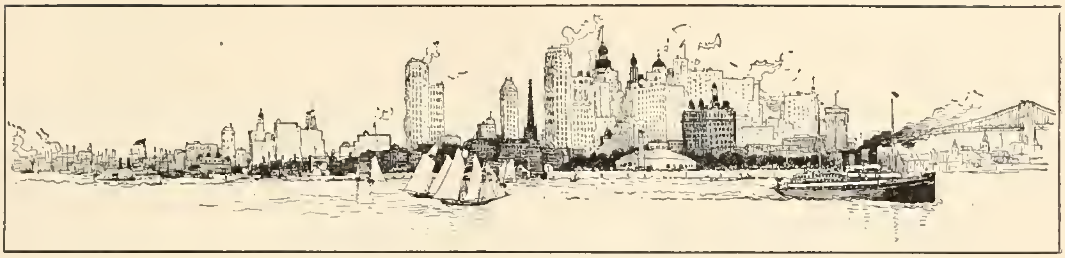
"How could they, Uncle Tom?" demanded Roger, while Jack repeated his stereotyped declaration that "those Spaniards were the most persistently previous people that ever were."

"There 's the proof of their presence dead ahead, Roger," Uncle Tom answered, pointing to the great city toward whose ferry-slips their boat was forging. "For there are certain philological scholars who claim 'Manhattan' to be a word of Spanish origin, indicating early association, in quite the regular discoverer's fashion, between the white man and the red, in this way: Manhattan, Manhates, Monatoes, Monados; and *monados* is a Spanish word signifying 'the place of drunken men.'"

"Oh, come, now! I don't believe that!" "Why, how perfectly horrid!" protested Jack and Marian, like loyal and highly indignant New-Yorkers; while even Bert, who had great faith in philology, pushed back his hat and shook his head dubiously, and Roger from Boston almost fell across the ferry-gate in doubling-up laughter.

"Of course, I only give you these stories for what they are worth," said Uncle Tom, in the midst of the protests. "I don't pretend to stamp them as true or false myself, any more than I could assert the truth of the legend of the Pompey stone, which claims to 'locate' Spanish explorers in central New York less than thirty years after Columbus discovered America."

"What was that? What about the Pompey stone, Uncle Tom?" queried Bert.

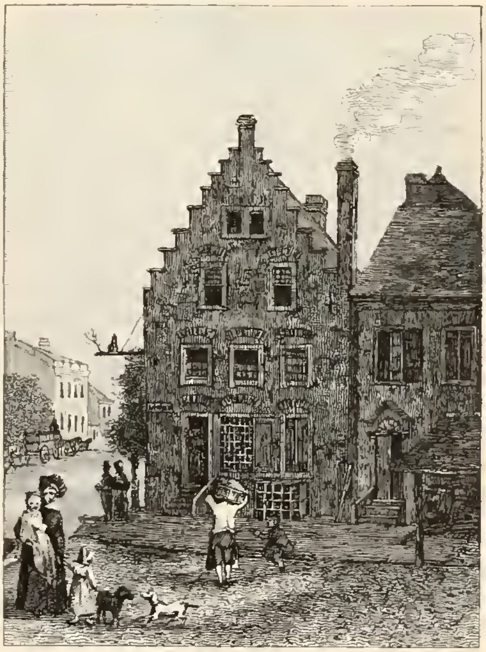


THE "SKY-LINE" OF NEW YORK TO-DAY.

"It was a simple slab, presumably the headstone to an ancient grave, that was unearthed a few years ago near the town of Pompey in central New York. Upon it there was a nearly obliterated inscription in abbreviated old Spanish, which was translated and expanded to mean: 'In the year of our Lord 1520, in the sixth month, died here, in the hope of immortality, our comrade Leo, of the city of Leon in Spain.' Then, too, the Indian name for the section about Albany can be traced back to a Spanish root and made to mean 'the place of the trader'; so you see, even though I cannot substantiate these claims, we may at least give them the benefit of the doubt, and admit that here, as at other points on the Atlantic coast, the Spaniards may have been the first comers."

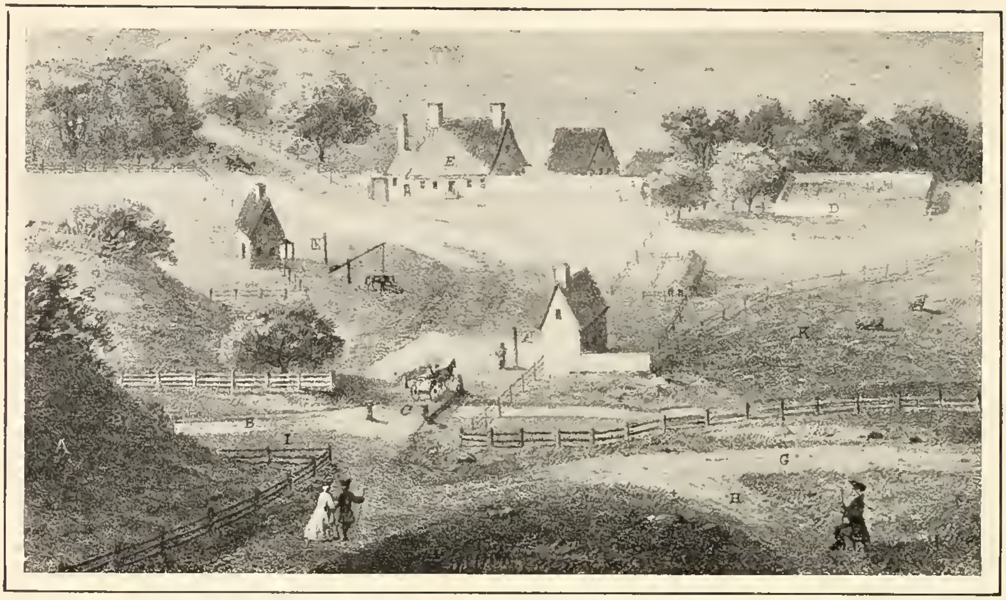
The boat bumped into the ferry-slip, and the travelers were soon gathered in Jack's hospitable home, detailing their adventures and investigations to such of the interested fathers and mothers as gathered there to meet them.

But New York itself proved so excellent a field for colonial study that they spent the next week — with semi-occasional side-trips for other purposes than "cramming in colonial object-lessons," as Roger called their quest of the ancient — in hunting up old landmarks, or their sites, in the great city and its environs.



DUTCH HOUSE, ALBANY.

Of actual landmarks they discovered but few. No. 39 Broadway, they found, singularly enough, to be the offices of a Dutch steamship company. For upon that very spot, so Uncle Tom informed them, Captain Adrien Block in 1613 built the first apartment-houses in New York city, four small



FROM VALENTINE'S MANUAL

ANCIENT VIEW OF THE PRESENT JUNCTION OF PEARL AND CHATHAM STREETS, NEW YORK.

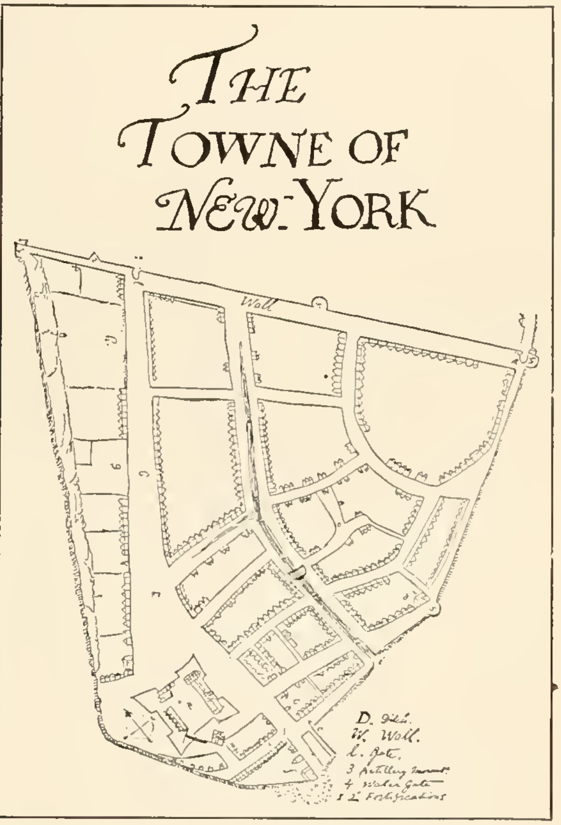
A, Catiemuts Hill.
B, The Fresh Water.
C, The Fresh-water Bridge.
D, The Jews' Burying-ground.
E, Rutgers Farm-house.
F, The Bowery Road.
G, The Road to the Ferry (present Pearl Street).
H, Road to the City.
I, Road to Rolck Pond.
J, The City Commons.
K, Walpherti Meadow.

houses, half cabins, half wigwams, in which to shelter his shipwrecked sailors, and to trade with the Indians, after his ship, the *Tiger*, had been burned off Castle Garden. Down the bay they could discern the dim outlines of the hills of Navesink, off which Hudson first dropped anchor in 1609, ere he entered the famous river, which he explored as far as Castle Island, just below Albany.

Uncle Tom also traced or paced with his young people the actual original outlines of the little town that had risen so slowly from the rocky point of the beautiful wooded island where two rivers grandly met, and which in 1626 the "Heer Director" Kieft bought from its Indian owners for twenty-four dollars.

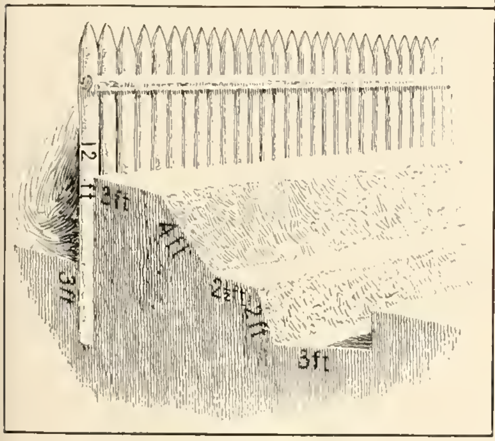
"The shore-line, you can see as we go over the ground, was not at all like the present frontage," Uncle Tom explained. "Almost all the water-front is reclaimed or made land. Water, South, and Front streets were all flats or part of the East River, while Nos. 71 and 73 Pearl Street, where the first city hall, or Stadt Huys, stood, was actually on the beach, or "the Strand," as the Englishmen called it. Broad Street was a ditch or little inlet up which the market-boats poled, and on the bridge across it the merchants first met in their open-air exchange, almost upon the site of the present splendid Stock Exchange. Up and down Wall Street stretched a fence to keep the cattle from straying out into the wilderness, and that line of fence became later a palisaded wall to protect the town from Indian foray — hence Wall Street. In fact, for many years it was the upper limit of the town, and the wall itself was not taken down until about 1690."

As they walked the thronged and busy streets that crook and stretch along the section between Wall Street and the Battery, Uncle Tom pointed out the site of many important happenings, from Stuyvesant's day and Leisler's time, when the colony passed its stress of beginnings, to that historic 30th of April, 1789, when, from the balcony of Federal Hall, on the spot where his grand statue now stands, Washington took the oath of inauguration as first President of the United States, and the colony of New York became forever a sovereign State in the great republic.



OLD MAP OF NEW YORK.

Showing the "wall" (now Wall Street) as the upper boundary. Proposals for the construction of this wall were issued in March, 1653, and from the rough drawing attached to the proposals the accompanying plan has been made. The wall was originally built by the Dutch as a means of defense against their New England neighbors.

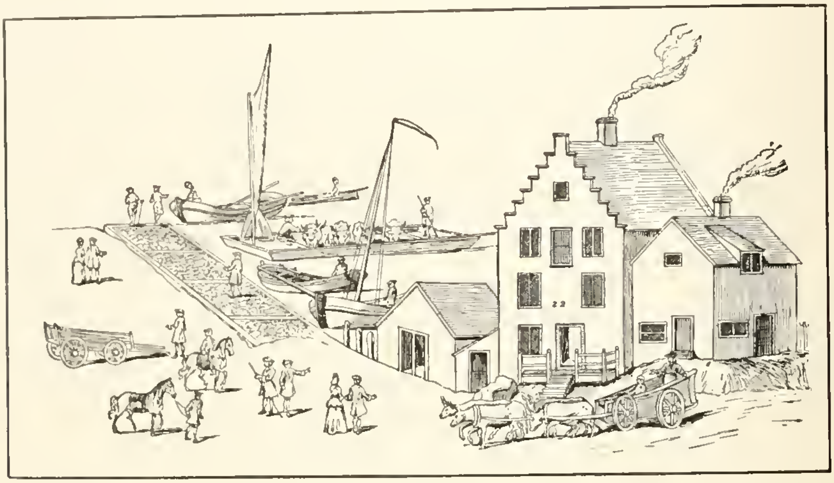


PLAN OF THE ORIGINAL WALL ON WALL STREET.

"This old town has seen many changes and a marvelous growth," Uncle Tom said, as, gathered once more in the pleasant library of Jack's home, they had the summing up of New York's colonial story. "Captain John Smith is credited with having told Henry Hudson about the trading possibilities of the Hudson River, and as it was a desire for profitable trade even more than religious freedom that sent explorers and colonists over the seas — "

"All of them, do you mean, or just New-Yorkers?" inquired Roger.

"All of them, I imagine, irrespective of race, creed, or condition," Uncle Tom replied. "Here was a land where money could be made from the fisheries, the forests, the fur-trade, or traffic with the Indians, where homes could be established with reasonable hope of safety and comfort in due time, and where a man could worship the Lord according to his own desires — for the land was certainly broad enough for all. These were the causes, in their order, that sent Europeans over the Atlantic to the peopling of America, from Pemaquid to St. Augustine."



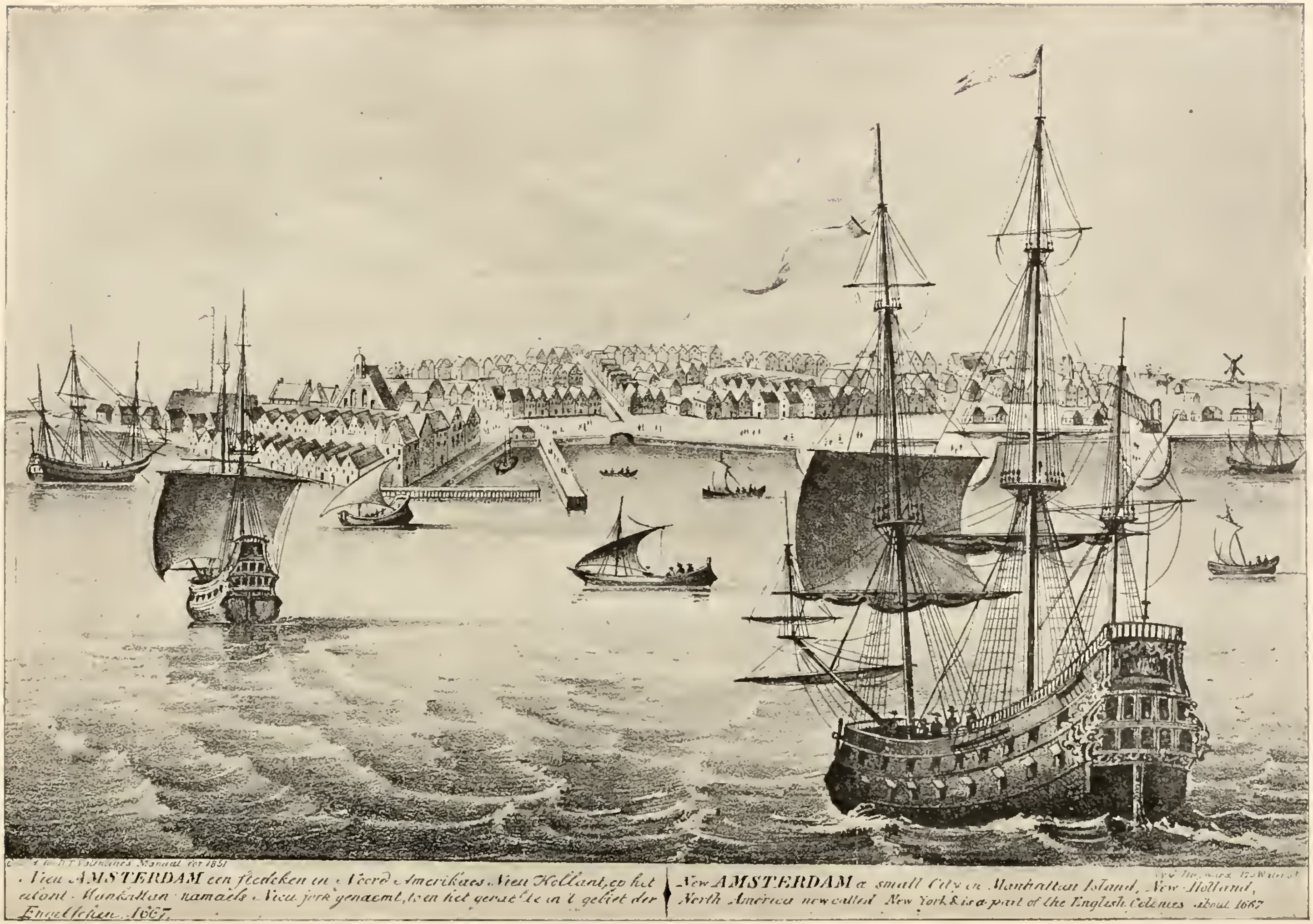
FULTON FERRY IN 1746.

"I thought it was a chance to go to church unquestioned," declared Marian, who could n't get Mrs. Hemans from her mind.

"You will take Mr. Parkman's word for it, I hope, even if you won't take mine, boys and girls," said Uncle Tom; "and he distinctly tells you that 'the soldier might be a roving knight, the priest a martyr and a saint, but both alike were subserving the interests of that commerce which formed the only solid basis of the colony.' It took years of a developing Americanism to change commerce into conscience and peltry-getting into patriotism, and as it is desire for gain that has peopled wildernesses, founded states, and produced nations, so, even more than in the other colonies, was eagerness for trading the chief reason for the colony, the State, and the city of New York."

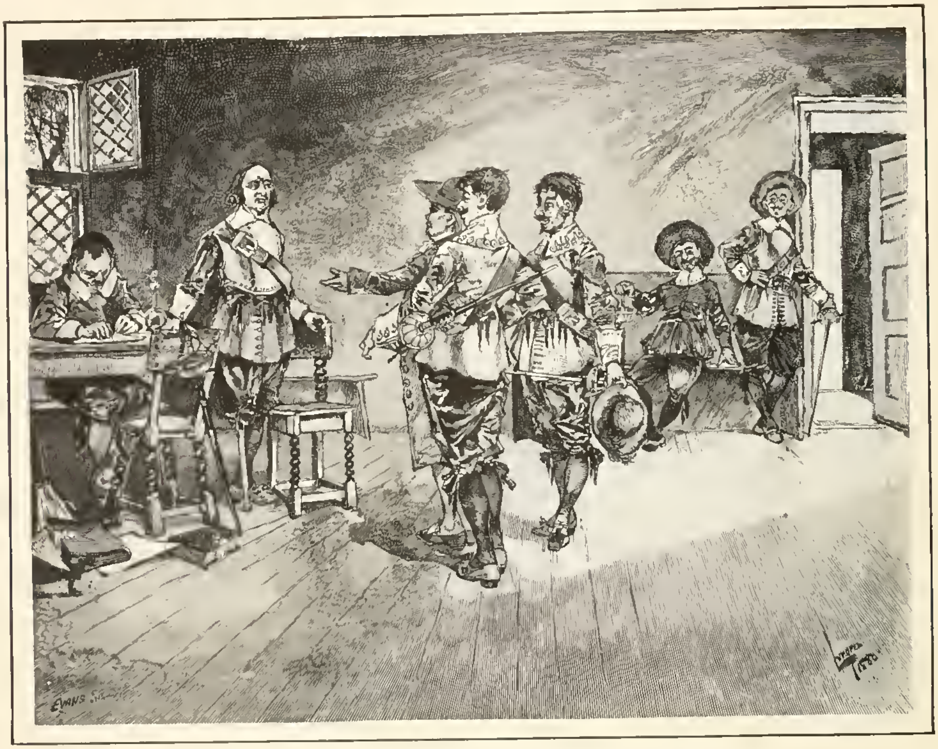
"But I don't like that, Uncle Tom," persisted Marian; "it sounds kind of sordid-like and selfish."

"I don't see it," said Jack. "If a man does n't look out for No. 1, no one else is going to do it for him. I don't believe the kings and companies over the sea did much of the Golden Rule business with their American


D T Valentine's Manual for 1851
Nieu AMSTERDAM een fledeken in Noord Amerikaes Nieu Hollant, op het
eilant Mankattan namaels Nieu jork genaemt, toen het geraekte in 't gebiet der
Engelschen. 1667.
New AMSTERDAM a small City on Manhattan Island, New Holland,
North America now called New York & is a part of the English Colonies about 1667

NEW YORK IN 1667.

From Valentine's Manual.



JOHN BOWNE BEFORE GOVERNOR STUYVESANT.

colonists, so, of course, the colonists had to look out for No. 1. Is n't that so, Uncle Tom?"

"To a certain extent you are right, Jack," Uncle Tom replied. "In fact, in colonization, as in other things, the truth lies in the mean between the two extremes that were expressed by Marian and you. While trading was the main reason for emigration to America, the chance to be less shackled by religious and political overlords impelled men of all European nations to come home-seeking to America. To New York, then as to-day, more than to any other American port, these mingled nationalities came, and thus, even in its early days, New Amsterdam and the later New York took on that cosmopolitan character that the town has ever since retained."

"And New Amsterdam became New York in 1664, did n't it?" said Christine, certain of one date at least, she declared.

"In 1664, yes, my dear," Uncle Tom nodded. "The Dutch power 'petered out' after about fifty years of uncertain foothold and frequent misrule."

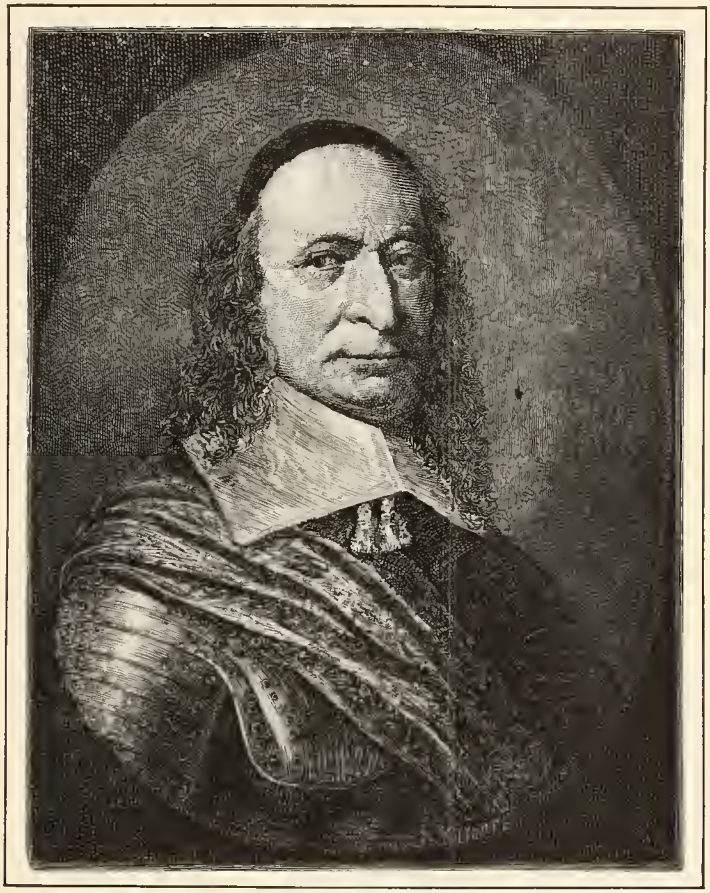
"Why, Uncle Tom," cried Bert, "I thought the Dutch boasted of liberty and toleration!"

"So they did, Bert," replied Uncle Tom, "and so, in a certain sense, they had good cause for doing; but the story of Dutch colonization, especially in

America, shows that Dutch governors served first their own interests, then those of their masters, the West India Company, and last of all those of the people, whose aspiration toward independence they always rudely smothered."

"Stuyvesant, too?" queried Roger.

"More than all the rest," Uncle Tom declared. "Stern and vigorous as he was, Stuyvesant was tyrannical in small things, as well as in important ones, and the mixed population of New York fretted under the restraints of a purely business autocracy, as was the Dutch syndicate that owned them, and became each year more desirous of freedom. So when, in 1664, a piratical sort of an expedition — for England and Holland were not at war that year — came sailing into the harbor and summoned the Dutch authorities to 'surrender the island commonly known as Manhattan, with all the forts thereunto belonging,' the people of the town forced the despotic Stuyvesant to



PETER STUYVESANT.

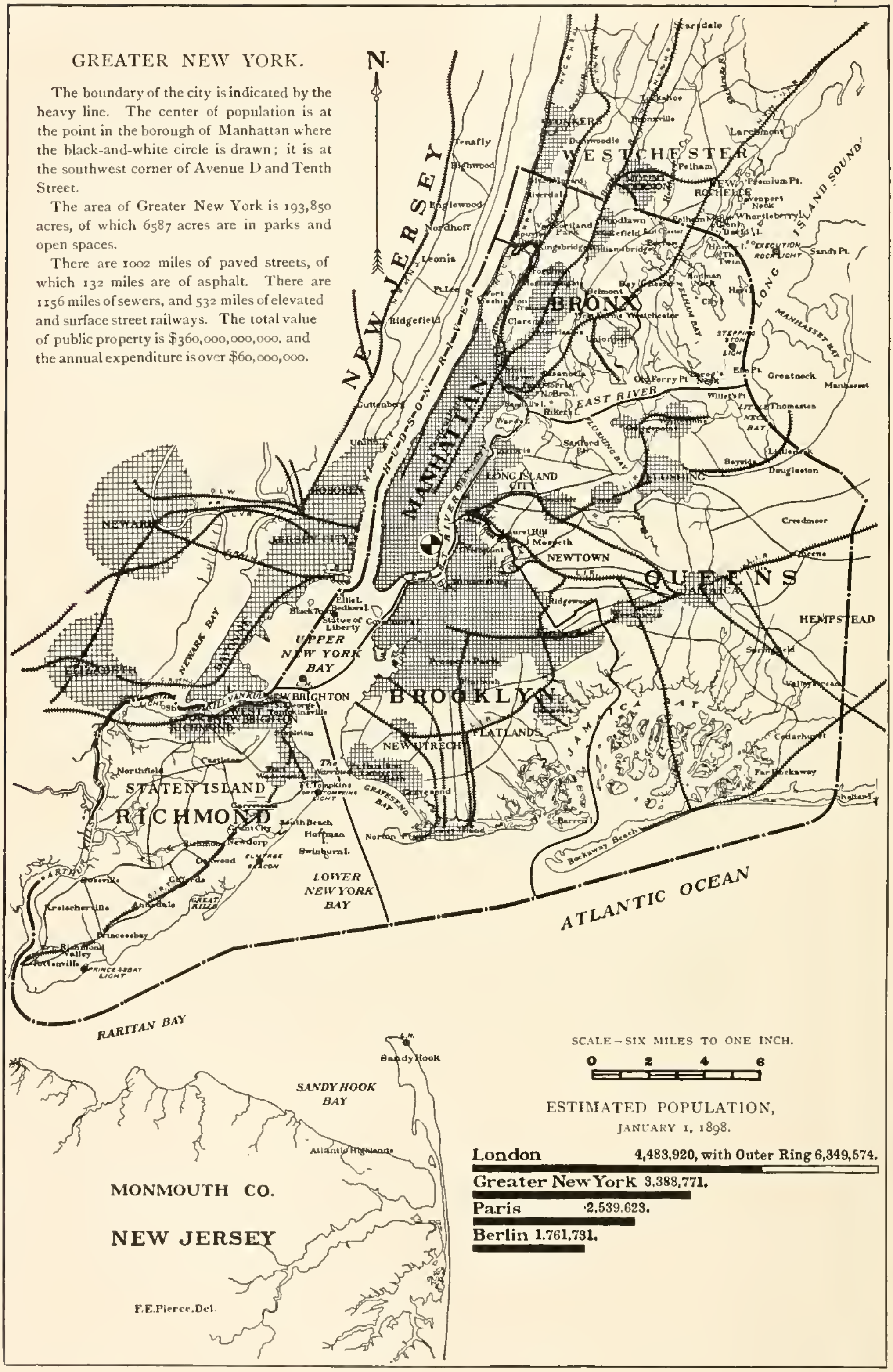
From a painting from life, in the possession of the New York Historical Society.

GREATER NEW YORK.

The boundary of the city is indicated by the heavy line. The center of population is at the point in the borough of Manhattan where the black-and-white circle is drawn; it is at the southwest corner of Avenue D and Tenth Street.

The area of Greater New York is 193,850 acres, of which 6587 acres are in parks and open spaces.

There are 1002 miles of paved streets, of which 132 miles are of asphalt. There are 1156 miles of sewers, and 532 miles of elevated and surface street railways. The total value of public property is $360,000,000,000, and the annual expenditure is over $60,000,000.


N.
NEW JERSEY
WESTCHESTER
BRONX
MANHATTAN
QUEENS
BROOKLYN
STATEN ISLAND
RICHMOND
HUDSON RIVER
EAST RIVER
LONG ISLAND SOUND
UPPER NEW YORK BAY
LOWER NEW YORK BAY
NEWARK BAY
JAMAICA BAY
GRAVESEND BAY
SANDY HOOK BAY
RARITAN BAY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
KILL VAN KULL
ARTHUR KILL
NEWARK
JERSEY CITY
HOBOKEN
YONKERS
NEW ROCHELLE
PELHAM
LONG ISLAND CITY
FLUSHING
NEWTOWN
JAMAICA
HEMPSTEAD
FLATLANDS
NEW UTRECHT
NEW BRIGHTON
WEST NEW BRIGHTON
Rockaway Beach
Sandy Hook
Atlantic Highlands
MONMOUTH CO.
NEW JERSEY
F.E.Pierce,Del.

SCALE—SIX MILES TO ONE INCH.

0 2 4 6

ESTIMATED POPULATION,
JANUARY 1, 1898.

London 4,483,920, with Outer Ring 6,349,574.

Greater New York 3,388,771.

Paris 2,539,623.

Berlin 1,761,731.

yield. 'I would rather be carried out dead!' he burst out, in brave but useless protest, and New Amsterdam became New York."

"That was rough on the old Dutchman!" cried Jack. "Why did n't he fight?"

"You can't fight successfully if you 've got to do it all alone," said Uncle Tom, "and Stuyvesant had no support. The people were ready for change; as I said, they almost compelled him to surrender; and the whole province speedily became English in rulers, in name, and in titles, even if not at once in population and customs."

"Just what was the colony then, Uncle Tom?" asked Roger.

"The outposts of the New Netherlands which might be considered as marking the limits of Dutch rule," Uncle Tom replied, "were at Fort Orange on the Hudson, now Albany, the Fresh River region, now Hartford in Connecticut, Zwanendael on the South or Delaware River (as we saw when at Wilmington), Pavonia, or Jersey City, Breukelen on Long Island, and the capital town on Manhattan Island, New Amsterdam, now New York. This extended region had, in Stuyvesant's day, a population of eight thousand, one thousand of whom were resident on this island of Manhattan, in the quaint and perplexing town which was the metropolis of the colony."

"How was it perplexing?" queried Roger.

"Even as your own Boston has always had the reputation of being, Roger," Uncle Tom replied — "crooked as a ram's horn."

"Well, that 's certainly more picturesque than the checker-board pattern in which you told us William Penn marked out Philadelphia," Roger declared, with a new and kindred affection for old New York.

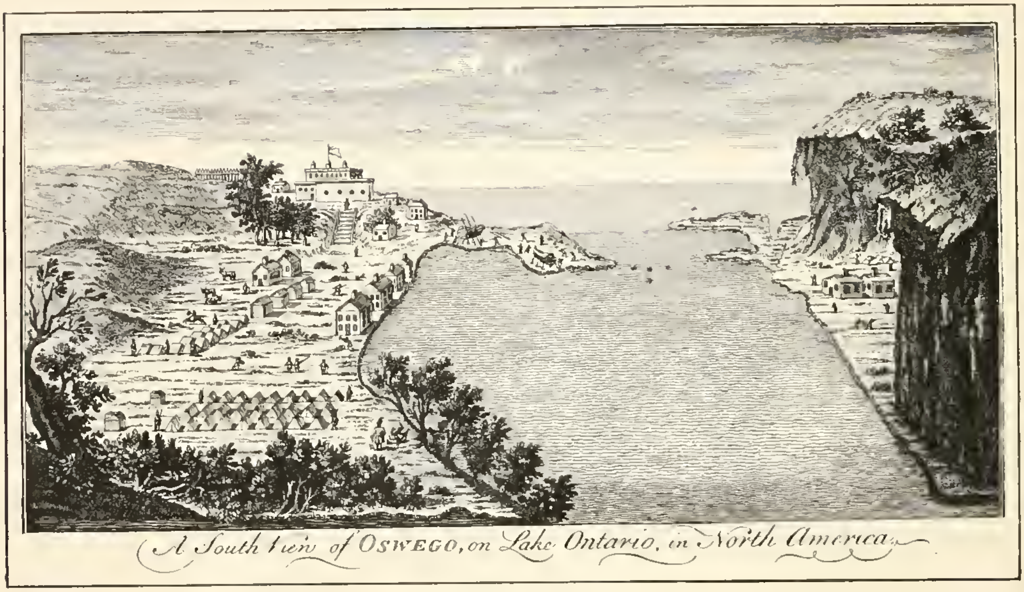
"The land of the Knickerbockers is indeed a picturesque portion of our common country, alike in situation, history, atmosphere, and development," began Uncle Tom, when Marian broke in upon him with a query.

"Oh, Uncle Tom! why Knickerbockers?" she said. "Did n't Irving invent the name for us?"

"I 'm afraid he did, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "I have never been able to hunt down the word beyond Irving's delightful tomfoolery, which too many Americans willingly accept as truth."

"Why! what do you mean, Uncle Tom?" Christine demanded. "Is n't Irving's 'Knickerbocker' truly true history?"

"Humor and satire are too apt to be taken as sober fact, my dear, when told with such apparent truthfulness as was 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,'" Uncle Tom replied. "What Mr. Roberts terms 'Irving's historical opera bouffe' has, as he further declares, taken its place in our literature, and colored the estimates of events in colonial New York. This is unfortunate; for colonial New York had a mighty influence upon the future of these United States. Indeed, I am so sure of this that I tell you with all the emphasis of which I am capable that the corner-stone of the American republic rests largely upon the strong supporting soil of Dutch liberty, Dutch toleration, and Dutch integrity."


A South View of OSWEGO, on Lake Ontario, in North America.

OSWEGO IN 1760.

"Carry the news to Plymouth, my boy," cried Jack, clapping Roger upon the shoulder.

"The news was carried to Plymouth long before your day, Jack," Uncle Tom declared. "For it was through Holland, you know, that the Pilgrims came to Plymouth. But there, why need we be exclusive? Every element that entered into the European exodus to America, from redemptioner to reformer, from galley-slave to governor, from Spanish freebooter to English Puritan, Scotch Covenanter, French Huguenot, Palatinate German, persecuted papist, and political prisoner, had its share in the compounding and finishing of the imperial republic that is to-day the wonder and admiration of the world. That 'all things work together for good' has been amply proved in the history of these United States, where 'things' have certainly been worked together more than in any other land."

Bert, meanwhile, had taken a book from one of the library shelves and consulted it closely.

"Here it is!" he said. "I thought I 'd find it in Townsend's 'U. S.'

Uncle Tom was right; you can't go back of Irving for the Knickerbockers. The word is a composite, so this book says, and really has no translatable meaning, but was introduced as a word coined by Washington Irving for his character of Diedrich Knickerbocker."

"Well, it suits the place," said Roger, "for, as you say, New York is cosmopolitan, and, I suppose, hard to be translated."

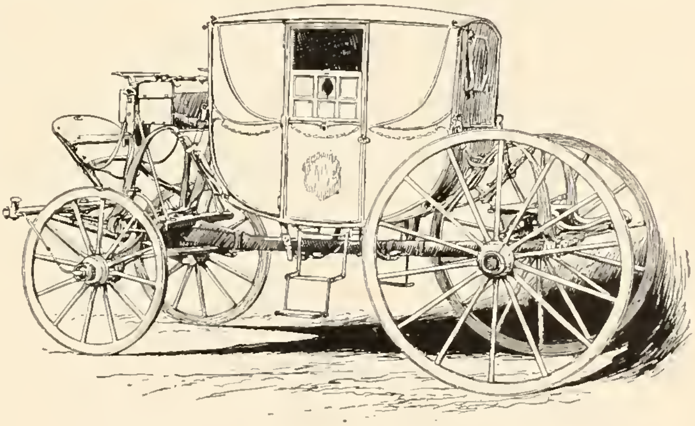
Jack looked closely at his Boston friend to see if any double meaning lurked beneath his words. But he gave it up at last, and simply said, in the way of query, "But New York is n't all Dutch and Knickerbocker, is it, Uncle Tom?"

"Well, it was largely Dutch and English in its beginnings," his uncle replied, "although the elements became, at last, as mixed throughout the colony as in the city of New York. There were really, besides New Amsterdam, but two Dutch towns (as the English called them) of any importance. These were 'Sopus, some eight or nine miles below what is now the city of Kingston, and Albany."

"Both Hudson River towns," was Bert's comment.

"Yes," said his uncle; "the Hudson River was the main artery of communication between the fur-traders of the north and the growing commercial town at its mouth. Indeed, the outlying posts — they were scarcely villages — were merely Indian trading-places, such as were scattered westward from Schenectady to Oswego; and not until the three thousand German refugees, flying oversea from the terrors of Europe's Thirty Years' War, settled first along the middle Hudson and then in the Mohawk valley, did the development of that fair and fertile section really begin."

"Must have been a slow sort of a life in those days," declared Jack, who liked, as he said, to "see things hum."



A FAMILY COACH OF COLONIAL DAYS.

"Slow? Well, Master Jack, I 'm inclined to think you might have pronounced it too wearing if you had been a Knickerbocker boy of colonial New York," Uncle Tom replied. "Why, I remember coming across a statement by one of the English governors of this province — about 1770, I think — which declared that throughout the colony 'every house swarms with children, who are set to work as soon as they are able to spin and card'; and even in those early days the industries of New York were already struggling out of hard conditions into something like success. They were making glass and working iron along the Hudson; pearlash and potash, too, with brick-making and hat-making; there were salt-works on Coney Island, woolen-manufacturing among the Germans of the Mohawk, while, as early as 1750, New York had over one hundred and fifty ships in the carrying trade, and was already forcing its way to the head as the commercial metropolis of America."

"That 's good," said Jack. "Glad I did n't have to spin and card, though."

"I guess the folks who wanted things spun would have been glad, too, Jack Dunlap," was Marian's comment, evidently out of an intimate acquaintance with Jack's qualifications as a steady worker. "But, Uncle Tom, was n't the colony full of those dear old-fashioned farm-houses, with the cute half-doors and all that?"

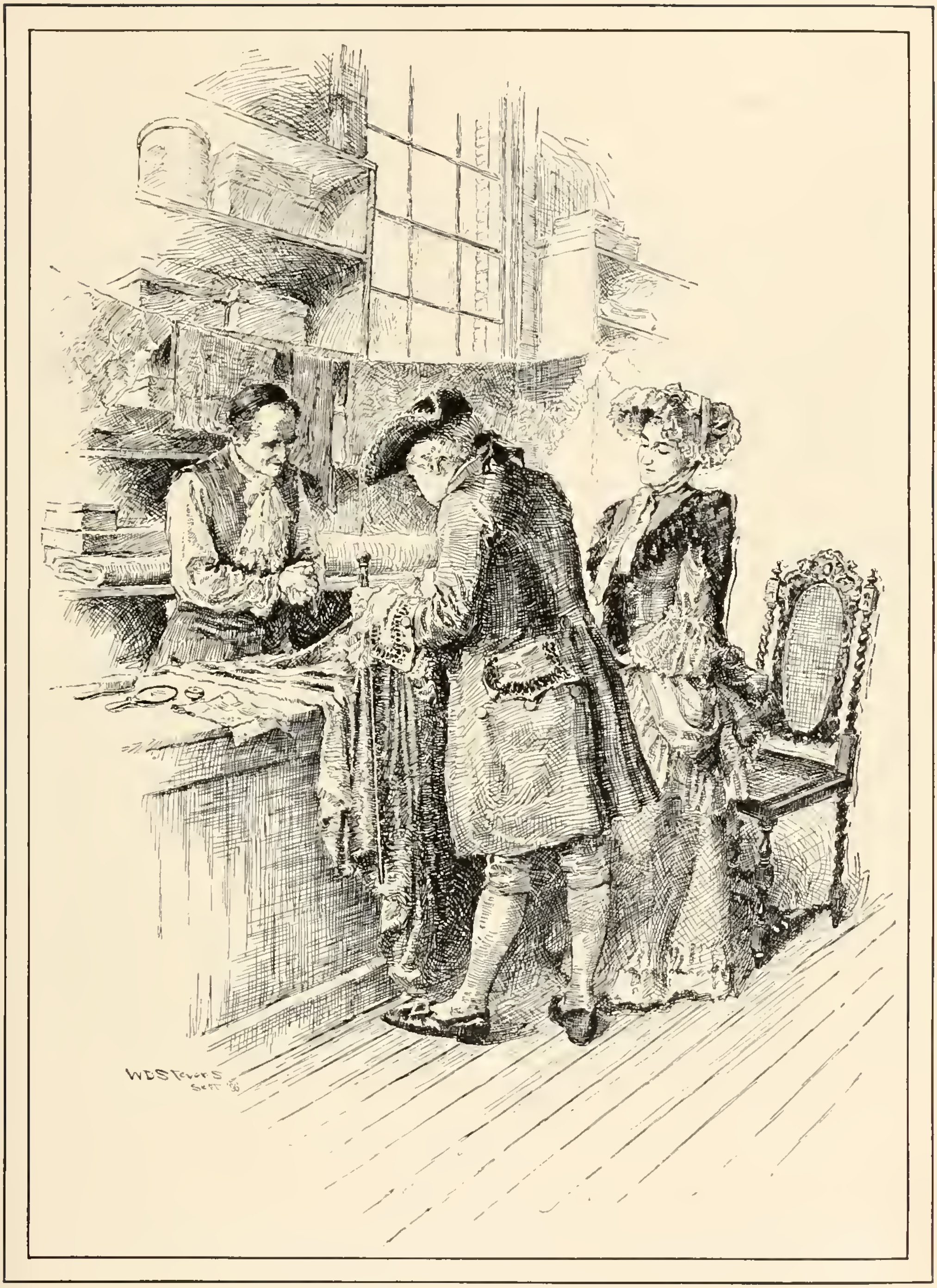
"Oh, yes, my dear," her uncle replied. "The Dutch characteristics, Dutch architecture, and Dutch ways prevailed in the province far into the English occupation — indeed, until the new rush of immigration after the Revolution changed the complexion of the colony. The Phillipse manor-house at Yonkers, the Washington headquarters at Newburg, the old Van Rensselaer house at Greenbush, still stand as types of those early days. And you remember, don't you, our visit to the old house up the Hudson, from which your mother's folks came, and which is crowded with colonial and Revolutionary memories?"

"That 's what made me ask," said Marian. "I think it must have been a delightful place to live in when it was at its best."

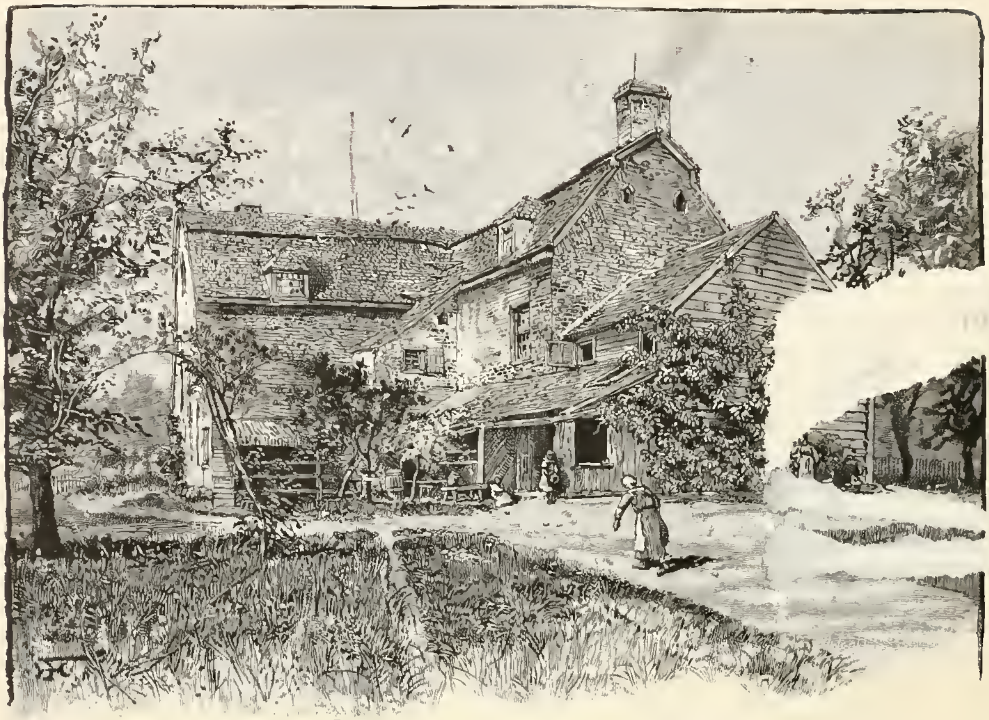
"Very picturesque to look at, with its sloping roof, wide half-door, ample chimneys, quaint tiled mantelpiece, and cavernous fireplace; but modern improvements are best for modern boys and girls, I think."

"Every time!" declared Jack, evidently still thinking of the spinning and carding. "And I tell you what, Uncle Tom, I 'd rather be Admiral Dewey than Governor Stuyvesant, and run an automobile than a Dutch windmill."

They all laughed at that, of course, as they always did at Jack's decisions. But when, later, they had sailed the Hudson to Albany, steeping themselves once again in the legends and lore of that historic river; when they had crossed Lake George, shrined in colonial romance, and at Ticonderoga had seen where a potent factor in colonial history had place when Champlain and his Frenchmen fought the Iroquois, who, because of their insatiable


WDStevens
Sept '98

SHOPPING IN COLONY TIMES.



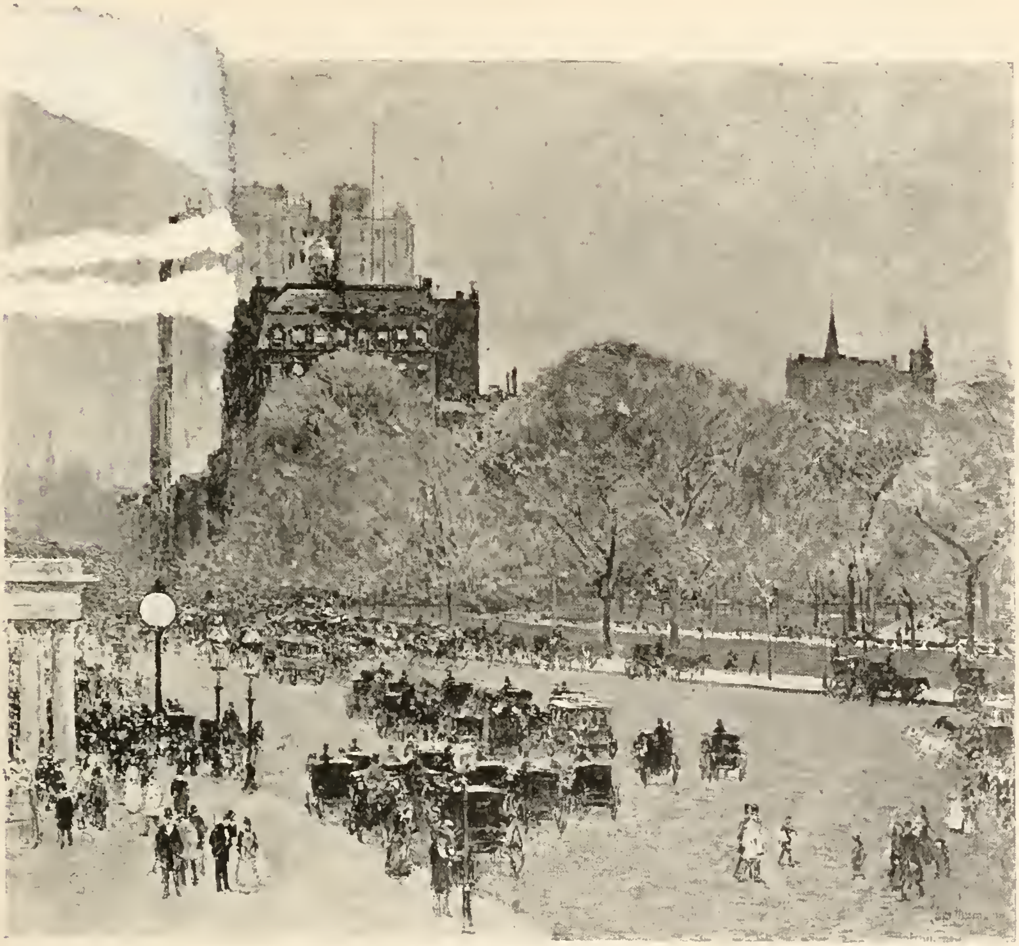
VAN RENSSELAER MANOR-HOUSE AT GREENBUSH, N. Y.

revenges, saved all New York from becoming a French colony;, when they had stood divided between interest in the powers of electricity and the romance of colonization in old Schenectady, and had seen many a historic landmark or relic of those earliest times of stress and struggle, they decided that, after all, much as they preferred being the heirs of the ages, the colonial age in New Amsterdam and New York had made Americans who, as Uncle Tom declared, "schooled by hard experience and ceaseless labor into a spirit of independency, gradually developed the manhood to assert and the determination to rule, which alike led to revolt against a selfish and grasping despotism, and made finally the successful experiment of self-government and popular sovereignty."

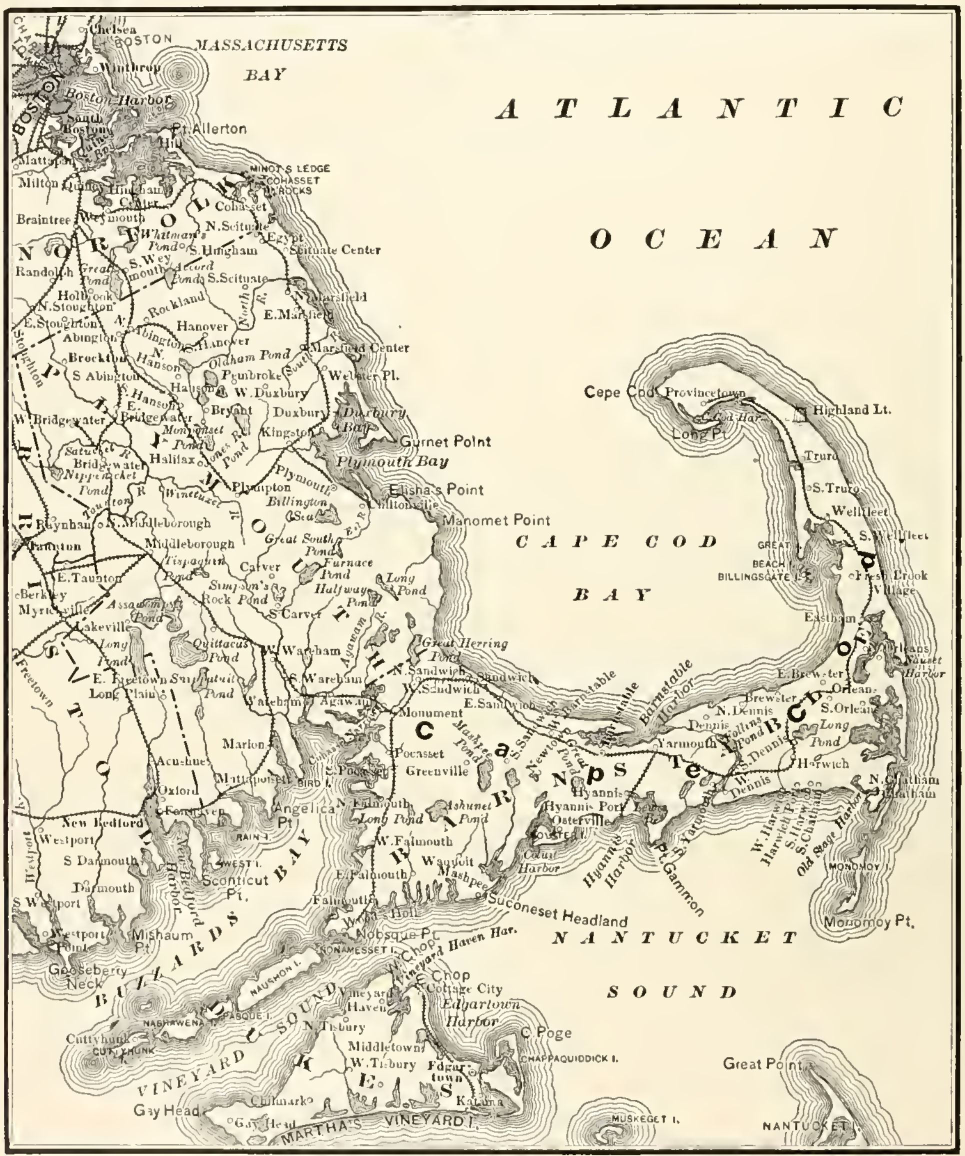
"Meaning the American Revolution, I suppose," said Bert.

"Just that," his uncle answered. "For the patriots of New York were eventually the people — descendants of the Dutchman, the Huguenot, the Scotchman, the German, the Irishman, the English Roundhead, and the New England dissenter — the very men who, longing for a larger freedom of opportunity, peopled this broad colony of New York and left to their sons a heritage of hope. It was those very sons who, fighting 'with one spirit for a common cause,' won at Saratoga 'the battle of the husbandmen,' as it has been called, and made possible the success of the American Revolution and the present glory of the republic. So all honor to the colonists of New York, say I!"

"'So say we all of us!'" sang Jack, swinging his cap, while the others joined in the appreciative chorus.



IN MODERN NEW YORK.
Madison Square, from in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.


ATLANTIC OCEAN
MASSACHUSETTS BAY
BOSTON
Chelsea
Winthrop
Boston Harbor
South Boston
Pt. Allerton
Mattapan
Milton
Quincy
Hingham
Braintree
Weymouth
MINOT'S LEDGE
COHASSET ROCKS
Cohasset
N. Scituate
Egypt
Scituate Center
S. Hingham
Whitman's Pond
S. Weymouth
Randolph
Great Pond
Accord Pond
S. Scituate
Holbrook
N. Stoughton
Rockland
N. Marshfield
E. Marshfield
E. Stoughton
Abington
N. Abington
Hanover
S. Hanover
Stoughton
Brockton
N. Hanson
Oldham Pond
Marshfield Center
S. Abington
Pembroke
Webster Pl.
Hanson
W. Duxbury
Cape Cod
Provincetown
Highland Lt.
Cod Har.
Long Pt.
W. Bridgewater
E. Bridgewater
Bryant
Duxbury
Duxbury Bay
Monponset Pond
Kingston
Gurnet Point
Plymouth Bay
Truro
Satucket R.
Bridgewater
Halifax
Nippenicket Pond
Plympton
Plymouth
Elisha's Point
S. Truro
Billington Sea
Chiltonville
Wellfleet
Raynham
N. Middleborough
Manomet Point
CAPE COD BAY
Taunton
Middleborough
Tispaquin Pond
Great South Pond
Furnace Pond
Carver
GREAT BEACH I.
BILLINGSGATE I.
S. Wellfleet
Fresh Brook Village
E. Taunton
Berkley
Myricksville
Simpson's Rock Pond
Halfway Pond
Long Pond
S. Carver
Assawompsett Pond
Eastham
Lakeville
Long Pond
Quittacus Pond
Wareham
Great Herring Pond
Orleans
Nauset Harbor
Freetown
E. Freetown
Long Plain
Snipatuit Pond
S. Wareham
N. Sandwich
W. Sandwich
Sandwich
Barnstable
Barnstable Harbor
E. Brewster
Brewster
Orleans
Wareham
Agawam
Monument
E. Sandwich
N. Dennis
S. Orleans
Dennis
Yarmouth
Long Pond
Marion
Pocasset
Mashpee Pond
Newtown
Great Pond
S. Dennis
Harwich
Acushnet
S. Pocasset
Greenville
Hyannis
W. Dennis
N. Chatham
Chatham
Oxford
Mattapoisett
BIRD I.
Angelica Pt.
N. Falmouth
Long Pond
Ashumet Pond
Hyannis Port
Lewis B.
Osterville
Cotuit
S. Yarmouth
W. Harwich
Harwich Port
S. Harwich
S. Chatham
Old Stage Harbor
New Bedford
Fairhaven
RAM I.
W. Falmouth
Cotuit Harbor
Hyannis Harbor
Pt. Gammon
Westport
S. Dartmouth
WEST I.
Waquoit
Mashpee
MONOMOY
Dartmouth
New Bedford Harbor
Sconticut Pt.
E. Falmouth
BUZZARDS BAY
S. Westport
Falmouth
Woods Holl
Suconeset Headland
Monomoy Pt.
Westport Point
Mishaum Pt.
Nobsque Pt.
NANTUCKET SOUND
Gooseberry Neck
NONAMESSET I.
W. Chop
Vineyard Haven Har.
E. Chop
Cottage City
NAUSHON I.
Vineyard Haven
Edgartown Harbor
PASQUE I.
NASHAWENA I.
N. Tisbury
C. Poge
Cuttyhunk
CUTTYHUNK I.
Middletown
CHAPPAQUIDDICK I.
W. Tisbury
Edgartown
Great Point
VINEYARD SOUND
DUKES
Katama
Gay Head
Chilmark
Gay Head
MARTHA'S VINEYARD I.
MUSKEGET I.
NANTUCKET I.
NORFOLK
PLYMOUTH
BRISTOL
BARNSTABLE

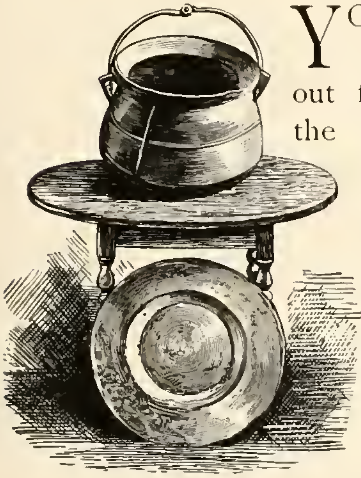
Struthers, Servoss & Co., Engs., N.Y.

CAPE COD—THE FIST OF MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAPTER IX

IN THE OLD COLONY

On the Fist of Massachusetts — The Real Landing of the Pilgrims — The Compact Tablet at Provincetown — Why They were Pilgrims — The First Civil Government in America — Over the Bay to Plymouth — The Faith Monument — The Pilgrims' Story on Pilgrim Land.



POT AND PLATTER OF MILES STANDISH, IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH.

YOU know where unwooded Wood End curves around into Long Point, and one finger-tip pokes out from the doubled fist of Massachusetts; where the blue water, white-capped and restless in the southwest wind, calms itself in the comparative smoothness of that remarkable and almost circular harbor of Provincetown — that odd, old city of the whalers and fisherfolk thrown like a long-stretched ribbon at the foot of the green-crested sand-hills that are the very knuckles of the fist of Cape Cod?

Well, rounding that finger-tip and into the hollow of the clenched fist the *Mayflower* scudded for shelter one November day of 1620; and around that same finger-tip, in a stiff southwester and a stanch but creaking old steamer, Uncle Tom and his "pilgrims" sailed the course of the *Mayflower*. From the end of the long and narrow wharf they walked up to the town, very near the identical spot, so Uncle Tom assured them, where the Pilgrim mothers went ashore for the first Monday wash-day in America, and, while thus laying the foundation of home life in New England, really, so Uncle Tom added, made at Provincetown the first landing of the Pilgrims.

"I don't see how you can say that," said Bert, as the steamer warped about the end of the long pier. "They did n't settle here."

PROVINCETOWN,

"I know that," said Uncle Tom; "but it was largely because of the Pilgrim mothers that the Pilgrim fathers landed at all on the bleak New England coast. They were away out of their intended track, anyhow, for they had sailed across the sea to make a home either in Virginia or near the Hudson. But when, driven into this harbor of refuge, they determined to explore the land along Cape Cod, and, if possible, make a settlement in these parts, they were urged to that decision largely because there were women and children on board the *Mayflower*. If men alone had been in the *Mayflower* expedition, they probably would have hunted up a more congenial climate, or sailed back to England — as was often the case with these early explorers. But because of the women and children, weakened and wearied by the long sea voyage, they simply had to stay, and so we had on the Massachusetts sands our historic landing of the Pilgrims."

"But I don't see how that makes the landing of the washerwomen here in Provincetown the real landing of the Pilgrims," persisted Bert, as, turning into the quaint old town from the long, narrow, wind-swept wharf, they walked its one main street.

"Because, don't you see, Bert," Uncle Tom explained, "it was really the beginning of English domestic life in America. It made the expedition of the *Mayflower* something more than a voyage of discovery and exploration; it was a real 'home-hunt'; and the first New England 'wash-day' on this sandy beach really showed the determination of the women to stay and 'settle down.' It was the introduction of family life into the new land and the new home to which they had come, and for the better protection of which forty-one resolute men over yonder in mid-harbor, and in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, had drawn up and signed the famous compact — the first

FROM THE HARBOR.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ISAAC RICH.

step toward that Declaration of Independence that made the United States of America."

"How do you make that out?" said Jack. "What was it all about?"

They made their way along the plank walk on Provincetown's one street to where, in front of the town hall, stood the square stone tablet that commemorates that very compact — "erected by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," as the inscription informed them.

"That famous compact," Uncle Tom declared, as Bert concluded his reading of the inscription, "was really making a virtue of necessity. The Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* —"

"Who called them that first, Uncle Tom?" Marian inquired.

"One of their own company, my dear," her uncle replied — "a famous man who wrote a famous diary."

"William Bradford was his name, was n't it, Uncle Tom?" said Roger. "I 've seen his diary — the real thing. They call it the Bradford manuscript now. It is in the library of the new State-house in Boston."

"That 's the man and the manuscript," Uncle Tom assented, "and in that, when the emigrants were ready to leave their temporary home in Holland, Bradford declared that 'they were pilgrims, who looked not on the pleasant things about them, but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and so quieted their spirits.'"

"What had they been called before that time?" Christine asked.

"'Separatists,' my dear," Uncle Tom replied, "because, you see, they had separated themselves from the established English Church; and 'Puritans' because they believed that the English Church should be purified of certain beliefs and superstitions. But the Pilgrims, you see, were just that little lot of 'come-outers' from England who first made a pilgrimage for peace to Holland, and, later, a pilgrimage for a home across the sea to America. They came, as you know, in the *Mayflower* — sailing after many break-downs, back-downs, and discouragements — to make a settlement in what was described as the northern parts of Virginia —"

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

WE, WHOSE NAMES ARE UNDERWRITTEN, THE LOYAL SUBJECTS OF OUR DREAD SOVEREIGN LORD KING JAMES, BY THE GRACE OF GOD OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, KING, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, ETC, HAVING UNDERTAKEN FOR THE GLORY OF GOD AND ADVANCEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH AND THE HONOR OF OUR KING AND COUNTRY, A VOYAGE TO PLANT THE FIRST COLONY IN THE NORTHERN PARTS OF VIRGINIA, DO BY THESE PRESENTS SOLEMNLY AND MUTUALLY, IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD, AND ONE ANOTHER, COVENANT AND COMBINE OURSELVES TOGETHER INTO A CIVIL BODY POLITIC, FOR OUR BETTER ORDERING AND PRESERVATION AND FURTHERANCE OF THE ENDS AFORESAID; AND BY VIRTUE HEREOF DO ENACT, CONSTITUTE, AND FRAME SUCH JUST AND EQUAL LAWS, ORDINANCES, ACTS, CONSTITUTIONS, AND OFFICERS FROM TIME TO TIME AS SHALL BE THOUGHT MOST MEET AND CONVENIENT FOR THE GENERAL GOOD OF THE COLONY; UNTO WHICH WE PROMISE ALL DUE SUBMISSION AND OBEDIENCE. IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE HAVE HEREUNTO SUBSCRIBED OUR NAMES AT CAPE COD, THE 11TH OF NOVEMBER, IN THE YEAR OF THE REIGN OF OUR SOVEREIGN LORD KIND JAMES OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, THE EIGHTEENTH, AND OF SCOTLAND THE FIFTY-FOURTH, ANNO DOMINI, 1620.

MR. JOHN CARVER
WILLIAM BRADFORD
MR. EDWARD WINSLOW
MR. WILLIAM BREWSTER
MR. ISAAC ALLERTON
CAPT. MILES STANDISH
JOHN ALDEN
MR. SAMUEL FULLER
MR. CHRISTOPHER MARTIN
MR. WILLIAM MULLINS
MR. WILLIAM WHITE
MR. RICHARD WARREN
JOHN HOWLAND
MR. STEPHEN HOPKINS
EDWARD TILLY
JOHN TILLY
FRANCIS COOKE
THOMAS ROGERS
THOMAS TINKER
JOHN RIDGDALE
EDWARD FULLER
JOHN TURNER
FRANCIS EATON
JAMES CHILTON
JOHN CRACKSTON
JOHN BILLINGTON
MOSES FLETCHER
JOHN GOODMAN
DEGORY PRIEST
THOMAS WILLIAMS
GILBERT WINSLOW
EDMUND MARGESON
PETER BROWN
RICHARD BRITTERIDGE
GEORGE SOULE
RICHARD CLARKE
RICHARD GARDINER
JOHN ALLERTON
THOMAS ENGLISH
EDWARD DOTEY
EDWARD LEISTER

THE "MAYFLOWER" COMPACT.

From the memorial tablet at Provincetown.

"Not here, then," said Jack.

"No, indeed," replied Uncle Tom; "it was to be somewhere in the Virginia Colony, north of the Jamestown settlement — not too near, because of religious differences, nor too far off, because of possible need for help in defense. They doubtless had in view some section of that far-reaching and fertile region lost and won by other settlers whose story we learned in connection with the strife over Plowden's Patent."

"What did they come here for, then?" demanded Jack, looking up the cross-streets to the high sand-hills that rampart sea-bordering Provincetown, and involuntarily contrasting the sand-swept waste with the fertile fields of Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania.

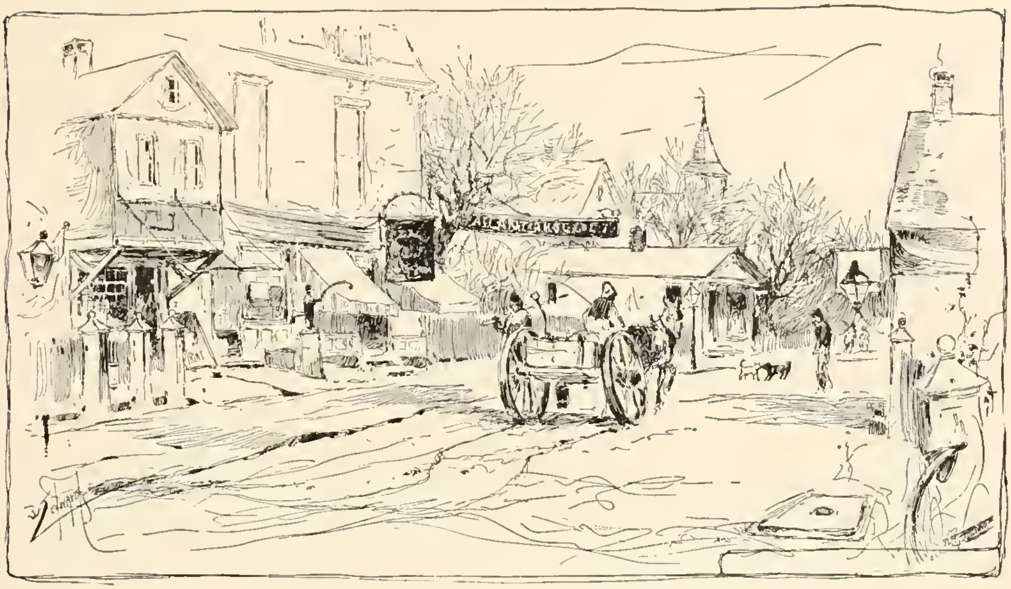
"Hobson's choice, dear boy," replied his uncle. "It was the only place they found to land, and here they landed. Storm-tossed and wind-driven, the crazy, strained, and creaking *Mayflower*, which would have foundered in mid-ocean if it had not been held together by a big Dutch screw (which one of the passengers had brought along, like Mrs. Toodles in the play, 'because it might be handy to have in the house'), struck Cape Cod instead of the capes of Virginia, and would go no farther."

THIS MEMORIAL STONE IS ERECTED BY THE
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
TO COMMEMORATE THE COMPACT OR
CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT, SIGNED
BY THE PILGRIMS, ON BOARD THE
MAYFLOWER IN PROVINCETOWN HARBOR,
NOVEMBER 11TH 1620, OLD STYLE.

THE MEMORIAL TABLET AT PROVINCETOWN.

"Had they a right to land here?" queried Bert, thinking of all the conflicting grants and charters of those old days of claims and counter-claims.

"No, they had not, really," Uncle Tom replied; "but the ship's captain



COMMERCIAL STREET, PROVINCETOWN.

simply would not go to the South. The *Mayflower*, he declared, could not be trusted for the Virginia voyage, and he would not risk the trip."

"So it was Cape Cod or nothing, eh?" said Jack. "Well, that was Hobson's choice for a fact."

"When the captain said that," Uncle Tom continued, "troubles commenced. For, you see, the *Mayflower's* passengers were not all Pilgrims. The London merchants who backed up the venture — for it was a business venture, after all — had run in a lot of men on the free list as a speculation. Well, when these fellows found that, instead of being landed in Virginia, they were to be put ashore on this sand-spit, they declared their contract with the London merchants was broken, and that as soon as they had landed they were freemen, with as much right to run things as the Pilgrim leaders themselves. They even began to plot for a mutiny to seize the ship and assume control."

"That was pleasant," said Roger.

"Had they the right to break their agreement?" asked Bert.

"Technically, perhaps they had," Uncle Tom replied; "for, you see, they were not landed where they had signed to go. But in a new country or desert land, man is apt to be a law unto himself, from the children of Israel to the vigilantes of San Francisco. So the leaders of the Pilgrims,— men of strength, determination, and will,— on the very day that the *Mayflower* rounded Long Point, where the lighthouse stands, and dropped anchor in Provincetown harbor, gathered in the cabin, and drew up and signed one of the most remarkable papers in history; and this tablet commemorates it."

"That was the *Mayflower* compact, then," said Bert. "How was it one of the most remarkable of papers, Uncle Tom?"

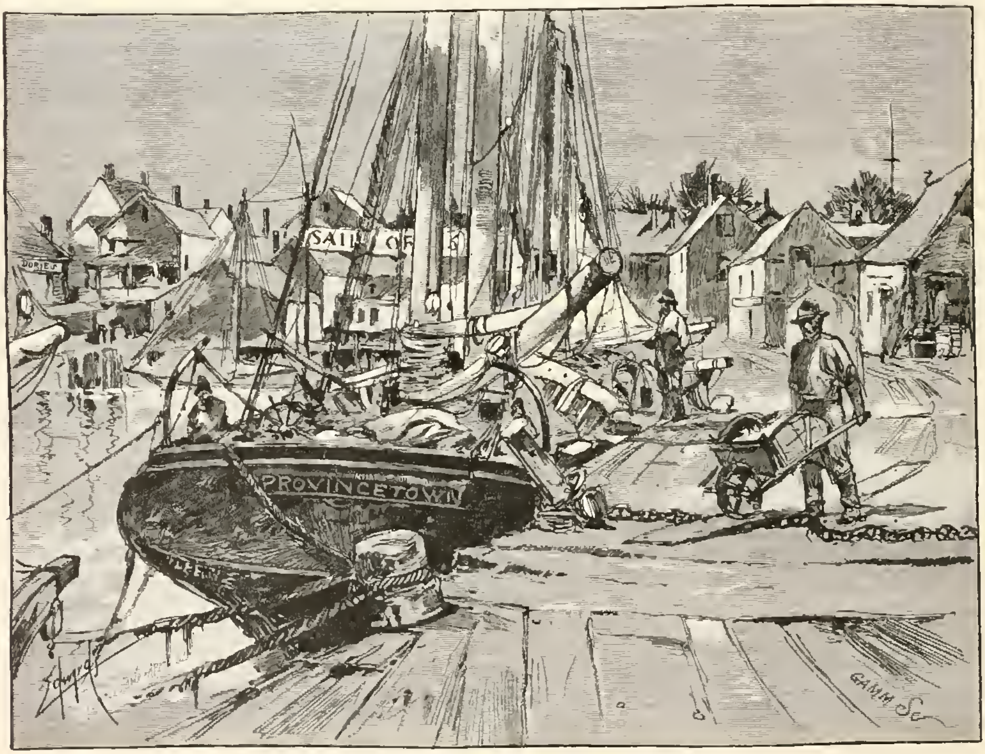
"Because, so far as we know, that compact was the first document establishing civil government by the act of the people, uniting for self-protection and self-government."

"How many people?" queried Roger.

"Forty-one of the one hundred and two Pilgrims," Uncle Tom replied.

"Not a two-thirds vote," Jack declared judicially. "It was n't parliamentary."

"But of those one hundred and two, Jack, twenty-nine were women and children, and even Priscilla Mullens and Mary Chilton, though they might influence John Alden's decision, had no voice or vote in the matter, you know."



CENTRAL WHARF, PROVINCETOWN.

"I don't see why," said Marian. "I 'm sure they had as much interest in what was done as he had, and you said, Uncle Tom, that the Pilgrims stayed here because of the women and children."

"Yes, to protect them, not to give them a vote," cried Jack.

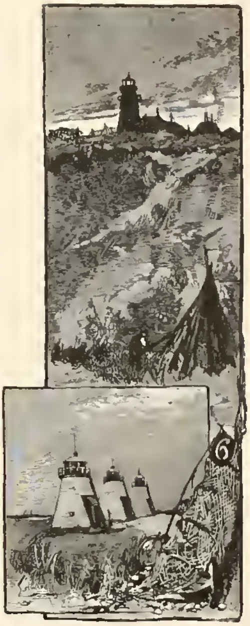
"But they had just as good a right to vote, did n't they, Uncle Tom?" persisted Marian. "Now, see here, Jack Dunlap, if—"

But Uncle Tom lifted a protesting hand.

"This is a history hunt, and not a suffrage debate, young folks," he said. "It was a question of right, and I don't believe a single Pilgrim mother thought for an instant of demanding a seat or a vote at that cabin table. The day for such things had not yet arrived, and the situation was serious. So the best and wisest of the leaders — men like Bradford and Brewster and Carver and Winslow and Miles Standish and John Alden — remembered the advice of their good pastor Robinson, whom they had left in Holland, and decided to unite in a civil government for self-protection. In the cabin of the *Mayflower* these forty-one men — thirty-four real Pilgrims, and seven servants or laborers, who could be trusted — signed the compact which historians claim to be the first written constitution in the world. Here, I slipped a copy of it into my pocket before we came from Boston, so that you could hear it on the very spot of its origin. Will you read it, Jack?"

"Oh, yes; do let 's hear it here!" exclaimed Christine.

"What 's the matter with the other side of the tablet?" Roger inquired. "It 's all there, too." And there they found it, to be sure.


HIGHLAND LIGHT AND NORTH TRURO.

So Jack, nothing loath, in the shadow of the town hall, beside the new Pilgrim memorial, read from the tablet in his most impressive manner that famous compact of the founders of New England.

"And then the women went ashore, I suppose, and had their wash-day," said Marian, as the reader concluded.

"No, not that day," Uncle Tom replied. "That was Saturday. The next day, because it was Sunday, they rested — another good New England custom, you see; and Monday, of course, was wash-day."

"Of course," Roger agreed.

"Meantime, the forty-one 'compacted' associates," continued Uncle Tom, "had elected John Carver governor of their 'colony,' and as their plans were changed, they set about hunting for a home."

"Here?" demanded Roger. "I thought they went straight to Plymouth."

"By no means, Roger," Uncle Tom replied. "They knew nothing about Plymouth. They were on the Cape — wooded then, as it is not now, and almost to the water's edge. So they spent the week repairing their shallop, or small boat, and exploring the Cape. We 'll do the best we can to follow their tracks hereabout."

They did so, afoot and on wheels, from Race Point to Highland Light, and Truro, and Pamet River. They located the anchorage of the *Mayflower*, and the site of what Jack called the "washing-bee"; they followed Miles Standish and his sixteen explorers into the woods and over the sand-hills and along the beaches; they noted where they first saw Indians and found Indian corn, and where Bradford was caught in an Indian deer-trap; where the bended arm of the Cape faded away in the mists of the distant elbow, they marked the roundabout course over which Miles Standish and his men, in the patched-up shallop, coasted Cape Cod, and, landing at Plymouth, decided that it was "a place very good for situation."

Then, having finished Provincetown and the "fist" of Cape Cod, even as the wandering Pilgrims had done, Uncle Tom and his tourists had a grand sail with Cap'n Nickerson (they are all Nickersons down on the Cape) over the Pilgrims' own course to Plymouth, and landed, as did they, very near the famous Rock, if not on it, going ashore to the comfortable and hospitable hotel, which Roger, following the Pilgrim itinerary, persisted in calling the Common House. But Uncle Tom assured him that the real, original Common House on Leyden Street, where the poor Pilgrims first "put up," after they had put it up, had little in common with the homelike hotel from which they made their explorations and pilgrimages about Plymouth, from the Rock to Pilgrim Hall and from the Faith Monument to Captain's Hill, above the Duxbury shore.

It was in the shadow of the Faith Monument that they gathered, one day, to take in the whole broad view over sea and shore that lay at their feet. And after Jack and Marian had duly reprimanded and dispersed the group of unresponsive small boys who only saw in the upraised finger of the great granite Faith a good far-away target for stones, Uncle Tom recounted briefly the well-known but variously told story of the Pilgrims of Plymouth.

"I have told you how the Pilgrims came to Plymouth, and why," Uncle Tom began, but Marian interrupted him.

"I don't intend to give up Mrs. Hemans's poem, Uncle Tom," she said. "'Freedom to worship God' sounds so grand, I think."

"So does

'The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,'"

Jack declared. "But where are the rocks? I ask you; and echo answers, 'Where?'"

"But you need n't give them all up," Uncle Tom replied, smiling. "Freedom of conscience and religion did drive the Pilgrims to America, and we certainly did see enough of a cliff at Manomet to make it a 'rock-bound coast.' I only wished to assure you that this part of the Pilgrim story has received undue importance, largely because of Mrs. Hemans's stirring lines. The Separatist emigration to Holland was indeed for freedom to worship God. The Pilgrims found there in that land of dikes and ditches the freedom they sought; but they found also that they had to work so hard there that some of them declared that life in King James's prisons was preferable to this sort of liberty. They found, too, that their sons and daughters were becoming Dutch by association, marriage, and occupation; they feared they would become Dutch in speech and manners as well, and, next to being good Christians, those Pilgrims desired most to be good Englishmen. So, when they made up their minds to come to the new land across the sea, it was to settle an English colony under English laws."

"CAP'N NICKERSON."

"Then that is why the compact on the tablet at Provincetown is so English and loyal," said Bert.

"But I thought King James had treated them just horridly," said Christine.

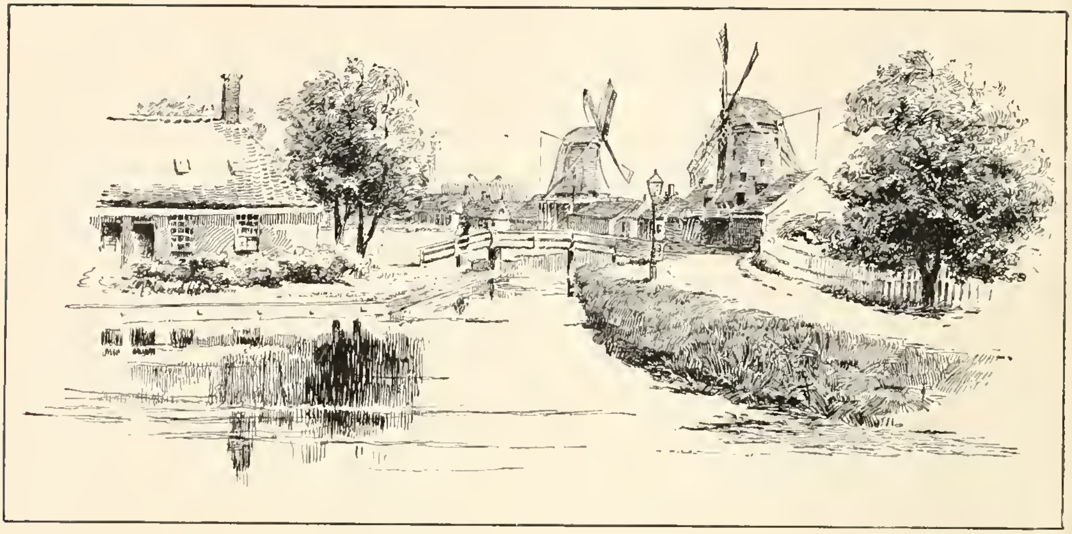
"He had, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "You remember what he said when the Separatists would n't go to his church: 'In my kingdom I will have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion, and I will make you conform, or I will harry you out of this land, or worse.'"

"Nice, pleasant sort of a party he was," said Jack.

"Stubborn as a Stuart, Jack," Uncle Tom replied. "That stubbornness finally lost the Stuarts the crown of England, you know. Well, he did harry the Separatists out of the land. They became pilgrims, went to Holland, stayed there twelve years, grew discouraged with their outlook, decided to move to Virginia, and made application to King James for permission to come to America."

"It 's a wonder he did n't object to that," said Jack.

"He did object to their request for an assurance that they should not



A GLIMPSE OF HOLLAND.

be molested in America because of their religion," Uncle Tom replied. "'They 'll be trying to set up a free, popular state there,' said King James, 'and that I won't have.'"

"But they did," cried Roger, gleefully.

"And their sons and grandsons got the best of 'Scotch Jimmie's' chappies, did n't they, though?" exclaimed Jack, a bit irreverently.

"That was the logic of events and the path of progress, boys," replied Uncle Tom. "Neither the Stuarts nor the Georges, any more than King Canute the Dane, could hold back the restless tide of liberty."

"But why did King James say yes at last?" queried Marian.

"Well, he said they 'd be out of England, anyway, and that was what he most desired," Uncle Tom replied; "and so he permitted the Englishmen in Holland to become Englishmen in America, if they were willing to risk it and behaved peaceably. They had not money enough for the enterprise, however, so they got a London syndicate to back them up, and bound themselves to work the new lands in partnership with this syndicate for seven years. As you know, they had discouragements galore from the day they left Holland, and instead of reaching Virginia in the early fall with two ships and plenty of material, they reached Cape Cod and Plymouth in midwinter with but one crazy, uncomfortable little vessel; but they were still firm of purpose, so they drew closer together in comradeship and determination, and finally landed here on the beach at Plymouth."

"Not on the Rock, Uncle Tom?" Christine inquired.

"It is unsafe to throw doubt upon that time-honored story," Uncle Tom declared. "It has been accepted as fact ever since old Elder Faunce, in 1741, wept over the stone, an old man of ninety-five, and publicly declared that the Pilgrims landed on that very stone."

"Oh, did he?" cried Marian.

"That ought to settle it," Roger declared.

But Bert had made a mathematical calculation.

SITE OF WATCH-HOUSE, PLYMOUTH.
On Burial Hill.

"Ninety-five? Then he was born in 1646, and that 's twenty-six years after the Pilgrims landed. The elder was n't one of them," he said.

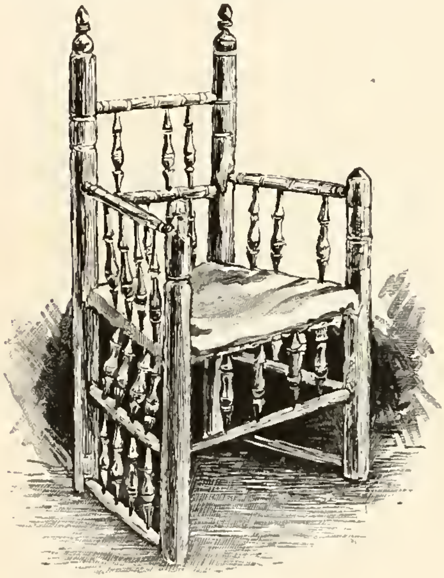
"He had the story direct from his own father, who had been shown the Rock by the original Pilgrims," Uncle Tom explained. "The records make no mention of a rock; but they would n't be likely to enter quite so minutely into details. We know, however, that the *Mayflower* lay yonder in the harbor, while the men went ashore and built what they called the Common House. Then, as fast as the passengers could be assigned quarters in the Common House, the Pilgrims were rowed ashore, a family or a mixed boat-load at a time, and went to housekeeping in the Common House. So, you see, the real landing at Plymouth was not all at once, nor on the same day, but through several days, and as each family or boat-load could be provided for."

"But could n't they land on the Rock?" persisted Marian.

"They could; perhaps some of them did," Uncle Tom replied. "It was the only rock on that sandy beach, and it was probably covered at high tide; but still, a boat-load now and then may have landed there."

The sentimentalists of the party did n't really like this negative assurance, but the canopied Rock was there below them on the beach, and it would be accepted as the real thing, they knew, in spite of all the iconoclasts, and, as Christine said, "I 'm just going to believe it, anyhow," and so she did.

Uncle Tom told his young people the rest of the plucky but tragic story of the Pilgrims. He told them how, in the deserted "plantations" of the Indians, who had been swept out of southeastern Massachusetts by the grip or some such epidemic, the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* began to make a settlement; of the fort they built for Captain Standish on Burial Hill — the first story a "meeting-house," the second story a battery of six guns; of the half-dozen little log huts that went up on either side of Leyden Street; of the first New England winter, with pneumonia and hasty consumption laying low the unacclimated, sea-worn Pilgrims of the *Mayflower*; of the sad but persistent endeavors of the fifty-two survivors; of the gradual establishment and slow but steady growth of the colony, until, from Plymouth Rock to Scituate and Taunton, the struggling Pilgrim settlement grew within a dozen years into a province of eight towns and three thousand inhabitants, with "outlanders" running feelers of colonization westward into the Connecticut valley and northward toward Boston.



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR.
In Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth.

"But how did they fix it up so as to get permission to settle here instead of in Virginia?" asked Bert.

"The compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower* was the first step," Uncle Tom replied. "That made an independent but united company of them. Then, when the *Mayflower* returned to England in April, 1621, they sent an explanation and an application for a change of grant; this was finally arranged by the syndicate that had originally sent them out, and the partnership with the syndicate for fishing and farming continued until 1626, when the leading men of the colony bought out the syndicate and became the

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

'freemen' of Plymouth, governing themselves under the compact signed in the *Mayflower*."

"And that is where they lived and died and grew strong," said Christine. "Does n't it seem strange and sad and glorious as we stand here and think of all that happened here between the time that the Pilgrims landed on the Rock — the Rock, mind you, Uncle Tom — and the day their descendants put up this great monument on the hill?"

They turned again to the towering memorial surmounted by the mighty Faith, and read once more the inscription on the main pedestal:

> "NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE FOREFATHERS,
> Erected by a grateful people in remembrance of their labors,
> sacrifices, and sufferings for the cause of civil and religious liberty."

"How they must have suffered and sacrificed!" mused Christine. "And yet, just think of their standing on this hilltop and watching the *Mayflower* sail home to England, leaving them behind! That must have been hardest of all, seems to me. And yet, how brave they were! How is it Longfellow tells it?

> 'Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
> O strong hearts and true! Not one went back in the *Mayflower!*
> No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this plowing!'"

PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH.

Filled with Pilgrim relics.

"You are right, my dear; it was a brave act," Uncle Tom assented; "braver, indeed, than the coming was the staying in this desolate land and lone. But those that stayed wrought a mighty work. For they conquered adversity and achieved success. They inspired faith and effort in their brothers across the sea, who finally followed them to set up homes in this New World; and then, in very truth, did they make immortal that famous Rock on the beach yonder — a pilgrim itself, as I have told you, torn and drifted from parent glacier. For, as Longfellow says in the poem from which Christine quoted:

> 'In haste they went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
> Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a door-step
> Into a world unknown — the corner-stone of a nation!'"

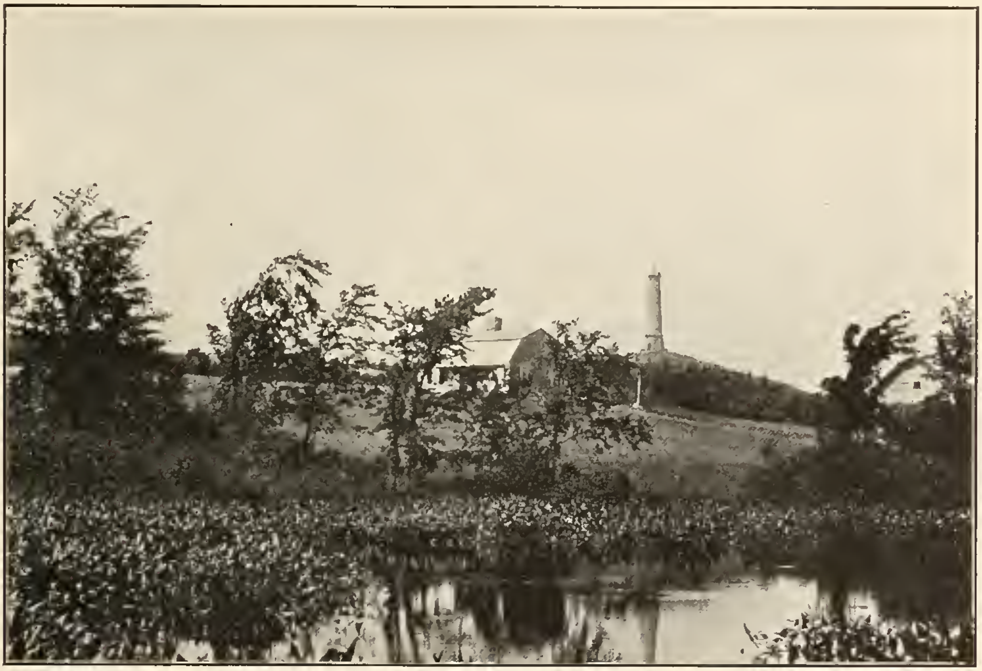
"That 's so, Uncle Tom," said Jack, looking down to the shore and off toward the Gurnet and its guiding lighthouse. "I guess it was a corner-stone. But what 's the good of a corner-stone unless you keep on building? You may quote your Longfellow love-story here on the Pilgrims' hill, but, as for me, give me Lowell every time:

> 'New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth:

> Lo, before us gleam the camp-fires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
> Launch our *Mayflower* and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
> Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.'"

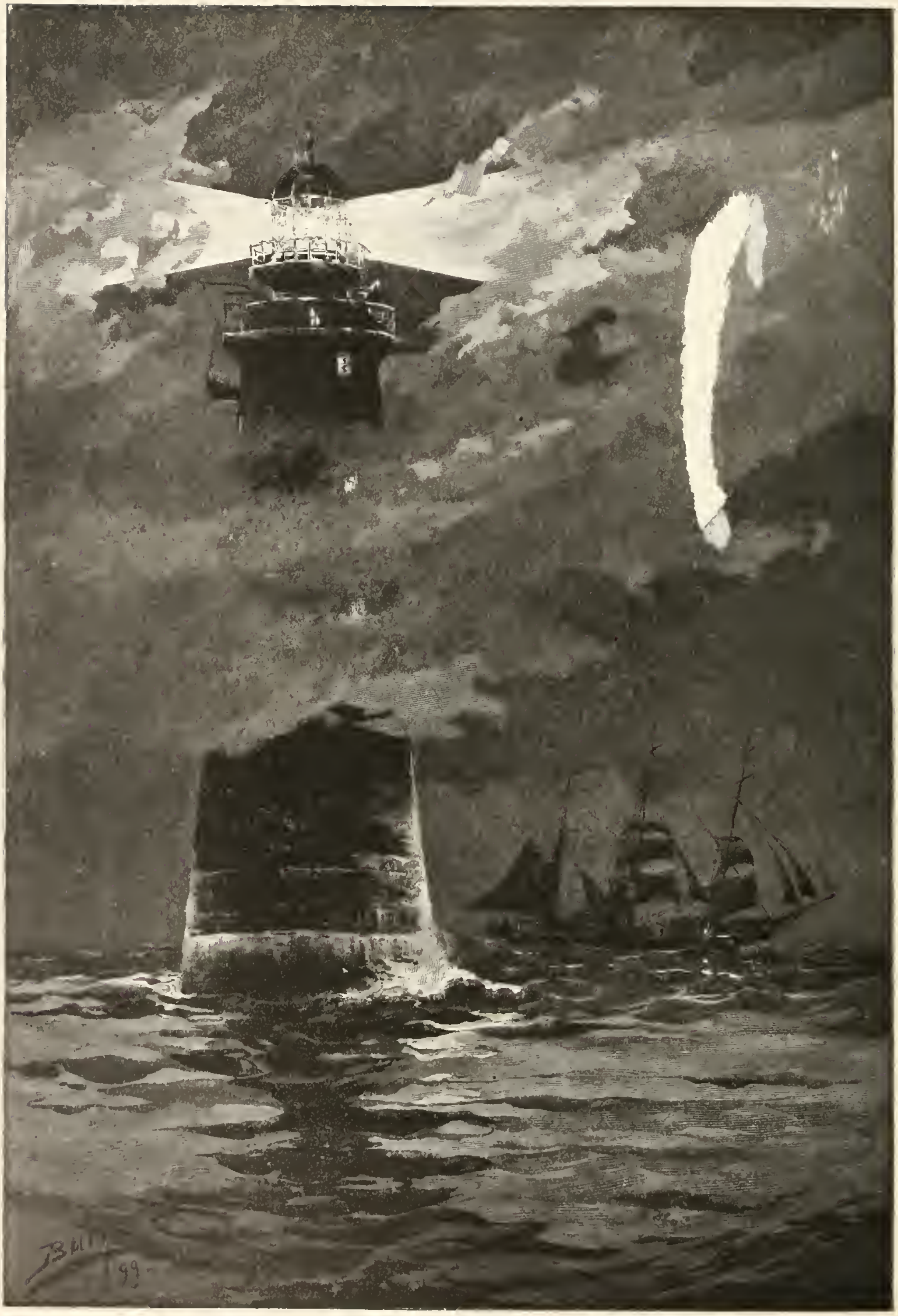
"True enough," said Uncle Tom, who dearly loved to get his young people to quoting and observing; "but remember then it was 'new occasions' and 'new duties' to which the Pilgrims awoke here in Plymouth, just as much as do we, their descendants, to-day. To each age come new requirements and new problems, but the demand is the same: to decide, to act, to do!"

Then, with their faces toward the morning, and with Lowell's inspiring words filling their young hearts, Uncle Tom's five "investigators," in the shadow of that mighty granite Faith, walked down to the Pilgrims' town and steamed northward to the home of the Puritans.



CAPTAIN'S HILL, DUXBURY.

Showing the Standish Monument.



IN THE TRACK OF THE GREAT EMIGRATION.

Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, Boston harbor.

CHAPTER X

WITH THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANIONS OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY

In the Shadow of the Gilded Dome — From Salem to Spring Lane — Governor John Winthrop — The Great Emigration — A Puritan Aristocracy — Intolerance and Witchcraft — Up and Down the Bay State — "The Past is Secure" — The Massachusetts Spirit.

PINE-TREE SHILLING.

AGAINST the gray granite background of the "subway station" in Scollay Square rose the dull bronze statue of a calm-faced man in Elizabethan ruff and Puritan costume — a roll of parchment in one hand, a Bible in the other.

Uncle Tom halted before it, and Bert, as usual, read the inscription aloud:

"'JOHN WINTHROP,
The Founder of Boston.'"

"And father of New England," added Uncle Tom.

"The father of New England, was he?" said Jack, critically. "How do you make that out? Where do Bradford and Brewster and Standish and the rest of the Pilgrims come in?"

"They come in as a part of New England's story, Jack, as makers and founders, if you will," Uncle Tom replied; "but John Winthrop was the man who inspired, inaugurated, organized, and directed the great movement that settled New England. His energy overcame all obstacles; his faith strengthened the doubters and made brave the timid; his wisdom guided, his patience guarded, his courage gave heart and purpose; and from the day of the organization, in August, 1628, in the university town of the English Cambridge, of the 'Governor and Companions of the Massachusetts Bay Company,' until his death in 1649, in the Boston he had founded, John

Winthrop, as governor, magistrate, and soldier, laid the strong foundation of this noble and famous Old Bay State — the commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Jack lifted his hat as to a great man, and they all looked again with more interest upon the quaint but impressive face of Greenough's statue of the great governor, while even Roger admitted that he did n't know that Governor Winthrop was as much of a man as all that.

STATUE OF JOHN WINTHROP, SCOLLAY SQUARE, BOSTON.

"He has been aptly and justly called the Washington of colonization," Uncle Tom informed them. "One student of his life-work, indeed, declares him worthy to stand as a parallel to Washington."

"That 's saying a good deal," Bert decided critically.

"But pretty close to the truth, Bert," Uncle Tom responded. "I can't tell you his whole story here; but it is not too much to say that he made New England possible, while no finer character than Governor John Winthrop appears in all colonial history. He was tolerant when intolerance was the rule; bold of speech when men were wont to curb their tongues; and as the organizer and leader of the Great Emigration, he planted a colony that grew into a mighty commonwealth and left a name high placed among the historic names of America."

"What was this Great Emigration, as you call it?" queried Marian.

"Sounds something like Castle Garden and the steerage," said Jack.

"Because of it, Jack, came, in time, Castle Garden, the steerage passengers, and the never-slacking current of immigration and absorption," Uncle Tom replied. "But that first movement over the sea was an emigration made up alike of high and low, rich and poor; and when Winthrop's emigrant fleet of fifteen vessels steered past the deadly rocks now crowned with Minot's Ledge Light, and disembarked its thousand emigrants on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, the blundering Charles, King of England, and his obstinate adviser Laud, little knew that they had set aflame a new fire of freedom that was to burn on Massachusetts shores until its light grew into the grander illumination of American liberty and American union."

"Yes, sir; but what was it?" persisted Bert.

Uncle Tom laughed.

"You 're a great fellow for what they call a categorical answer, are n't you, Bert?" he said. "Well, the Great Emigration, as it is called, was the departure westward of thousands of discontented and persecuted Puritans — nonconformists, they were styled, because they would not conform to King Charles's narrow religious laws, which the intolerant Archbishop Laud insisted on demanding. The king interfered alike in the business and the religion of the Puritans, and in 1630 great numbers of them began to leave England, and followed the lead of John Winthrop across the sea to New England. In that year alone more than a thousand colonists came to these parts, and, settling first in Boston, founded the towns hereabout."

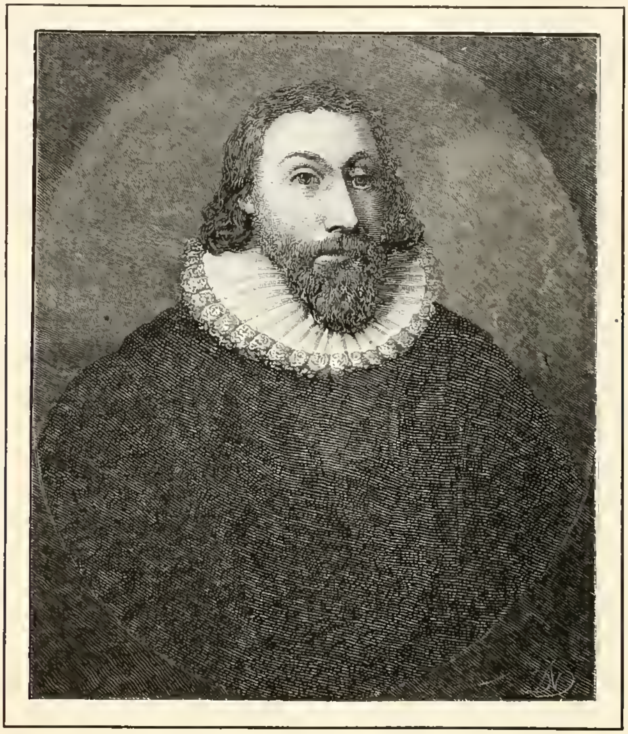
"Where did Winthrop land?" Marian asked.

"He came first with an advance fleet of four vessels," Uncle Tom replied, "and anchored just off Baker Island, at the mouth of Salem harbor. But Winthrop took a boat, and, going up the river, landed near what is now the head of the long bridge that spans the river between Salem and Beverly."

"What did he go up to Salem for?" inquired Roger, as the tourists walked on toward Faneuil Hall.

"To call on the witches, no doubt," said Jack.

"Because," replied Uncle Tom, ignoring Jack's suggestion, "an English syndicate, known as the Dorchester Fishing Company, had planted weak little settlements at Salem and on Cape Ann, and Winthrop went up to confer with gruff John Endicott, who was the head man at Salem, while the emigrants of his fleet went ashore, and, at Manchester by the sea, feasted on wild strawberries to their hearts' content—for it was June and strawberry-time."


GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP.

"But if Endicott was there first," said Bert, "why don't you call him the leader and first settler rather than Winthrop?"

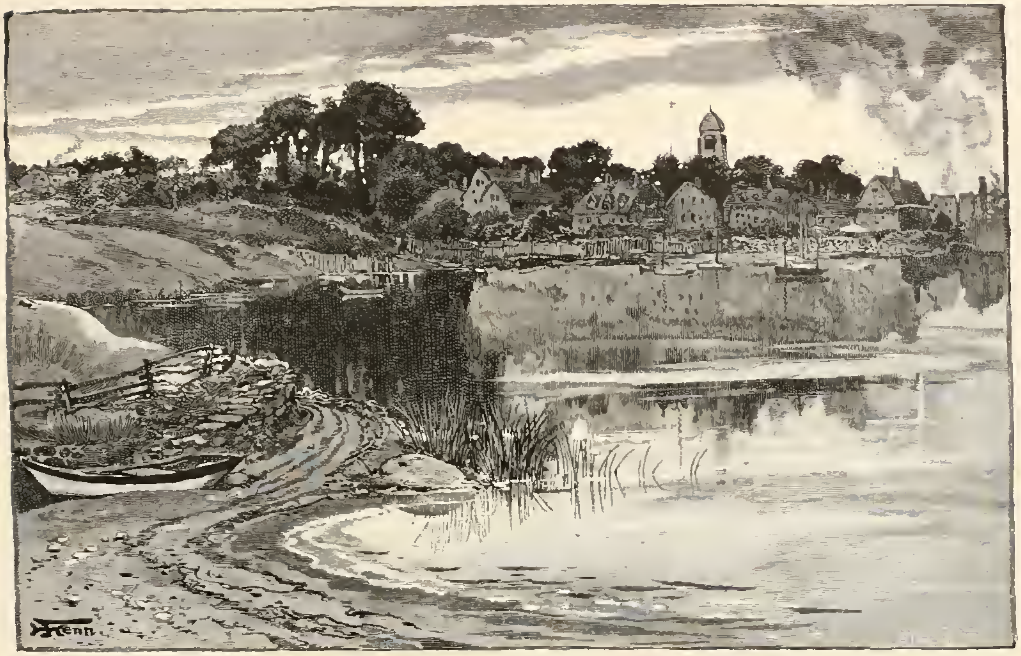
"Because the peopling of New England was not his idea," Uncle Tom replied. "He was merely one of the Dorchester Fishing Company—a forerunner, perhaps, like Blackstone and other first settlers, but not filled with a great purpose, as was Winthrop, the real father of Massachusetts."

"Then from Salem they came down here to Boston, I suppose," said Bert.

"They landed and settled first at Charlestown —" Uncle Tom began.

"But that 's Boston now, sir," Roger broke in.

"Modern — all very, very modern — that union is, Roger!" exclaimed



HEAD OF SALEM HARBOR.

Uncle Tom. "Charlestown was not joined to Boston until 1872, and for over two hundred and forty years it was a good deal of a town on its own hook. There, across the river, Winthrop and his emigrants landed in Charlestown, and, just back of what is City Square in Charlestown, settled in booths, tents, and huts put up for them alongside the 'great house' built for the governor on the site of what is now the Public Library building. But the water in Charlestown was bad; many of the settlers fell sick and died, others went off to outlying settlements, as far as Dorchester and Cambridge, and when Blackstone, the hermit of Beacon Hill, came over and invited Winthrop to cross the river and settle at the foot of Beacon Hill, where there was a good spring of water, the town moved across the river, bag and baggage, and Boston was settled. That was in September, 1630."

"And that 's why that little English-looking alleyway on the upper side of the big Winthrop Building is called Spring Lane," said Roger.

"Yes; and Governor Winthrop's house stood there, his 'green' extending from Spring Lane to Milk Street, where the Old South Church now stands," Uncle Tom explained. "His first house, however, was built on the spot where now stands the fine Exchange Building on State Street."

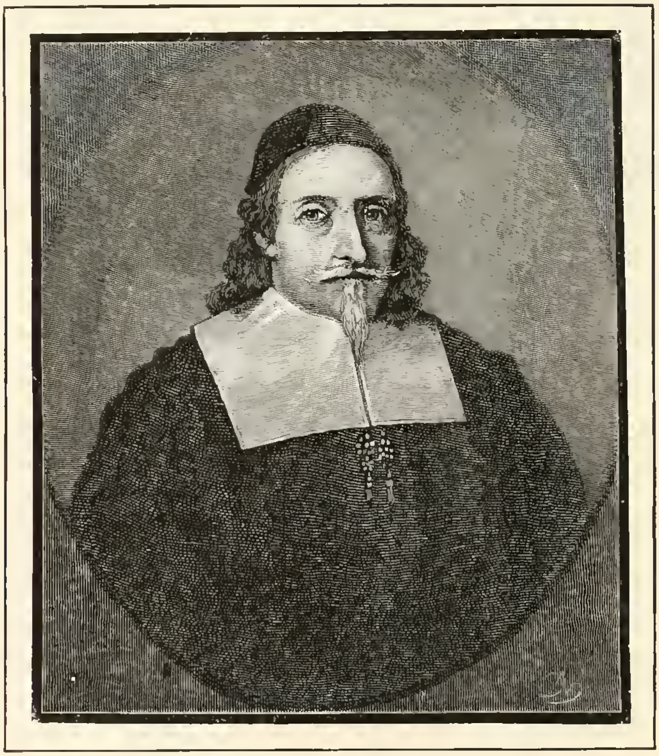
They turned from Cornhill into Washington Street, and stood beside the old State-house, dwarfed by the surrounding "sky-scrapers," but greatest of all because associated with so much of the story of the Old Bay State.

"Then, if I understand you," said Bert, "it was about in this spot that Boston first began to build."

"This was about the center of the town's early life," Uncle Tom replied. "The original Bostonians, after coming across from Charlestown in the fall of 1630, settled here in the region now included between Hanover Street on the south and Milk and Bromfield streets on the north. Tremont Street seems to have been one limit, and the water, beyond the spot where Faneuil Hall now stands, was the other."

"Then that would just about make the old State-house the center of the town, would n't it?" said Roger.

"Always the center, eh, Roger?" said Jack, slyly, "and right from the first go-off."



GOVERNOR JOHN ENDICOTT.

"Sure!" said the Boston boy. "You know what Holmes says in the 'Autocrat.'"

They all did, of course, but Christine got in her quotation first: "'Boston State-house is the hub of the solar system. You could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar.'"

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The old State-house, Boston, and the modern "sky-scrapers" around it.

"But he did n't mean this State-house, did he, Uncle Tom?" said literal Marian.

"Of course we know that," Roger hastened to explain; "he meant the new State-house on Beacon Hill. But don't you see how his truth runs away back? This was the old State-house; it was the center of colonial Boston; colonial Boston led the land to liberty; ergo —"

"You need say no more, my son," said Jack, as Roger swept his hands about conclusively. "That settles it. You did it all. The other colonies simply were n't in it."

"Oh, I don't say that," Roger began. "Of course, the other colonies helped a lot in getting ready for liberty and union, but I do say — "

"You do say, Roger, I know," politic Uncle Tom put in, "that without one colony the others would have been of precious little value; that each played its part in the grand order of progress until it all culminated in *e pluribus unum* — 'out of many, one.'"

"That 's so, sir," Roger admitted manfully. "It is n't really what I started out to say, but it 's what I should have said. I guess we all had a hand in the combination."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MRS. G. H. WARNER OF WASHINGTON

OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE, ANNISQUAM, NEAR GLOUCESTER.

"But that Great Emigration you talk about did n't all settle right down here in Boston, did it?" Bert inquired.

"By no means," Uncle Tom replied. "Restlessness seems to have been ingrained in the Puritan nature, so far as the Bay Colony was concerned. No sooner had they landed than the colonists scattered themselves over the land. In fact, it was agreed that it was better and safer for them to 'plant dispersedly,' as they termed it."

"What 's the trouble? Were they afraid of one another?" queried Jack.

"Oh, no; but they were suspicious of France," Uncle Tom explained, "and rumors of French invasion led them to believe that it was safer to be scattered abroad than crowded into one section or town. So they went on exploring, and followed exploration with settlement. Watertown and Dorchester were started; Roxbury, Saugus, Lynn, Charlestown, and Cambridge sprang up; and when these Bay towns were fairly under way, then certain of these very settlers went farther afield. Salem, you know, had already been planted, even before Boston was begun; but, within ten years after Boston was settled, twenty thousand settlers had come into the

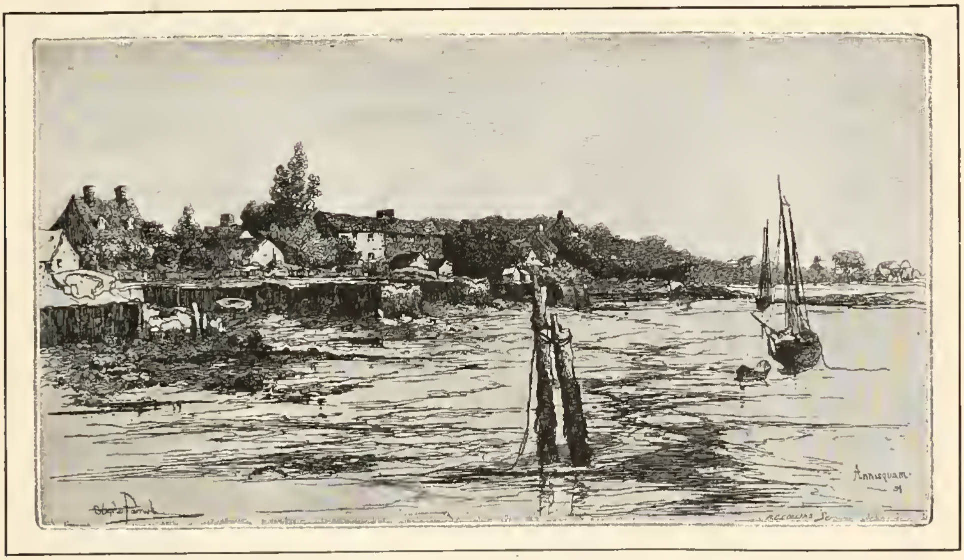
Bay Colony, and certain of them began feeling their way west, south, and north. The men of New Town (now Cambridge) went into Connecticut and founded Hartford and Windsor and Wethersfield. The governor's own son built a fort and trading-post at Saybrook, and from Roxbury in 1636 went William Pynchon, foremost of pioneers, blazing the Bay Path and settling Springfield and the fertile region of the Connecticut valley."

"Any relation to the 'House of Seven Gables' Pynchon?" demanded Jack.

"Hawthorne's Salem family?" queried Uncle Tom. "I guess not, Jack. They were fiction, and William Pynchon was noble and incarnate fact."

"But why did they go skipping off that way?" cried Bert. "If Boston was such a Paradise, as you say Governor Winthrop declared it to be, what sent them out of Paradise searching for new Edens?"

"Good policy, for one thing," Uncle Tom replied, "and, as I have told you, a desire for security. But one of the main causes was the religious autocracy that governed the colony in spite of Winthrop's restraining hand. This would allow no man to hold opinions differing from those of the Governor and Companions of Massachusetts Bay, and the ministers whom they supported and followed."



ON OLD CAPE ANN — PICTURESQUE ANNISQUAM.

"That was n't very liberal, was it?" exclaimed Marian.

"Was even good Governor Winthrop on that side?" asked Christine.

"He had to be, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "The Puritans of the Bay Colony had come over the sea to establish in Massachusetts a religious community of their chosen sort. The charter under which they possessed the land permitted them to rid the country of all obnoxious or objectionable people who were hostile to the peace of the colony. Any man or woman who differed from the accepted church teachings of the Puritans was, in their eyes, both obnoxious and objectionable. They were therefore to be got rid of, and Governor John Winthrop,—leader, guide, and governor as he was,—for policy's sake and the sake of peace, said to these people who differed from the colonists: 'Go! the world is wide; there is no place for you among us.'"

"And they left, did they?" said Jack.

"Yes," his uncle answered; "this restrictive policy sent many wise and noble men and women into what was practically exile, though it ended in colonization. It was this spirit of religious exclusiveness that sent Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson into the wilderness, that hurried William Pynchon to Springfield, and made the short administration of the brilliant boy governor, young Sir Harry Vane, a stormy and quarrelsome time. Baptists were 'harried,' Quakers were persecuted and martyred, and all dissenters were silenced or driven away. It was narrow; but it was the right of the colonists of the Bay, and it made them men who dared maintain what they believed to be their right."

"Even to hanging and pressing witches?" suggested Jack.

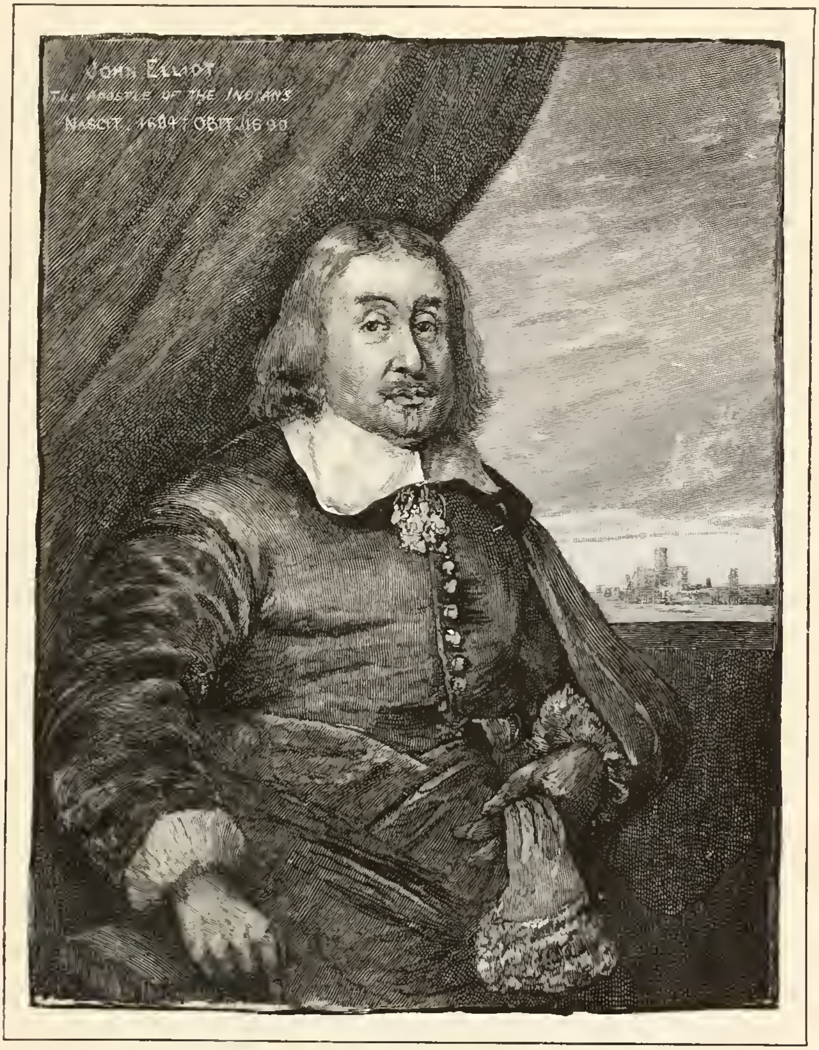
"I expected to hear of the Salem witchcraft before we got through with the Bay Colony," Uncle Tom replied. "It is n't a pleasant episode in the story of Massachusetts, but because of its horrors you must not at once call the Salem people hard names."

"How can you help doing so, Uncle Tom?" exclaimed Christine. "I think it was horrid!"

"But witchcraft was an old, old story long before Salem days, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "People believed in it all over the world. 'Ye shall not suffer a witch to live' was the old Bible injunction; and the story-telling and gossip of a parcel of silly girls, who had nothing better to do in a slow and stupid winter in a somber little shut-in town like Salem, grew into a fad, and then into an epidemic; the witchcraft craze, outgrowing the village of Salem, extended to Boston and other towns, and a persecution that was as tragic as it was stupid was the result. Salem does n't like to think of the witchcraft days, and yet Salem is better known throughout the land to-day because of its witchcraft spasm than because it was the home of Hawthorne, or the center of Massachusetts' growing commerce."

"It was a busy seaport at one time, was n't it?" Bert questioned.

"None more so," Uncle Tom replied. "Its sails were in every ocean, its sailors in far-separated ports. The forerunner of Boston, Salem, also became, in time, its commercial rival; it likewise claims to be the first Revolutionary protester; for at its old North Bridge, in February, 1775, was made what Salem folks claim to be the 'first armed resistance to royal authority.' I move we take a run down to look at the quaint old town."

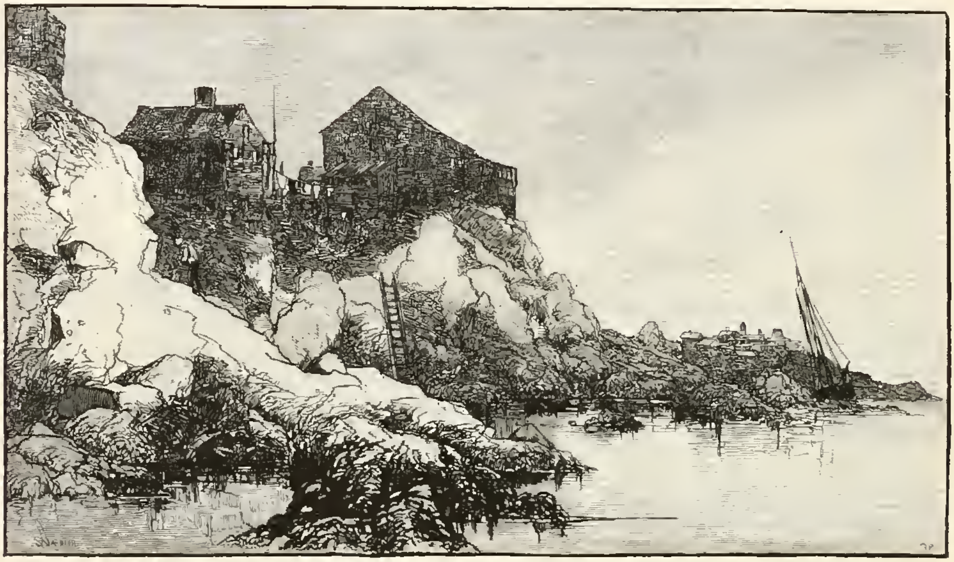


JOHN ELIOT.

By permission, from a portrait in possession of the family of the late William Whiting, Esq.

They all seconded the motion vociferously, and having finished the colonial survey of Boston and its beautiful suburbs, with which frequent pilgrimages had made them familiar, they went up the north shore on a hunt for colonial landmarks.

They found them in plenty. Lynn, Salem, Marblehead, Gloucester, Newburyport, with the adjacent country and the companion towns, possessed the double charm of natural beauty and colonial history, such as is to be found nowhere so notably as along the beautiful north shore of Massachusetts.



MARBLEHEAD, FROM THE HARBOR.

They traced the course of Winthrop's fleet from its anchorage off Baker Island and in Massachusetts Bay, where the floating jellyfish were taken by the new-comers to be masses of yellow flowers; they looked down upon the reef of Normans Woe from the cliffs of Magnolia, and recited "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*"; they investigated "Dogtown Common,"—the curious "deserted village" of colonial days,—at picturesque Annisquam; they climbed to the top of gruesome Gallows Hill in Hawthorne's haunted Salem, and hunted up, in Danvers, the ancient house in which bluff old General Israel Putnam was born; they saw in Salem the old church that Endicott, the "flag-cutter," built; they spent one delightful day at Longfellow's famous "Wayside Inn" at Sudbury; they followed, for a way, the Bay Path along which William Pynchon blazed the path to Springfield and the West; they heard again the tragedy of Deerfield, sad reminder of the border wave of the French domination of Canada, and in the broad main street of venerable Hadley heard once more the romantic story of the gray stranger who, "like an angel of the Lord," stayed the tide of Indian assault and saved the town from destruction.

In fact, they traversed the Old Bay State as time and Uncle Tom permitted, and when, once again, they stood by the shaft that lifts itself beside the new State-house, and marks the site of the beacon that gave the most famous of the three hills of Boston town its name, they felt that they had pretty thoroughly studied colonial Massachusetts.

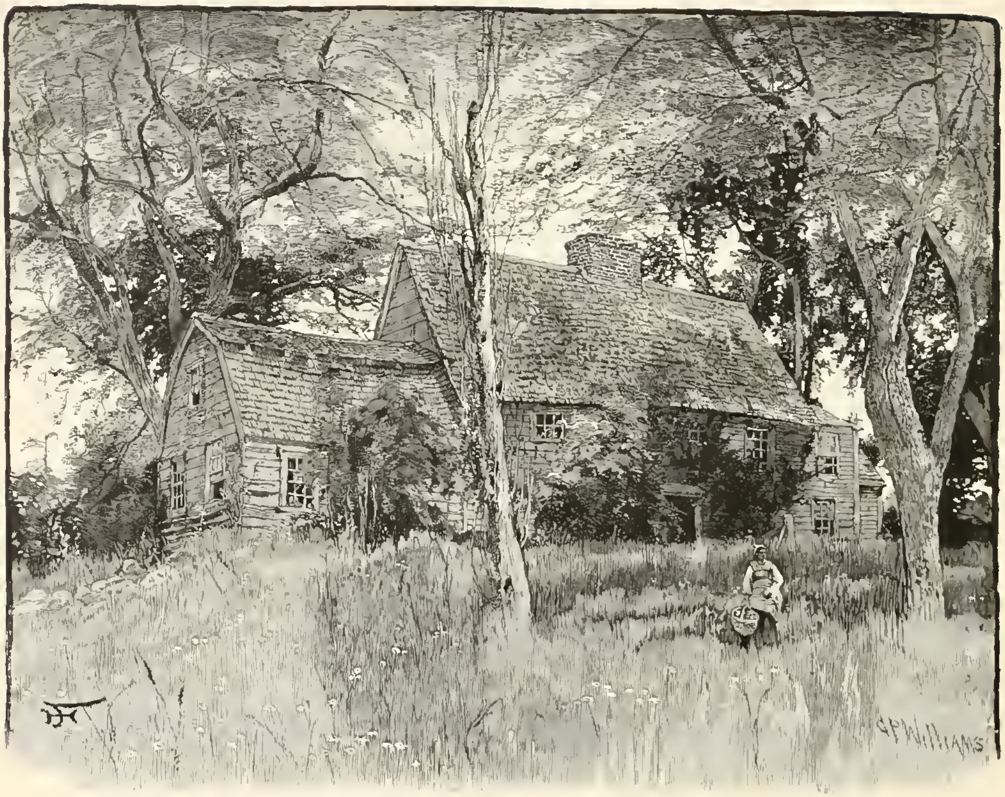
"'The past, at least, is secure,'" quoted Bert from Daniel Webster, as the thought of all that Massachusetts meant, and all that it had been to the world in effort, achievement, and progress, was forced upon him; and Jack, with a bow to Roger, spouted, as he so dearly loved to spout, there on the broad plaza of the extended State-house, and beside the graceful shaft of the Beacon, the glowing "Websterism" that Bert's words recalled:

> "'Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. There she is. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sirs, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit.'"

WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY.

Longfellow's "Wayside Inn." From a photograph made in October, 1899.

"Say! that 's great, is n't it?" cried Roger, with new-kindled enthusiasm; and Christine said: "It makes me think of something I read that Lowell wrote. He puts it into the mouth of Miles Standish, you remember, as the



THE FAIRBANKS HOUSE, DEDHAM.

Built by Jonathan Fairbanks in 1636.

ghost of the captain stood on what Lowell called the 'Mount of Prophesying' — I wonder if it was Beacon Hill:

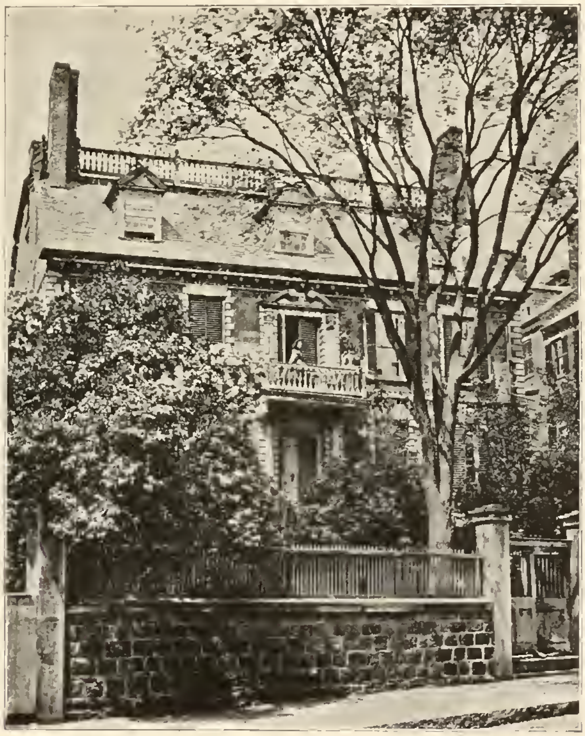
> 'Child of our travail and our woe,
>   Light in our day of sorrow,
> Through my rapt spirit I foreknow
>   The glory of thy morrow;
> I hear great steps that, through the shade,
>   Draw nigher still and nigher,
> And voices call like that which bade
>   The prophet come up higher.'"

"That is, indeed, prophetic, my dear," said Uncle Tom, nodding his approval. "The glory of the morrow, indeed, did come — it *has* come — to this Old Bay State. Her sons have done much for her and for America. The names of Standish and Winthrop and young Sir Harry Vane, of Otis and the three Adamses, of Hancock and Revere, of Daniel Webster and

Horace Mann, of Andrew and Everett and Sumner, belong not to Massachusetts alone, but to the republic they loved and served."

"Will there ever be any more like them, do you suppose?" asked Roger, thoughtfully and just a bit uncertainly.

"Like them? Why, of course, Roger, old chap," cried Jack. "You don't suppose we go backward anywhere in America, do you? Massachusetts in the future is bound to be even better than Massachusetts in the past; is n't she, Uncle Tom?"



JOHN HANCOCK'S MANSION, BOSTON.

This house stood at the left of the State-house, and was torn down about 1870.

"Let us hope so," his uncle replied. "I am possessed of your spirit of progress and optimism, Jack. If Massachusetts keeps alive the memory of what she has been in the determination to better her past, as Lowell makes Standish say, 'great steps' will, indeed, 'draw nigher still and nigher.' See here, boys and girls, it is fitting that here, on the very crown and top of the commonwealth, I should read you what the Old Bay State's devoted servant, Senator Hoar, the successor of the great Sumner, has to say about it." And taking from his pocket-book a neatly folded clipping, Uncle Tom read them what the senator said:

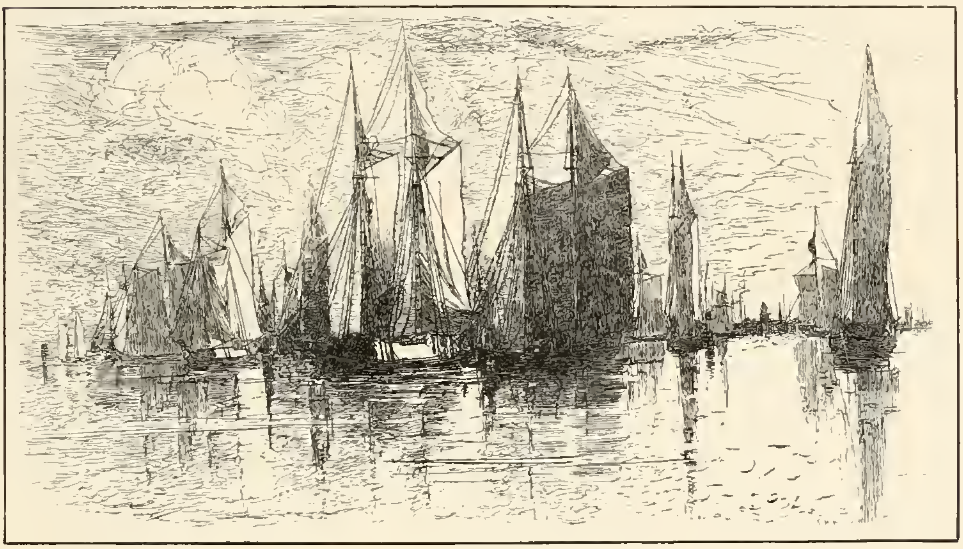
BEACON MONUMENT, STATE-HOUSE PARK, BOSTON.

"'Whatever Massachusetts has done,' so said Mr. Hoar, 'whatever she is doing, whatever she is to accomplish hereafter, is largely owing to the fact that she has kept unbroken the electric current flowing from soul to soul, forever and forever, as it was generated, now nearly three hundred years ago, at Plymouth. Her generations have taken hold of hands.'"

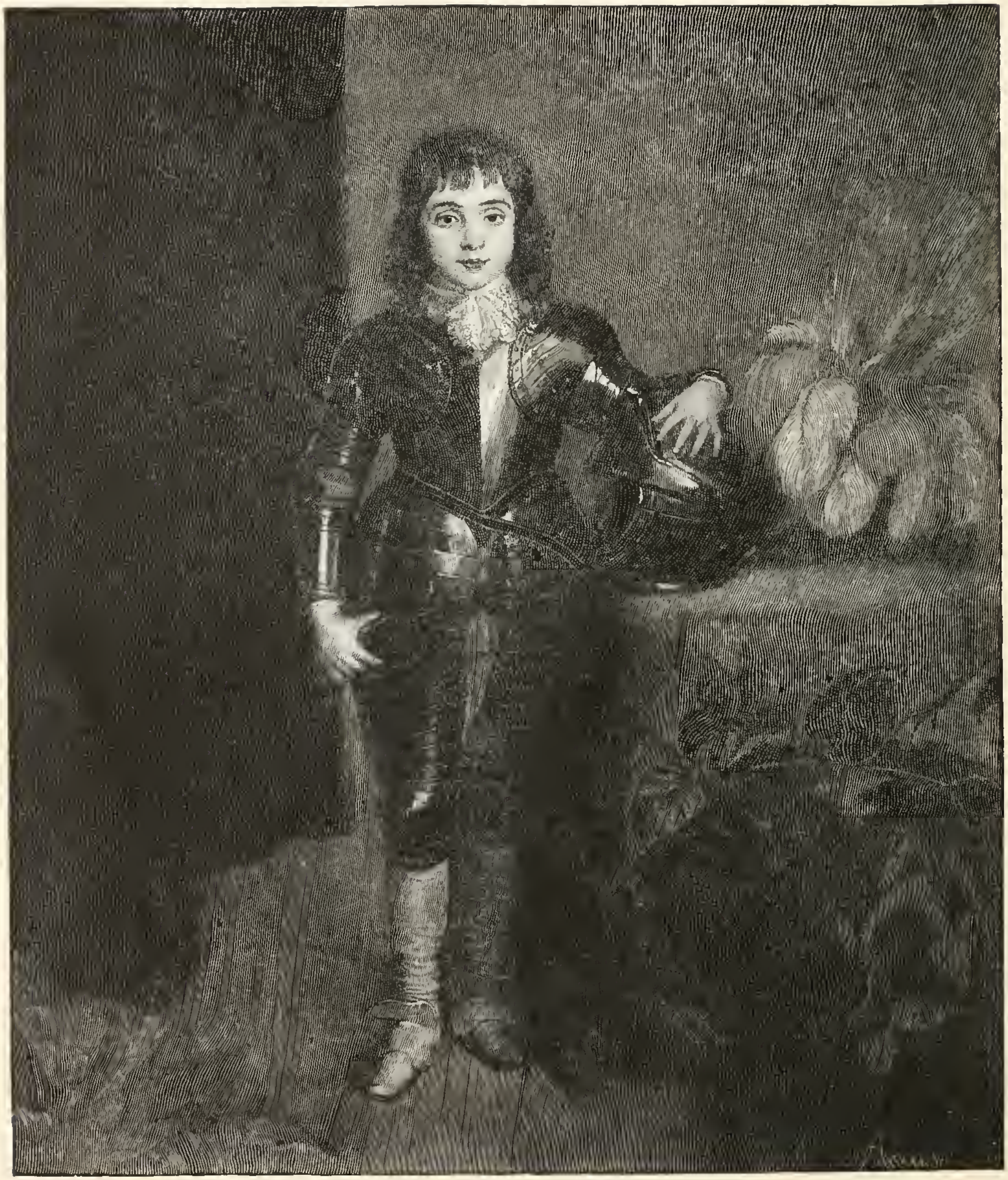
"That 's good!" cried Jack; and Roger nodded his emphatic approval.

"'The men of Plymouth Rock and of Salem,'" Uncle Tom went on, continuing his reading, "'the men who cleared the forests, the heroes of the Indian and the old French wars, the men who imprisoned Andros, the men who fought the Revolution, the men who humbled the power of France at Louisburg and the power of Spain at Martinique and Havana, the men who won our independence and builded our Constitution, the sailors of the great sea-fights of the War of 1812, the soldiers who saved the Union, and the men who went with Hobson in the *Merrimac*, or fought with Dewey at Manila, or with Sampson, or before the trenches at Santiago, have been of one temper from the beginning — the old Massachusetts spirit, which we hope may endure and abide until time shall be no more.'"

"It shall! it shall!" cried Jack and Roger, shaking hands in appreciation and fellowship; while, beside the tall Beacon shaft, the young colony-hunters listened with glowing hearts to the praise of the men who, from the days of the "Governor and Companions," had followed where Winthrop led and Vane labored and Otis and Adams wrought — all men of Massachusetts.



GLOUCESTER HARBOR — SUNSET.



PRINCE CHARLES OF ENGLAND, AFTERWARD CHARLES II.

CHAPTER XI

THROUGH THE PLANTATIONS

Among the Sybarites — With Roger Williams to Providence — Cranks and Disputants — A Refuge for Liberty — From Saybrook to New Haven — When Long Island was in New England.

OLD LIGHTHOUSE, SAYBROOK, CONN., AT THE MOUTH OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

IN a cozy corner of the vine-screened piazza of their charming hotel on the Cliffs, while the two girls, bolstered up with many-colored pillows, swung themselves in the hanging seat, and the boys stretched themselves at leisure in easy-chairs of every Oriental style and shape, Uncle Tom went back to the ante-luxury days of the pioneers and sketched in rapid outline the planting of the Providence plantations and the beginnings of Rhode Island.

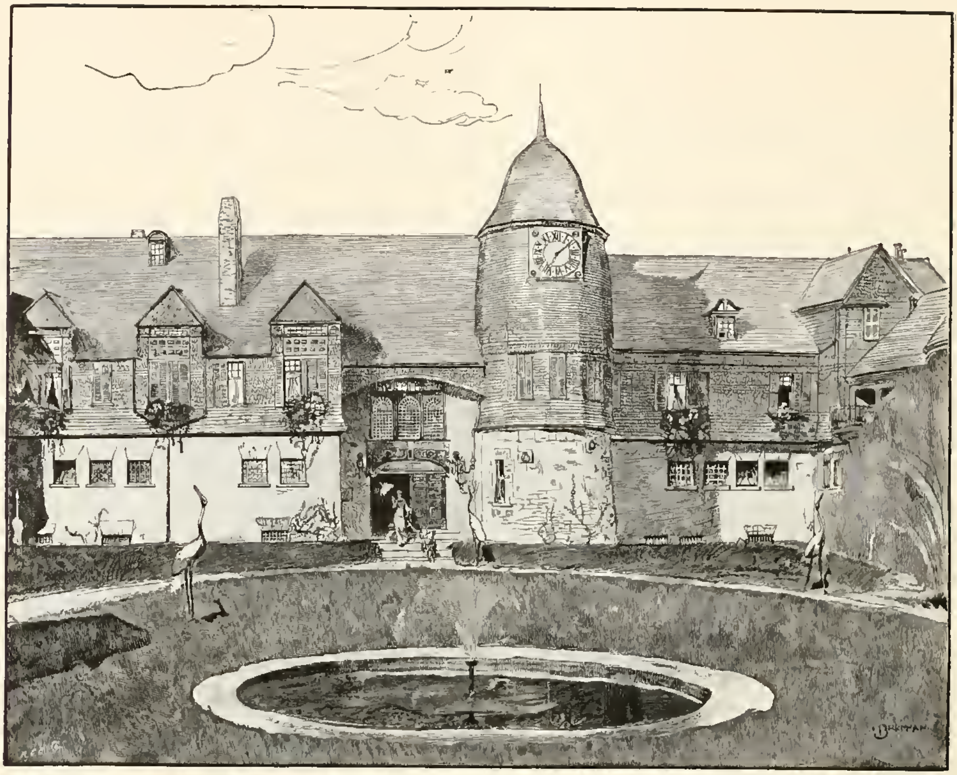
"I wonder if it is possible for you girls and boys in these sybaritic surroundings of modern Newport — "

"Go easy, Uncle Tom!" Jack broke in, as he swung a lazy leg over the arm of his easy-chair. "What kind of surroundings did you say?"

"Those that you are enjoying, you young Sybarite," laughed Uncle Tom. "Tell him who they were, Bert."

And Bert the scholar, always ready to air his information, explained to Jack that the Sybarites were an Italian people of old Greek colonial days, celebrated for their wealth and love of luxury and ease — so devoted to luxury and pleasure, indeed, that their name has become a synonym for the gilded luxury and surfeited pleasure-hunters of modern civilization.

"Where 's the 'sin,' if you can pay for it?" demanded Jack the pleasure-lover.



TOWER OF THE CASINO COURT AT NEWPORT.

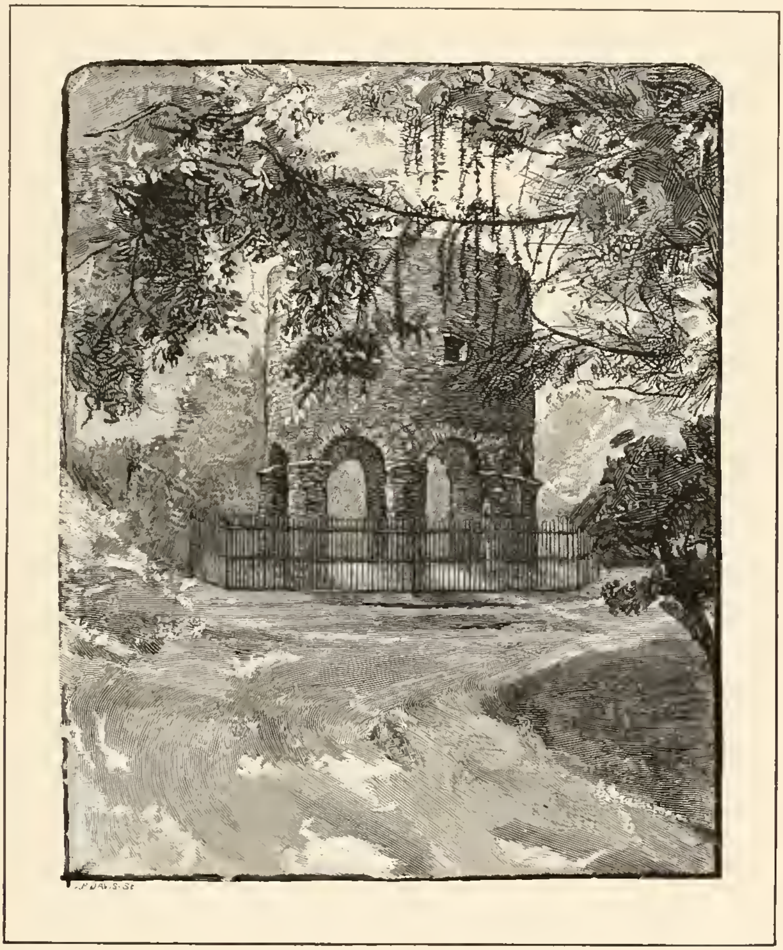
"It is sin to be simply a non-producer, my boy," replied Uncle Tom. "Your rich men are often the hardest workers; but riches which simply fatten on luxury and benefit no one are not only of no benefit: they are really of positive harm to the world. Do something, boys and girls, if it be but slight and simple. Let me throw this text of Carlyle, the prophet of work, into your minds: 'Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name! 'T is the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findest to do, do it with thy might. Work while it is called To-day; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.'"

Jack fairly sprang up from his easy-chair.

"Whew!" he cried, "that sets me tingling. Let 's do something, Uncle Tom. Come out and hunt up some more relics, you lazy young Syb — what d' ye call 'ems? Up, up! say I and Carlyle."

Uncle Tom laughed heartily.

"I did n't imagine my call would be so instantly fruitful," he said. "I spoke only in a general way, Jack. I have little fear that my boys and girls will not be doers when the time comes. Those who display such sleepless enthusiasm on a colonial-landmark hunt can be relied upon to be modern 'producers' when duty calls. It 's in the American blood — a direct heritage from those days of the pioneers when such men as Bradford and John Winthrop and Stuyvesant and Penn and Sir Thomas Dale 'did things' in America in spite of obstacles and odds, and Roger Williams — a misfit in Massachusetts — became the pioneer in nation-building here in Rhode Island when along the shores of Narragansett Bay he first planted the Providence plantations."



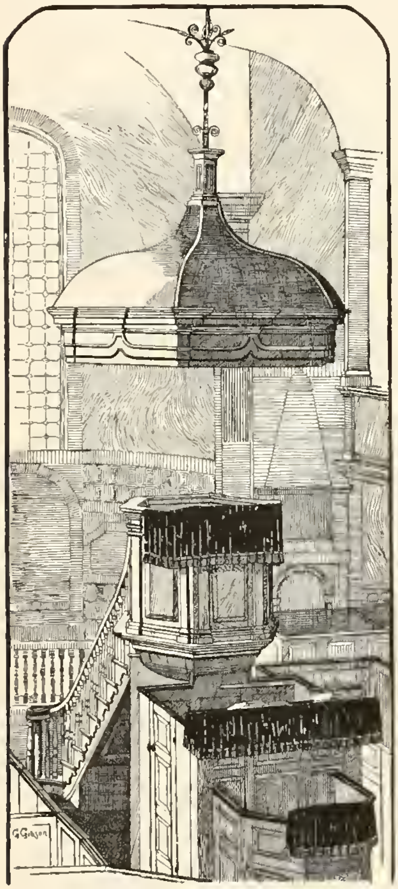
THE "OLD MILL" AT NEWPORT.

"First, Uncle Tom?" queried Roger. "What about the Dighton Rock and the old mill?"

"Your friends the Northmen, eh, Roger?" said Uncle Tom. "Well, you know what I told you as we came along the Taunton River and through Dighton station. Picture-writings are not real proof; and the old mill here in Truro Park, upon whose crumbling, picturesque arches we looked this morning, where it stands at the very elbow of the noble Channing, liberty's tireless pioneer, is simply a sentimental supposition, and more likely to be, as old Governor Arnold spoke of it in his will, 'my stone-built windmill' than the poetical fantasy of the legend-loving Longfellow:

'There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour
Stands looking seaward.'

No; I 'm afraid we must dismiss the Northmen of old Vinland as bordering too closely on the mythical, and come down to Roger Williams as really the father and founder of these Plantations."



PULPIT OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEWPORT.

"Why do you call them 'plantations,' Uncle Tom?" demanded Marian. "I thought plantations were down South only — cotton and rice and sugar fields, you know."

"By no means, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "A plantation is simply a place planted; and when our forefathers came to America reclaiming waste lands, they planted colonies. So the word came to mean the same as colonies; in fact, in the time of Charles II the commission or committee of the King's Privy Council which had the management of colonial affairs in hand was called the Council of Plantations."

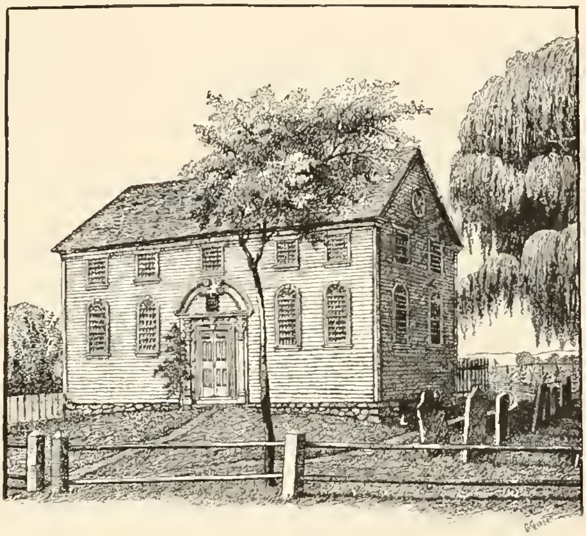
"But Newport was not really a part of Providence plantations, was it, Uncle Tom?" inquired Bert, who remembered what they had seen and heard in Providence city.

"Not originally," was Uncle Tom's answer. "Roger Williams, banished from Massachusetts — from the standpoint of Massachusetts of that day, righteously banished, I must say — "

"Oh, how can you, Uncle Tom?" cried Christine. "I thought the

Puritans of Boston just persecuted this good Mr. Williams because he believed in religious liberty."

"Williams never said so, my dear," replied Uncle Tom, "and he is surely his own best authority. The fact is that Roger Williams, when he first came to America — to Boston — in 1631, was a young man who dearly loved discussion, courted opposition, and mixed with some excellent principles some very — well! what one student of history labels 'whimsical conceits,' to call them nothing else. He first settled at Salem, — you saw his house there, you remember, — where he made the Boston ministers angry because he criticized their having 'communed' with the churches of England when they had lived in England; and 'pitched into' the magistrates of Massachusetts Bay because they exercised the rights especially granted them by their charter. Naturally the authorities of the Bay objected to this trouble-breeder, and invited him to get out. So he went to Plymouth, where the people liked him until he began to criticize and censure both the colonists and their king; thereupon he returned to Salem and again began his wordy war against the powers of church and state."


OLD NARRAGANSETT CHURCH, RHODE ISLAND.

"Persistent chap, was n't he?" commented Jack.

"Too persistent for the men who were so laboriously endeavoring to found a permanent state along the shores of Massachusetts Bay," Uncle Tom replied. "Indeed, as Mr. Durfee, a Providence historian himself, puts it, 'Roger Williams does not appear to have been, at any period of his life, a paragon of conventional propriety.'"

"Sort of a bull in a china-shop," said Jack.

"In the Massachusetts china-shop, surely," laughed Uncle Tom; "for Governor Winthrop and his comrades had to proceed very carefully, in order to keep their colony from breaking into pieces, with new 'cranks' coming in continually to disturb them and endanger the charter which was the sole safeguard of their colony. So when Roger Williams began his 'unlamblike' criticisms again — that is what the Bay people called them —

the magistrates, as they had a perfect right to do, decided to send him packing back to England and out of their way. They did not feel that it would be safe even to have him in some neighboring colony. And on an October Friday in 1635 they banished him back to England by the first returning vessel. But that was precisely where Williams did not wish to go; so he broke jail and, plunging into a winter wilderness, wandered about, 'sorely tossed,' so he declares, for fourteen weeks through the Indian country of southeastern Massachusetts, and finally put up a bark hut for himself, at what is now called Manton's Cove, above the bridge over the Seekonk River, just east of Providence. You remember, we found the place. This land he obtained as a gift or grant from Massasoit, the old chief of the Wampanoags."

"King Philip's father, was n't he?" queried Roger.

"Yes; that very anti-English and patriotic young redskin who made things so very lively for colonial New England was the son of Roger Williams's Indian benefactor," Uncle Tom explained. "Well, some of Williams's Salem friends and supporters joined the exile at Manton's Cove. But the authorities of Plymouth and Boston were after him 'with a sharp stick,' as you boys say; so he pulled up stakes again, and, with the five friends who had joined him on the Seekonk, he took a canoe trip around to Providence harbor, and there, at a spring on a hillside,—just to the north of the heart of the wealthy and beautiful city of Providence, as it stands to-day,—he began, in June, 1636, the first plantations of Providence.

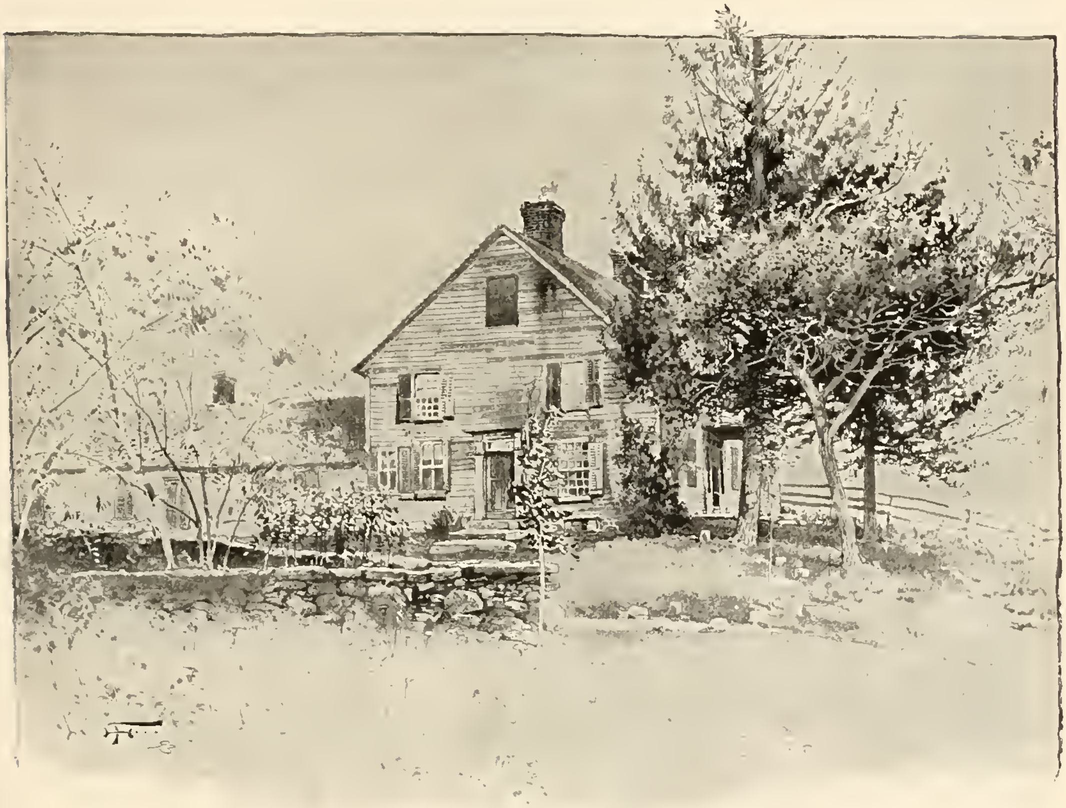
"Why Providence, Uncle Tom?" asked Marian.

"Because, my dear," her uncle replied, "Roger Williams, though a fighter, was as pious as Pilgrim or Puritan, and, in grateful recognition of the watchful providence of God, which had protected and guided him to this spot, he called the land Providence."

"That was nice," Christine remarked. "I think I like Roger Williams, even if he was what you call cranky."

"He was in many respects a great man, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "He had a gentle as well as a pugnacious side, and his coming into our colonial life marked an era in American history. He was a pioneer in the cause of personal as well as religious liberty, and his experiences among his Massachusetts brethren, where he was ever a disputant, seemed to have broadened his mind and disciplined his heart, so that when he came to settle the Providence plantations he made this land the home of religious liberty as well as of personal and political equality. He was not always an easy man to get along with. He had what is called the courage of his convictions, and never believed in half-way measures. But that sort of man is necessary for progress, and as the founder of a commonwealth based on really democratic principles, Roger Williams, as Mr. Straus assures us, 'deserves a high niche in the temple of fame, alongside of the greatest reformers who mark epochs in the world's history.'"

"Good enough!" exclaimed Jack. "Off hats to Roger! — the old as well as the new," he added, with a friendly arm on the young Roger's shoulder. "But he was at Providence, Uncle Tom. Who started in here at Newport — the land of the modern what d' ye call 'em? — Sybarites, eh?"



BIRTHPLACE OF NATHAN HALE, COVENTRY, CONN.

"Another crank, if we allow that name to the misunderstood people of colonial days," Uncle Tom replied. "This beautiful island of Aquidneck — which was later called the Isle of Rhodes, and then Rhode Island — "

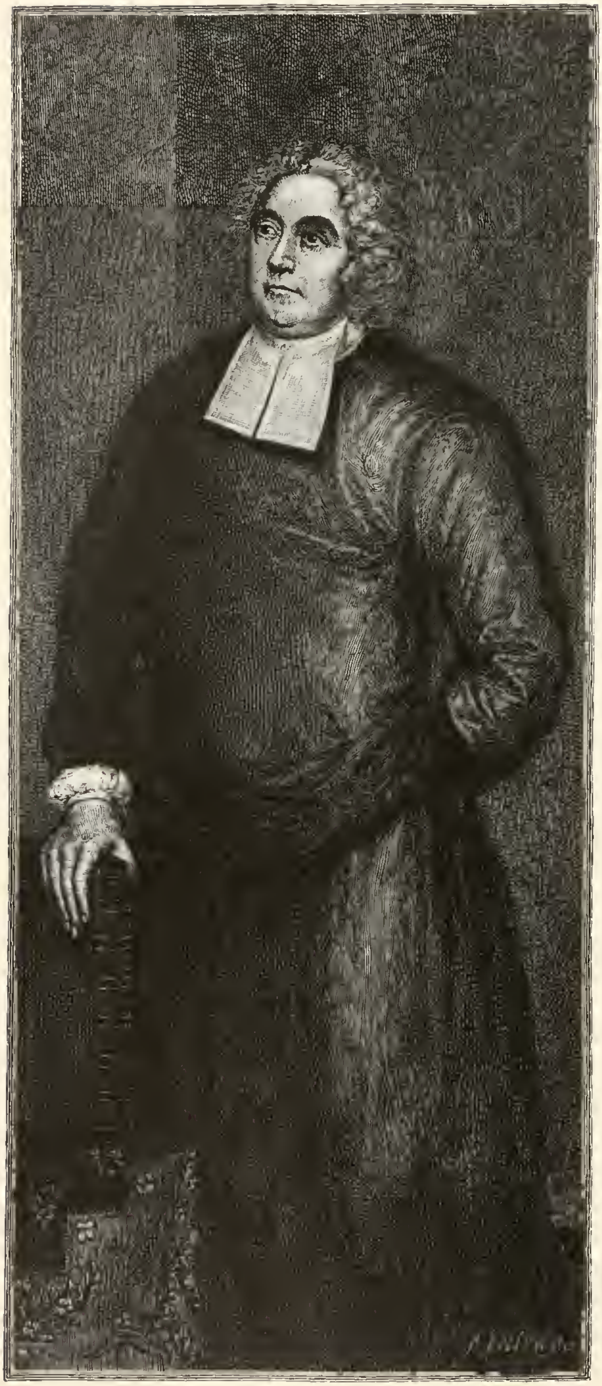
"Why, Uncle Tom? After the Colossus island in the Mediterranean?" queried Bert.

"Some people try to so explain the name," Uncle Tom replied; "they say that Verrazano, the Italian explorer of 1524, so christened it. But I am inclined to believe that the name is Dutch, after all, given to the island by Adrian Block — who built the first houses in New York, you know — because of the red-clay soil hereabouts: 'Roodt Eylandt' — the red island! And there you have it!"

"Aha! Roger, my boy," cried Jack. "New York in the lead, you see. Even then we were ahead of t' other Roger from Boston!"

"It was people from Boston who really did settle this island, though," continued Uncle Tom. "For while Anne Hutchinson — the Boston disturber, and founder of the first woman's club, as I explained to you — was undergoing persecution in Boston, her husband and certain of her followers, being advised that their room was better than their company, hunted around for a new home. Plymouth would have none of them, as in Roger Williams's case; and when that excellent Rhode Island 'boomer' told them of this island of Aquidneck, they 'prospected' here, and at once fell in love with it. So forthwith the Hutchinson syndicate purchased it from the Narragansett Indians for forty fathoms of white wampum, ten coats, and twenty hoes."

"Whew!" exclaimed Jack. "Carry the news to Ochre Point! The 'Man with the



DEAN (AFTERWARD BISHOP) BERKELEY.

Resident at Newport in 1728, and author of the famous "American" stanza beginning: "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Hoe' began Newport, eh? Times have changed in — how long? When was that real-estate transaction carried through?"

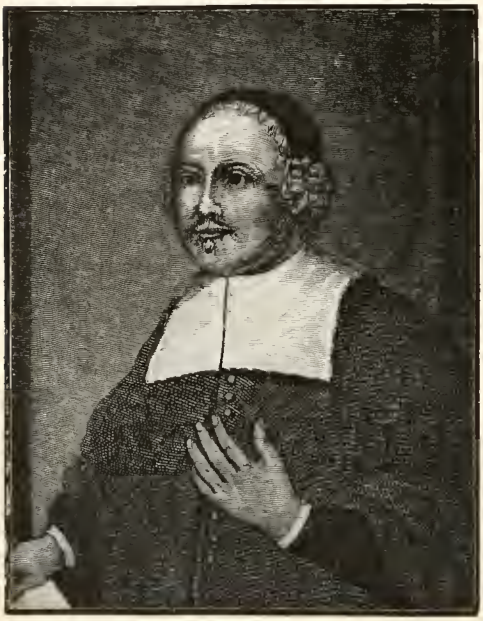
"In 1638 — a good many years ago, Jack," Uncle Tom replied. "Nineteen persons signed an agreement much like the one signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and set up a government modeled after the Bible one of Israel under the Judges. After her Boston troubles, Anne Hutchinson came here to live, and stayed until her husband's death in 1642, after which she went, as I told you, to New Rochelle and her tragic death. Meantime, another crank, Samuel Gorton by name, a London tailor, who was forever in hot water because of his religious views — so that, as we are told, 'his arrival in any community was the signal for an immediate disturbance of the peace —'"

"Nice party to have for a neighbor," said Roger. "I don't wonder my ancestors had a hard time with all those flighty chaps."

"They did, surely, Roger," Uncle Tom assented. "Well, Gorton had been driven out of Boston and pushed out of Plymouth, and had stirred up trouble here on this island of Aquidneck, where he helped found the town of Portsmouth, at the northern end of the island; but Portsmouth had such a row with Gorton that he was actually whipped out of the settlement. Then he went to Pawtuxet, near Providence, and almost worried the life out of good and tolerant Roger Williams. At last even the Providence people could n't stand him; and — although Roger Williams took no hand in this business — some of them appealed to Massachusetts for help against this 'political disturber.' So Boston, although she had no right to do so, summoned Gorton and his followers (for he had followers — there never was a 'reformer' who had not!) to the Hub for examination and discipline. Gorton told Boston to mind its own business; but as Newport and Providence spurned him, he and his followers went across Narragansett Bay and settled the 'Warwick plantations,' on the western shore of the big bay. But even there Massachusetts got at them, and, claiming the land, sent soldiers after Gorton and his friends, arrested them, imprisoned them in Boston for 'blasphemy against Massachusetts,' but finally banished them into Rhode Island. Then Gorton sailed across the sea and appealed to the English government for what he called justice — and so disappeared from the story."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Marian, "it seems to me those colonists were always quarreling. Why, Uncle Tom?"

"All new communities have their disturbers, my dear," her uncle replied, "from Anne Hutchinson to Cecil Rhodes. If it is n't liberty it 's land, or if it is n't religion it 's railroads. Our thirteen colonies from Maine to Georgia, and the Western border from Ohio to Oklahoma, had to pass through all phases of dispute, lawlessness, and quarreling to final law and order; for dissension is discipline, and out of rivalries comes progress. Miles Standish had to 'pacify' the Indians even as General Lawton did the Filipinos, and neither of the native races took kindly to the process. The disputes of Englishmen with Frenchmen, Spaniards, Dutchmen, and Swedes in North America's colonial days were just as harsh and just as vital as those of Briton and Boer in South Africa's colonial days; for thus go on forever the mixing, molding, fermenting, and uniting processes that bake at last (yet so as by fire) the toothsome, peaceful, health-giving batch of civilized bread. The world is the same old world in its methods and ways of progress, and the colonists of America rose to nationality only through strife that strengthened and rivalries that united."



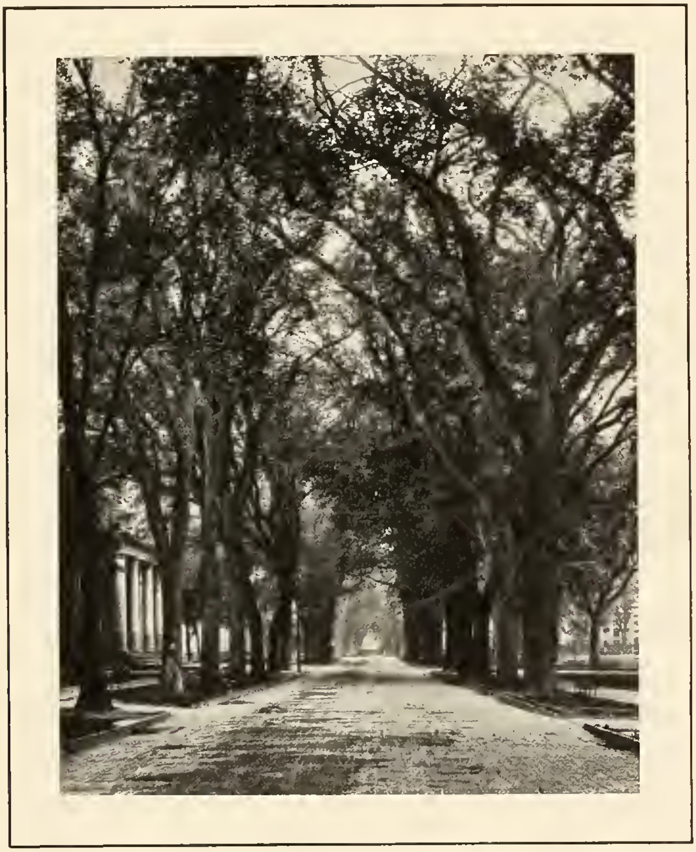
"PARSON" JOHN DAVENPORT
OF NEW HAVEN.

From a painting in Yale College.

"But did n't anybody have any good times in those colonial days?" queried Christine. "I think it 's nicer to-day."

"As it should be, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "I told you at the opening of our talk that there was a vast difference between the season of beginning here and these luxurious surroundings of to-day. The early times of Rhode Island were days of religious fanaticism, wrangling, faction, and intolerance; but I suppose there were many gentle souls in these parts, and that the good influence of Roger Williams developed and united them into an order-loving and peaceful community. I must say, however, that it took some years to bring about this better condition of affairs. But the vigor of the race that peopled 'Little Rhody' grew steadily; better men brought better manners, and trade and commerce built up the ports of this Bay into enterprising and prosperous communities. When the days of the American Revolution came, Rhode Island was in the van. She was one of the first colonies to demand a General Congress, and her foremost soldier, Nathanael Greene, is held as second in ability only to Washington. Founded by religious reformers and radicals, the best of the restless elements finally came to the surface, and the first colony that made slaveholding a crime was also the one from which first sprang that religious toleration that has made America the land of liberty and the home of freedom."

The young people saw a good deal of Rhode Island as they traversed the little State from Newport the luxurious, and Narragansett Pier, its picturesque rival, and Providence the wealthy, to Chepachet, where General Dorr raised his armed rebellion against aristocracy and exclusion, and Block Island, ten miles out at sea, whose bold cliffs and green pastures so attracted the stout Dutch sailor, Captain Block, in the early days of discovery, as to link it to his name forever.

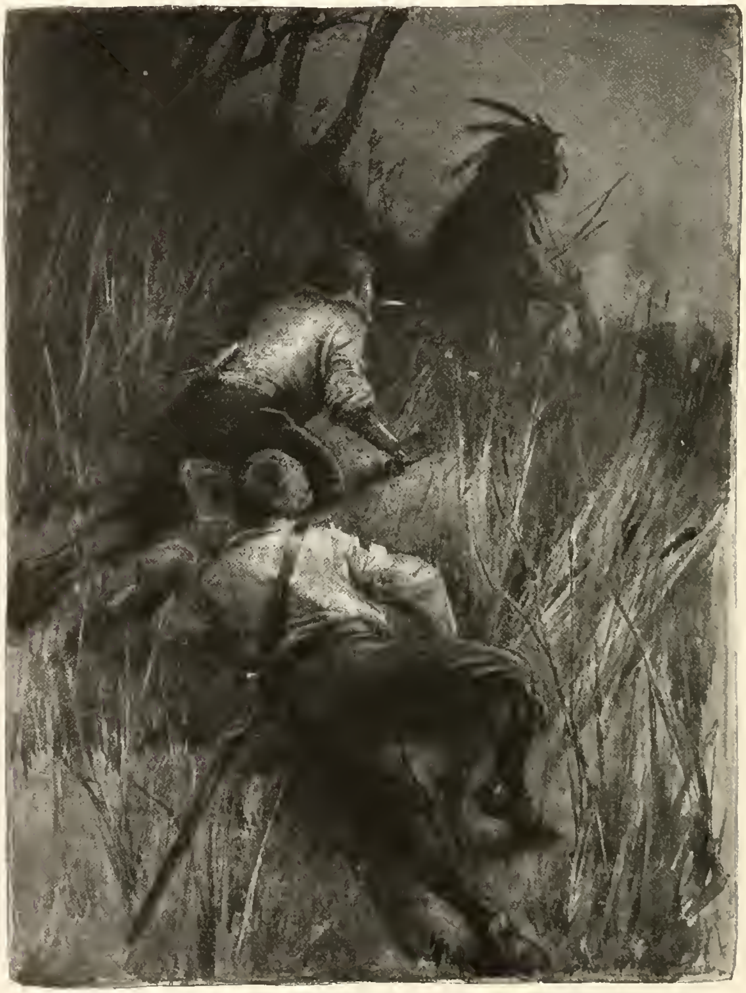


IN THE CITY OF ELMS.

Temple Street, New Haven.

Then, starting from the shores of Long Island Sound, where the "Shore Line" connects prosperous and long-established towns, through Stonington and Groton, and New London and Lyme, and Saybrook and Guilford, they came at last to the chief city of the Nutmeg State, where, near the head of the "spacious bay" at Quinapiack, good, clear-headed Parson Davenport, under a spreading oak, preached his first sermon to the pioneer colonists, and entered with them into the 'plantation covenant' which, in June, 1639, developed into the 'fundamental experiment,' or first constitution of the present State of Connecticut.

"'Parson Davenport,' as New Haven people still love to call him, was a good deal of a man," Uncle Tom declared as, after they had "done" the beautiful Elm City from the College fence to the Judges' Cave, he and his young people gathered for conference in the pleasant hotel of the rock-guarded, elm-shaded, sea-washed old town. "He was John Davenport, a London minister, who emigrated to Boston with a well-to-do company of settlers; but finding that colonial capital rent and torn by the feud with Mistress


THE CLASH OF RACES—"STALKING" THE PEQUOTS.

Anne Hutchinson, he looked about for some quieter and less discussion-filled home, and finally decided on the region about this spacious bay, under Quinapiack, or 'Red Hill,' as the Dutchmen called it, as a place eminently fitted for settlement."

"'Red Hill,' eh?" said Jack; "and the Dutch? Were n't the New York Dutchmen here first, Uncle Tom?"

"Yes," his uncle replied. "Even before the pioneer Englishmen came into these parts the New York Dutchmen had purchased from the Indians the land where Hartford now stands, and had put up there, at "Dutch Point," as we term it now, in 1633, a trading-post which they called the House of Good Hope."

"But the English had the title to the land, had n't they?" asked Roger.

"They claimed it, as did the Dutch also, by right of discovery," Uncle Tom replied. "But it really seems to have been a case of simultaneous possession and settlement. In 1631 an English nobleman, Lord Say and Sele, obtained a grant — with other noble investors — of the land from Point Judith to New York, and north as far as Worcester in Massachusetts. They also had the usual western annex to the South Sea — that is, to the Pacific; so, you see, Connecticut was quite a long wedge driven into the American continent."

"But did not the other colonies stretch away west like that, too?" asked Bert.

"Yes," Uncle Tom replied. "The western limits of the American continent were almost unknown in those early days of colonization. Even up to 1732 the colonial grants had no defined western limit other than that vague and cheerful border, the Pacific Ocean. Indeed, the royal charters to Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia ran west indefinitely, only those lands being excepted from that territory that were, so the charters ran, 'actually possessed by any Christian prince or people.'"

"How about New York?" queried Jack.

"That, my boy," replied Roger, with ill-assumed glee, "was a conquered province — eh, Uncle Tom?"

Uncle Tom nodded, while laughing at Jack's gesture of protest.

"That 's right, Roger," he said; "but the new rulers of New York after its capture from the Dutch, though they had no claim under any charter, did have a cession of land from the Iroquois owners of New York. These Indians, under the assumed authority of conquest and tribute, claimed the ownership of all that land north of the Tennessee River. This vast western section the white rulers of New York claimed as successors to Iroquois authority,

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MISS C. M. ALTON.

THE VILLAGE STREET AT SAYBROOK.

The building on the right is the original old inn.

and this claim led to continuous and often pugnacious debates and squabbles as to 'who owned which.'"

"Did that affect the Connecticut Colony, too?" asked Bert.

"It did, indeed," Uncle Tom replied. "In fact, from the first the boundary controversy between New York and Connecticut was hot. But England was stronger in America than the Dutch, and when Governor Stuyvesant agreed at Hartford to arbitrate the dispute over the Connecticut River and Long Island lands, the Dutch got the worst of it."

"An old case of Outlanders and Boers, was it?" queried Bert.

"There 's nothing new under the sun, Bert — even in Dutch-English disputes over possession and supremacy," said Uncle Tom, recognizing the analogy. "And English progress generally comes out ahead. It was so in the Connecticut-New York case. Stuyvesant had to agree, in spite of himself, to the 'Hobson's choice' decision forced upon him, and to give up the most of his Connecticut claim, excepting the fort at Hartford and almost all of Long Island."

"That must have made him angry," said Marian. "He was n't a very patient man, you know."

"No doubt it did," her uncle replied; "but, angry or not, he had to be satisfied, and Connecticut was English from Stamford to the Rhode Island line."

"When was that, Uncle Tom?" Bert asked.

"That was in September, 1650," said Uncle Tom. "But for twenty years the English had been coming into these lands. As early as 1631, you remember, the syndicate of English noblemen headed by Lord Say and Sele — "

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MISS C. M. ACTON.

GRAVE OF LADY ALICE FENWICK AT SAYBROOK.

"Funny sort of a name," was Marian's comment of interruption; "sounds like a story."

"It is the combination title of a certain eminent English nobleman of that day," Uncle Tom explained, "and it really is a story-name, too, Marian; for, years ago, Miss Warner, the author of 'The Wide, Wide World,' wrote a novel of this Connecticut region with the title of 'Say and Seal.'"

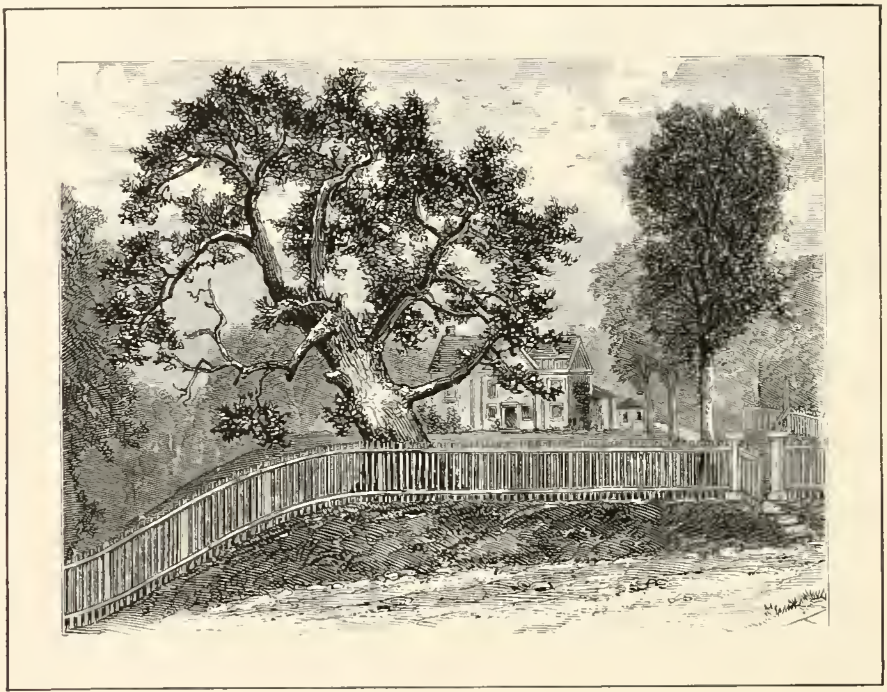
"I must read it," Christine and Marian both declared.

"Another member of the 'noble syndicate,'" Uncle Tom went on, "was Lord Brooke, of whom you may read in Scott's 'Marmion'; so, when they came to make a settlement on their land under that first charter, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, they worked in the names of both the noble lords, and called their settlement Saybrook."

"Oh! where we went the other day," said Christine. "I 'd forgotten about that name. Lovely sea-shore town, is n't it?"

"Lovelier now than when, in the days of Pequot and Puritan, Connecticut had its beginning there at the mouth of what the Indians called Quonektacut, or the 'Long River.' You remember, we saw the place."

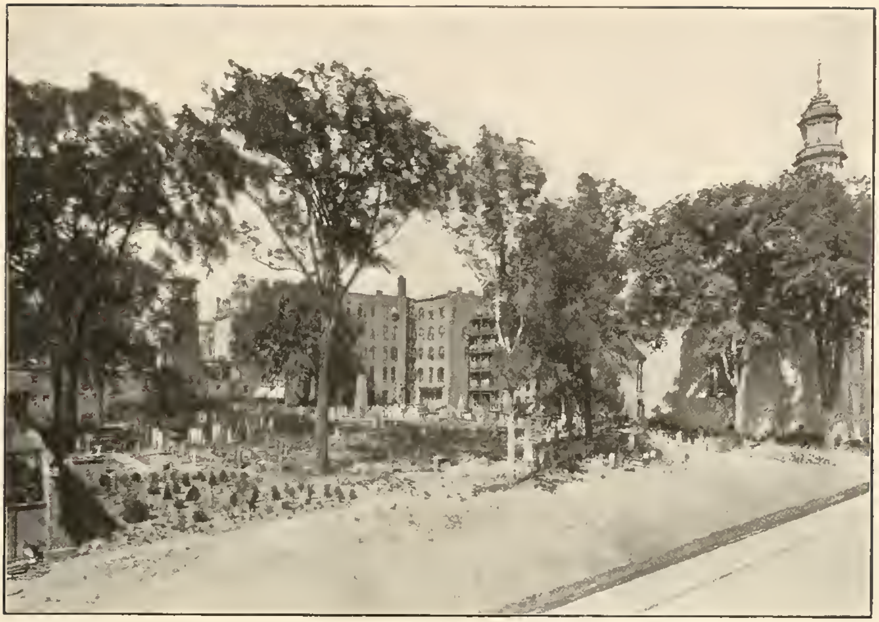
They did remember. The Saybrook trip was, indeed, a charming memory. When first laid out, Uncle Tom had told them, Saybrook was to have been a great city, and young John Winthrop, son of the famous Massachusetts governor, was the first governor of the Saybrook Colony. To-day Saybrook is a quiet New England village, aspiring to be a summer resort, and proud of its old-time greatness when Lion Gardiner laid out its fortifications, and beautiful Alice Fenwick died of homesickness and hardship; when it beat the marauding Pequots into defeat, adopted the rigid platform of pains and penalties known as the "Blue Laws," and was the original site of Connecticut's famous university—Yale College.



THE CHARTER OAK, HARTFORD.

Blown down in 1856.

Uncle Tom recalled the story of Saybrook's unfulfilled promise as again, in the home of the real Yale University,—for the college removed from Saybrook to New Haven in 1718,—they put into shape the colonial story of



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WARNER PHOTOGRAPH CO.

THE ANCIENT BURYING-GROUND OF HARTFORD.

Many of the early colonists of Hartford are buried in this ground, which is situated in the rear of the First Congregational Church. Through the patriotic efforts of the Daughters of the American Revolution the grounds have recently been made accessible to the public and are being beautified, and the old gravestones restored.

Connecticut. As this was outlined, it formed itself, in brief, into a union of several colonies or settlements — Windsor and Hartford and Wethersfield; Saybrook and Quinapiack, or New Haven; Milford and Branford and Guilford; and the eastern half of Long Island — which, under the general title of the "Governor and Company of the English Colony of Connecticut in New England in America," received a charter from King Charles II in 1662.

"Is n't that where the Charter Oak story comes in?" asked Bert.

"Yes; in the Andros troubles of 1687," Uncle Tom replied. "That was at Hartford. That selfish and mean-spirited English king, James II, tried some of his tyrannical tricks on the Connecticut Colony, annexed it to the general New England government, and ordered his trooper-governor, Major Andros, to get back the royal charter under which Connecticut held its lands and rights."

"But he did n't get it, did he?" said Roger.

"No, he did n't," Uncle Tom replied. "The Connecticut patriots 'swiped' the charter, as you boys say, and — "

"Oh, yes, I know," cried Marian, eager to display her information; "they hid it in a tree so that Andros could n't get it, and that tree is called the Charter Oak. Where is it, Uncle Tom? Can't we see it?"

"Not for over forty years — had you lived so long — could you have seen the Charter Oak, Marian," her uncle replied. "For it was blown down by a storm in 1856. You have told the legend correctly, but the facts are a little different. Somebody did blow out the lights just as Andros was to receive the precious charter; somebody did run away with it and hide the document in a tree — but it was not the original: it was a duplicate copy of the charter that was run away with; where the real charter went no one really knows. But Andros declared himself master, charter or no charter, and proclaimed himself 'Captain-General of New England, by order of the King.'"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WARNER PHOTOGRAPH CO.

DUTCH POINT, HARTFORD.

Site of the first Dutch trading-fort

"And then went to Boston," said Roger, "where the people clapped him into prison. That was better than hiding the charter."

"And did n't dare to go to New York, where the people chucked out his deputy and elected their own governor — Jacob Leisler," cried Jack, triumphantly.

"But Connecticut won the only victory," Uncle Tom said. "For what neither Massachusetts nor New York could do Connecticut accomplished. She retained her charter, and it was the basis of a liberal government which, even in the days of a selfish monarchy, was almost a real democracy."

"Good for the Nutmeg State!" cried Jack. "She had lots of ginger, eh?"

"Always," Uncle Tom replied,—"as Jared Ingersoll learned one day at Wethersfield."

"How?" "What was that, Uncle Tom?" came the inquiries.

"Wethersfield, you know, is the oldest of the Connecticut River towns," Uncle Tom explained. "It is only four or five miles south of Hartford, and there, one day in 1765, a thousand Connecticut men, in 'club convention'—"

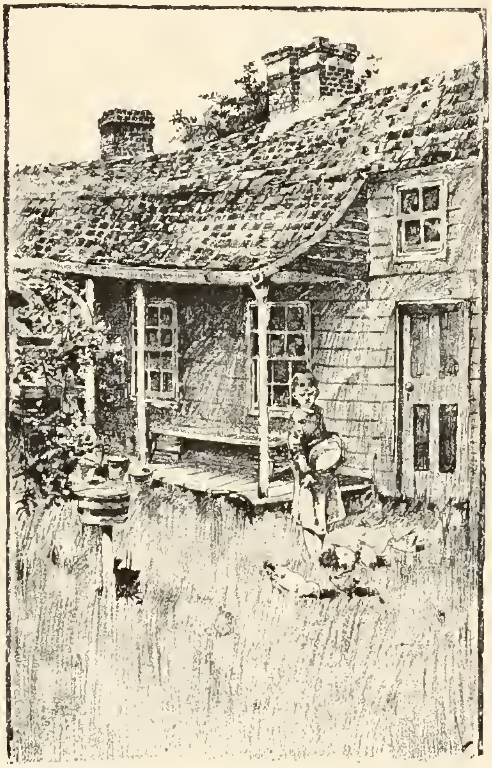
"What's club convention?" queried Roger.

"Why, a convention of clubs,—hickory clubs,—is n't it, Uncle Tom?" said Jack.

"Yes," Uncle Tom assented; "and heavy and peeled at that. There were a thousand of these 'club members' assembled at Wethersfield. They came on horseback from Norwich and New London and Windham and Lebanon, and they surrounded Mr. Jared Ingersoll, who had accepted the position of stamp collector after he had been opposing the Stamp Act, and told him to resign or they 'd make it hot for him."

"Good for them!" cried Jack. "I 'd like to have been there."

"Ingersoll meant to be all right," Uncle Tom explained. "He was against the Stamp Act, as I have said, but he gave in when it was passed, and tried to make things easy for his neighbors by taking the position as stamp collector."



"MORE 'N A HUNDRED YEARS OLD."

"H'm! Nice way to make things easy," said Jack.

"It was n't easy for him, at any rate," Uncle Tom continued; "for the thousand men with clubs were most persistent. 'Well, the cause is not worth dying for,' Ingersoll decided, looking at the thousand clubs. 'I 'll resign.' And he signed his name to the resignation they had prepared. 'Swear to it!' shouted the crowd, who wished to bind him to his act. 'I can't take an oath; I don't believe in it,' said Ingersoll. 'Then shout, "Liberty and Property!"' This Ingersoll did, waving his hat enthusiastically;

THE JUDGES' CAVE, NEW HAVEN.

and then they all took dinner together, and, escorting the ex-stamp agent to Hartford, made him read his resignation at the court-house."

"They knew what they wanted, did n't they?" said Roger.

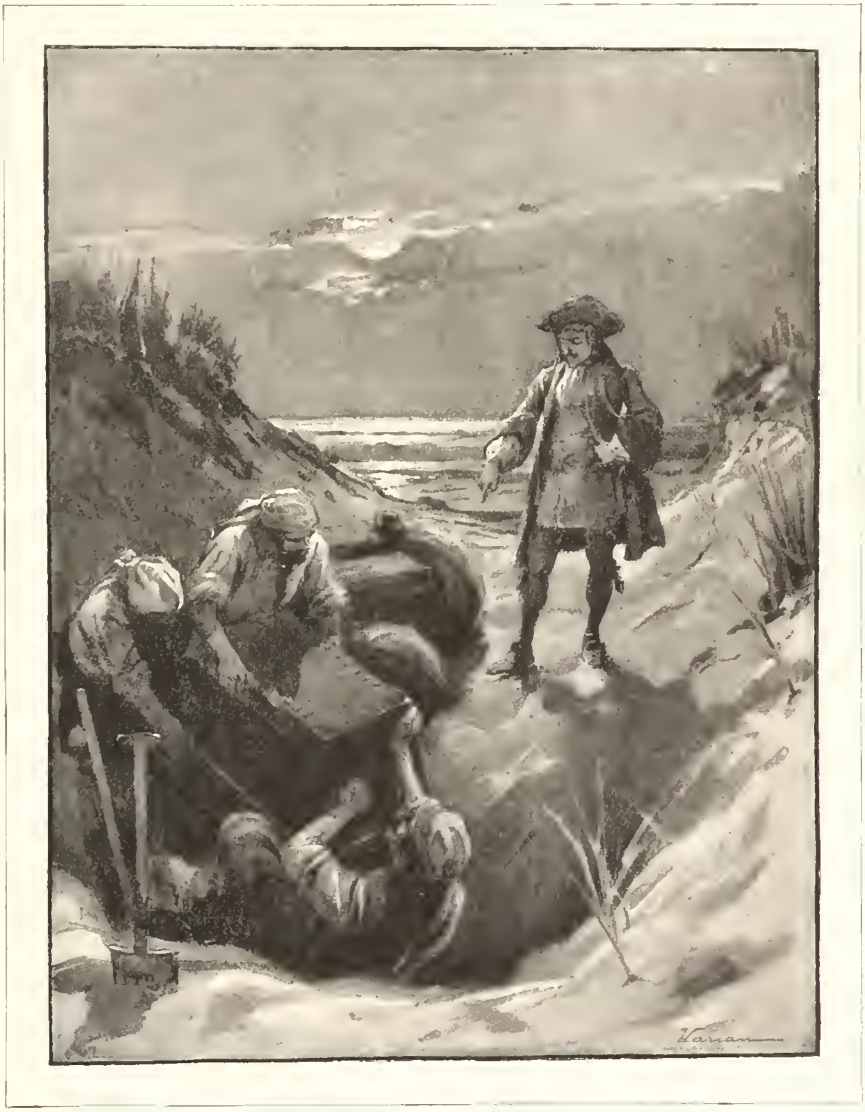
"They did, indeed," Uncle Tom answered; "and quite as emphatically as did certain of the good patriots of this old town of New Haven when the vindictive Stuarts sought to hunt down the two judges, followers and friends of the great Cromwell, because they had been of those stern Englishmen who sat in judgment upon that royal criminal, Charles I of England."

"Oh! the regicides? Was it here they were hid away?" cried Marian.

"Don't call them regicides, my dear," said Uncle Tom. "A regicide is the murderer of a king; these men were lawful and righteous judges, who did more for the good of England than all the Stuarts who ever tyrannized and misruled."

"But how did they get to New Haven?" asked Christine.

"With the help of their heels, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "They were kept racing from King Charles's vengeance from the day of his restoration to their death. They came oversea to Boston; but the detectives were on their track, and they went from one hiding-place to another until they were secreted in yonder pile of rocks on the hill, since known as the Judges' Cave, and in time found their way through the wilderness to Hadley in Massachusetts, and there, at last, found both rest and death. But King Charles II was especially down upon the people of the New Haven Colony who had sheltered these famous Englishmen from his trackers and trailers, and that was one of the reasons why the New Haven Colony had the trouble with its charter, and why at last it was absorbed into the 'Governor and Com-

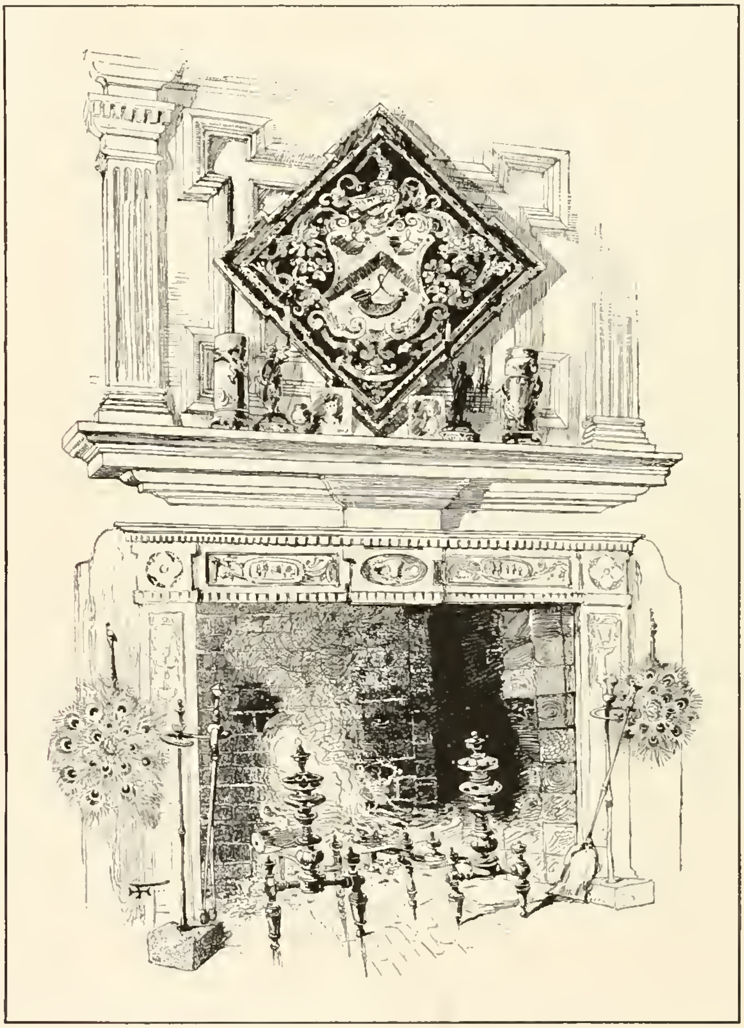


CAPTAIN KIDD BURYING HIS TREASURE ON GARDINER'S ISLAND.

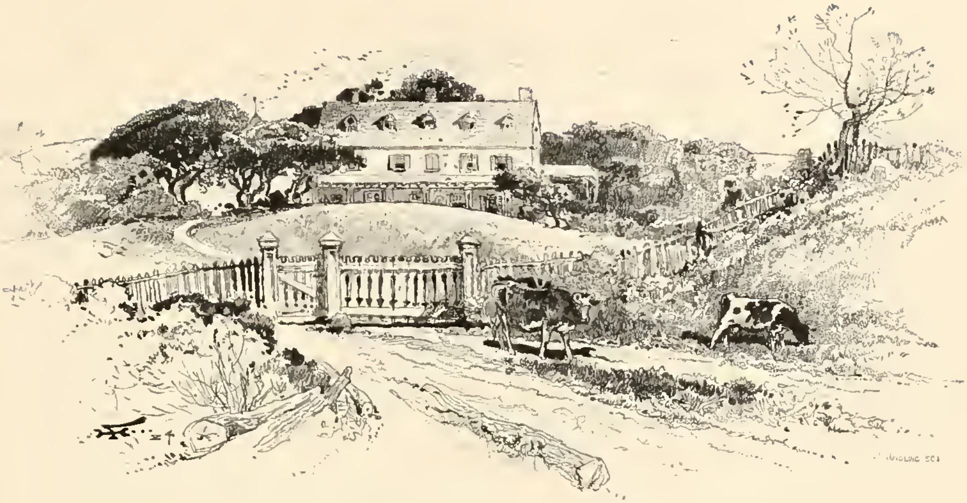
pany of the English Colony of Connecticut,' and sent its deputies to the General Court at Hartford instead of retaining the laws and its capital at New Haven."

"But Connecticut had two capitals, and so did Rhode Island, too. Why was that?" Bert inquired.

"When New Haven was annexed to Connecticut, in 1664, and the Duke of York — afterward King James — had his property row," Uncle Tom explained, "Hartford was made sole capital of the colony. But in 1701, when the people scored a point and got their charter government back again, New Haven asserted its right to be the capital, and the matter was compro-



ESCUTCHEON AND FIREPLACE IN THE MANOR HOUSE, GARDINER'S ISLAND.



THE MANOR HOUSE, GARDINER'S ISLAND.

mised by having the General Court or Legislature meet in the two cities alternately. It was much the same with Rhode Island, neither Providence nor Newport being willing to give up first place. And so we still have the odd spectacle of a little State with two capitals in Rhode Island's case (although, I believe, that is to be soon done away with), while even Connecticut held on to its two capitals until 1873, when Hartford, because of its central location, was made sole capital of the State, and the old colonial rivalries were put aside forever."

"But if Long Island was a part of Connecticut," said Bert, "New Haven would be a more central location than Hartford, would n't it?"

"About as much as it is to make San Francisco the central town of the United States to-day, just because a straight line from the Alaskan islands puts it in the middle," said Jack; "and that is ridiculous."

"In one sense Bert is correct," Uncle Tom explained; "but Long Island did not long remain part of Connecticut. For when that grasping and greedy Duke of York came along and gobbled up from the Dutch the province of New York, he claimed all Long Island as his—and got it. And so New England lost Long Island, although almost all its eastern half was settled by New England people. In fact, from Oyster Bay to Montauk Point the island was all English, and the estate of Lion Gardiner, still in the hands of the Gardiners to-day, was the lordly estate of a noble Englishman who for years, in true lordly fashion, was the great man of Long Island—Gardiner of Gardiner, Lord of the Isle of Wight."

"My! that sounds very high-toned and baronial," exclaimed Marian. "Tell us about it, Uncle Tom?"

"Not much to tell," Uncle Tom replied. "The Isle of Wight was the name of what later became known as Gardiner's Island, off the east end of Long Island. It is a beautiful island, seven miles long by two miles wide, and was purchased from the Indians by Lion Gardiner, one of the noble syndicate who started the Saybrook Colony in Connecticut, of which we know. It was in 1636 that Lion Gardiner, 'commander of the fort at Saybrook,' bought the Isle of Wight, which in 1686 was 'erected and constituted one Lordship and Manor, to be henceforth called the Lordship and Manor of Gardiner's Island.' And in this very town of New Haven I can show you the tombstone of 'his Excellency John Gardiner, third Lord of the Manor.'"

"How interesting!" said Christine. "What a lot of stories there must be about it!"

"There are, as well as about that whole extreme eastern end of Long Island, from the Hamptons to Sag Harbor and Montauk. It is worth a trip across the Sound to see the land."

The boys and girls voted unanimously that Uncle Tom, as usual, was right. For, after a trip up the Connecticut and through the old towns made famous in colonial history in the days of fine old Governor John Winthrop the younger,—noble son of a noble father,—they went again to New London, and crossed to Long Island — that sea-barrier to Connecticut for which the old colony sacrificed, suffered, and fought. From Riverhead to Orient and from Quogue to Montauk they explored both alligator-like jaws of Long Island, wide open for the smaller islands that are "gathered in," and there they saw, not only lovely Gardiner's Island, with all its thrilling and interesting stories, from Captain Kidd to Juliana, the wife of a President of the United States: but they saturated themselves with the whole continental and Revolutionary story of eastern Long Island. Once a part of the plantations of Connecticut, the region was in the Revolutionary War the home of a strong and stalwart breed of patriots who faced the harrying redcoats of King George with all the pluck and all the heroism of their New England kindred, and spilled their blood in defense of liberty and the cause more generously, in proportion to their numbers, than any other section of the revolted colonies of the king.

And then, once again, Uncle Tom and his young people sought the shaded corner of the piazza on the Newport cliffs, and decided that the "plantations" along the Sound were as full of colonial flavor and colonial interest as were any other of the ancestral Meccas to which they had pilgrimaged, from Boston to New Orleans.

CHAPTER XII

FROM PORTSMOUTH TO PEMAQUID AND BEYOND

How Captain John Smith Used his Eyes — The Struggle for the Eastern Boundary — "Baron Castine of St. Castine" — D'Aulnay and La Tour — Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Martin Pring — How Maine and New Hampshire Broke from Massachusetts — Fishermen and Frenchmen — A Land of Many Stirring Memories.

AS Uncle Tom and his "pilgrims" were, as you know, excellent sailors, the young people were jubilant when the same friend on whose roomy yacht they had coasted from the Carolinas to Old Point Comfort appeared upon the scene in the fine harbor of Newport and suggested a longshore cruise to Bar Harbor: an invitation which Uncle Tom gladly accepted.

Out from beautiful Narragansett Bay, through Vineyard Sound, and around the great bended arm of Cape Cod, the yacht bore them over summer seas, steaming toward the north, with health and vigor and the salty seasoning of tan and tonic on every breeze, until the hog's back of Appledore lifted itself above the waves, and the tower of White Island Light stood out as the beacon of the famous, rugged, and picturesque Isles of Shoals.

"It was along this track," said Uncle Tom, as the yacht turned from that rocky outpost of New Hampshire's only seaport and headed for Portsmouth harbor, "that Captain John Smith came sailing many years ago, with eyes equally open for codfish, colonial possibilities, and the main chance."

"But he was not the first discoverer of these coasts, was he, Uncle Tom?" demanded Bert.

"By no means," his uncle replied. "France and England were already rivals for these parts, and even before their day the Spanish came cruising into these waters, or rather those farther to the eastward, seeking 'fish for their fasting days,' and claimed the land by right of possession and privilege."

"I knew it," Jack declared emphatically. "I was just waiting to have that claim entered. Is there any section of this land that 'Don Whiskerado who walked on the Prado' did n't claim for his sovereign lord of Spain?"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SOULE PHOTO. CO.

WHITE ISLAND, FROM STAR ISLAND, ISLES OF SHOALS.

"Very doubtful, Jack," Uncle Tom replied, with a laugh. "The Spaniard of the times of Columbus, and of that Philip of Spain who launched the Armada — miscalled the Invincible — and gave his name to our own Philippines, had a way, that has not altogether died out in the world, of claiming everything in sight — New England as well as old England."

"Why! did they claim they owned old England, too?" demanded Marian.

"Surely," her uncle answered. "By virtue of his marriage to Queen Mary of England, Philip II called himself 'King of England and Spain,' and the quarrel he had with his vigorous and royal sister-in-law, Elizabeth of

England, covered England as well as America; and as it sent the great Armada to dispute the first, so it sent war-ships and fighting men across the sea to hold America forever for the King of Spain."

"Only they did n't," said Roger.

"No, they did n't, thanks to the vigor of Elizabeth of England and the 'strenuousness' of English seaman, soldiers, and adventurers," Uncle Tom replied. "You see, up to the reign of Queen Elizabeth the whole of America south of latitude 44°—that is, south of this very region in which we are sailing—was conceded to Spain. But Elizabeth—remembering how her brother, the boy King Edward, had set afloat the Company of Merchant Adventurers for discovery in foreign parts—pooh-poohed the idea that Spain had a monopoly on all the Western world, and in 1566 changed the name of the Merchant Adventurers to the 'Fellowship of English Merchants for Discovery of New Trades,' and boldly asserted England's right to the region into which Cabot had carried the English flag."

"Good for her!" cried Jack, while Marian nodded an emphatic approval.

"Upon that," went on Uncle Tom, "such noble and now historic Englishmen as Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Richard Grenville petitioned the queen to let them go west for the discovering of 'certain rich and unknown lands,' which, they declared, were 'fatally reserved for England and for the honor of your Majesty'; and then the crab-fight we located in Florida waters began also here along New England shores."

"Was n't it off here somewhere that Sir Humphrey Gilbert was shipwrecked?" queried Bert.

"Yes; a long way to the eastward, though," Uncle Tom replied. "He had been on a venture to Newfoundland, which was a great cause of contention, in those days, because of the immense number of codfish in these Eastern waters. In fact, in 1577 the first move against Spain suggested to Queen Elizabeth was for the destruction of the Spanish fishing-fleets that came over here, cruising from Georges Banks to Newfoundland. 'If you will let us do this first,' the ambitious and pugnacious Englishmen told their queen, 'we will next take the West Indies from Spain, and you will be monarch of the seas and out of danger from every one.'"

"That 's the talk!" exclaimed Jack. "And that 's just what Uncle Sam has done to-day, eh, Uncle Tom?"

"Who was it suggested that?" queried Roger.

"It is not absolutely known," Uncle Tom replied; "the memorandum is not signed; but it is thought to have come from Sir Humphrey Gilbert."

"Who died off here at sea?" said Marian.

"Yes," said Uncle Tom; "after he and Sir Walter Raleigh had twice

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOME AT YOUGHAL IN IRELAND.

tried to leave England, and had been recalled because they had not force enough to face the Spaniards. At last, however, in 1583, Gilbert, with five ships, sailed from Plymouth, in England, across to these regions, landed, and took possession of Newfoundland in the name of the queen, and then, striking southwesterly (which would have brought them into these waters), ran into a frightful storm, and then, at midmight on the 9th of September, 'the lights of the little *Squirrel* went out forever.' Brave Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his great schemes for colonization were swallowed up by the very waters whose possession he had sought to wrest from Spain."

"Oh! was that somewhere in these parts?" Christine cried, with interest. "Poor Sir Humphrey! he was always one of my heroes."

"He was one of the noble Englishmen responsible for the America of to-day," Uncle Tom declared. "Who knows Longfellow's poem about him?"

Christine did; and she repeated the lines, which had a new significance spoken in that very section of the world which the gallant Sir Humphrey sought, and where, far to the eastward, he went bravely down to death:

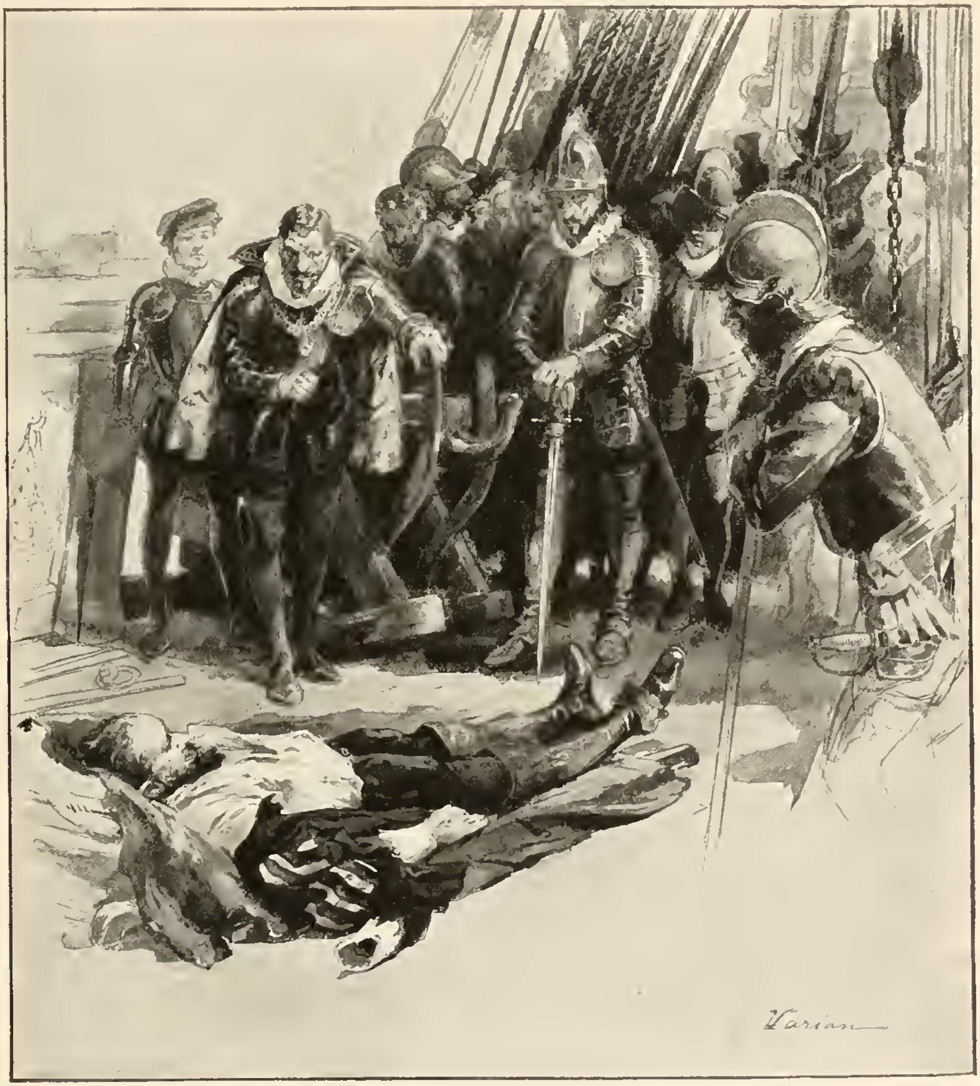
"Alas! the land-wind failed,
  And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
  Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

"He sat upon the deck;
The Book was in his hand;
'Do not fear! Heaven is as near,'
He said, 'by water as by land!'"

"Was it as cold as that here — in September?" asked Bert the literal.

"Why not?" replied Jack. "Don't you remember that August morning swim we had in Boothbay harbor? I don't wonder Sir Humphrey collapsed."

"Well, he did," Uncle Tom assured him; "the other vessel, the *Golden Hind*, reached Falmouth in England, so Belknap tells us, 'through much



DEATH OF SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE IN A SEA FIGHT WITH SPAIN.

Also "one of the noble Englishmen responsible for the America of to-day."

tempest and peril. But nothing more was seen or heard of the admiral.'"

"And that 's how the Spaniards got even with him, eh?" said Roger.

"But where does John Smith come in?" demanded Bert — as usual going back to the main subject.

"Not for some years," Uncle Tom replied. "Indeed, before his day, Champlain, the Frenchman, and Martin Pring, one of the 'forgotten worthies' of Kingsley's dear Devon country, came sailing and exploring in this region. Pring came in the *Speedwell* in 1603 — eleven years before Smith sailed here and captured most of the credit by giving names to capes and bays and islands that have remained so named 'even unto this day.'"

"Great old chaps those 'Westward Ho!' fellows were," Jack commented.

"Old? Why, Jack!" exclaimed Uncle Tom. "Captain Martin Pring was very young when he came here discovering. Less than twenty-three was this bold young adventurer when he ran over the very course we are sailing, one of that gallant band of brave and dauntless seamen whom, as Kingsley declares, 'we shall learn one day to honor as they deserve; to whom England owes her commerce, her colonies, her very existence.' See here; I have here in my memorandum-book a part of Martin Pring's memorial, that I copied from his monument in Bristol Churchyard, in England, where he was buried in 1626. It 's a quaint bit of comparison, such as those old epitaph-makers loved. Ah! here it is:

"'Prudence and Fortitude ore topp this toombe
Which in brave Pring tooke up ye chiefest roome;
His painefull, skillfull travayles reacht as farre
As from the Artick to th' Antartick starre;
Hee made himself A Shippe; Religion
His only compass, and the truth alone
His guiding Cynosure: Faith was his sailes,
His anchor Hope, a hope that never failes;
His freight was Charitie, and his returne
A fruitfull practice. In this fatal urne
His Shipp's fayr Bulck is lodg'd, but ye ritch ladinge
Is hous'd in Heaven, A haven never fadinge.'"

"That is interesting, is n't it, though?" said Marian, as the young people studied the odd spelling in the memorandum.

"Yes; Pring came sailing down here from Cape Neddock, off York cliffs, you know, where he was hunting for sassafras, and coasted along until

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SOULE PHOTO. CO.

MANANAS ISLAND, FROM MONHEGAN ISLAND.

"Banana" some of the Maine fishermen call it!

he struck Cape Ann and Plymouth," Uncle Tom explained. "In 1614 John Smith followed a similar track, looking for whales and gold-mines, codfish and harbors."

"All of 'em pretty scarce around here now," said Jack, who had cruised along the Maine coast more than once. "Where did John the truth-teller strike his first harbor?"

"He says in the story of his travels: 'I chanced to arrive in New England, a part of America, at the Isle of Monhegan,'—he spelled it 'Monahiggan,'—and adds that, if he could not find gold or whales, 'fish and furs were our refuge.'"

"Monhegan, eh? Not much of a harbor there," said Bert.

"And yet that rocky roadstead, a dozen miles offshore, and (until the daily steamer just put on) almost as hard to get to now as it was in colonial days, was one of the earliest of New England settlements, and was for years the chief rendezvous of English ships; so that if any one were sailing to America, he would be liable to say to another captain contemplating an ocean trip, 'Meet me at Monhegan.'"

"Nice little place for a date in a nor'easter," said Jack, who could tell of experiences off that picturesque pile of rocks. "I hope they kept it easier than I did last summer. Going down there this trip, Uncle Tom?"

"We must; it's off Pemaquid, you know," his uncle replied, "and Pemaquid was at one time the metropolis of New England."

"Where is Pemaquid?" queried Marian, whose geography was not always reliable.

"Up where they make health, and keep it bottled up like soda — eh, Uncle Tom?" was Jack's reply.

"As they do all along this delightful Maine coast, upon whose southern limits we are now pressing as we run into Portsmouth harbor and spy out the land from Kittery 'Foreside to Christian Shore."

A venerable and tranquil-looking old place they found Portsmouth to be — a town of quaint homes, a fine hotel, and many memories. The investigators explored it thoroughly, from the navy-yard and Seavey's Island, where Cervera's sailors had lived their brief life as American prisoners, over the beautiful river stretch up the Piscataqua to the old blockhouse on the Back River, the historic town of Dover on the Cocheco, where, under famous Garrison Hill, had fallen that famous Indian massacre that swept the land in the bloody days of King Philip's War — that scourge of all New England.

"Here," said Uncle Tom, as they drew rein upon the high land above Dover Point, "was laid the first settlement in New Hampshire. Hilton Point, Dover Point, or Strawberry Bank,—as the names were given it at different times,— and Dover village, above here on the Cocheco, became, about 1625, the first settlement of what was later known as New Hampshire — for so the colony was called by John Mason, out of love for his English home. Yonder, just over that rail fence, stood the first meeting-house and blockhouse, and many a time, when a boy, have I drawn rein on this very spot with your grandfather, Marian, to get his favorite view over the two rivers (he was a Garrison Hill boy, you know) — the same view that stout Captain Underhill, that free-lance of colonial days, saw as along this very path he rode that fair day that Whittier tells us of, when

"'He cheered his heart as he rode along
With screed of Scripture and holy song,
Or thought how he rode with his lances free
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder Zee,
Till his wood path grew to a trodden road
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

"'He saw the church with the blockhouse nigh,
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,
And, tacking to windward, low and crank,
The little shallop from Strawberry Bank;
And he rose in his stirrups and looked abroad
Over land and water, and praised the Lord.'"

"It is a beautiful view, is n't it?" said Christine, as they all drank in that fair landscape of hill and river and pasture-land, while in the northern distance, sharp and clear, Agamenticus, the fisherman's landmark, lifted itself above the boulders and beaches of York.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SOULE PHOTO. CO.

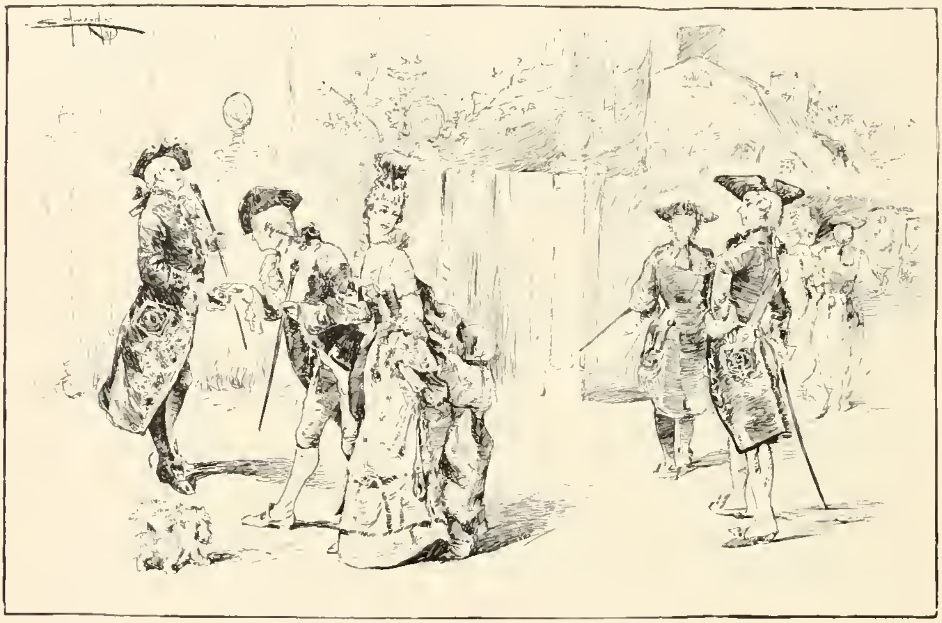
THE NUBBLE, YORK HARBOR.

"Was New Hampshire Maine, or was Maine New Hampshire — or what?" Bert demanded of his uncle, as the yacht left the only seaport of the Granite State and crossed the imaginary line into Maine limits. "I 'm a bit mixed on that point."

"As others have been before your day, Bert," his uncle replied. "You see, there was a time when all this region was Massachusetts. There were so many grants and counter-grants, and patents and counter-patents, that really those much governed colonists did n't know just who their 'bosses' were, even when the Frenchmen were not putting in a claim. But Massachusetts, basing her claim upon a patent which gave her a territory to a point three miles above the head waters of the Merrimac, traced those head waters far up among the White Mountains, and, claiming all the land to the south, took in the best parts of Maine and New Hampshire."

"Taking ways those Massachusetts Bay people had, had n't they, though?" commented Jack.

"Maine and New Hampshire both objected," Uncle Tom continued, "and the struggle over the rival claims did not always go as the Bay people desired. But when, in 1691, Massachusetts lost her chartered independence and became a province of the crown, the Bay Colony was given, to assuage its pain, a huge plaster in the shape of a region extending from Long Island Sound to the Gulf of St. Lawrence; for into the province of Massachusetts Bay were then merged the provinces of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Maine, Sagadahoc, and Acadia, while New Hampshire became so frequently a part of the Massachusetts Province that a Portsmouth man could not tell which colony he belonged to. Finally, however, piece by piece, the territory was torn away from Massachusetts; Acadia was lopped off; New Hampshire, in 1740, set up for herself, and Maine chafed under the restraint of Massachusetts jurisdiction."



IN THE OLD PORTSMOUTH DAYS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. G. H. WARNER OF WASHINGTON.

OLD GARRISON HOUSE, CAPE PORPOISE, MAINE.

Built in 1632.

"And when did she break away?" said Bert. "In the Revolution?"

"Not for years after," Uncle Tom replied. "It took a second war with England to give Maine her statehood. Even then a great slice of her territory — what is now New Brunswick — was given to England, to allow the Canadians a clear road from Halifax to Quebec, and in 1820 the separation from Massachusetts was finally accomplished, and Maine became a State in the American Union."

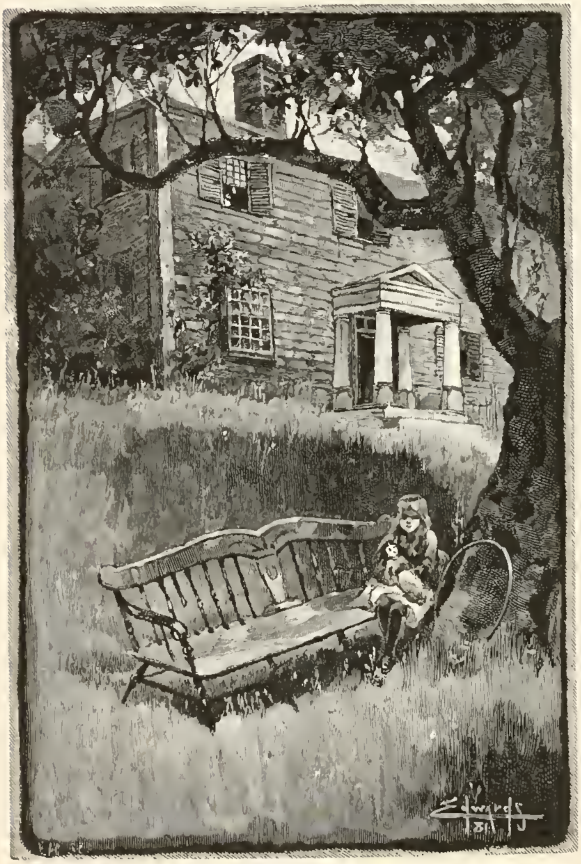
"And I always thought she was one of the original thirteen," said Marian.

"The fault was not that of Maine," Uncle Tom informed the five. "Her beginnings were promising and her expectations were great. At one time old Pemaquid, of which to-day scarce a stone remains, was the chief city of New England, and yonder, under the shadow of Agamenticus, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Maine's earliest patentee and proprietor, in 1645 laid out a great city, twenty-one miles square, which was to be called Gorgeana, and was to have a mayor, twelve aldermen, and a common council of twenty-four — offices which it took two thirds of all the men in the 'city' to fill."

"Like a regiment all colonels and captains, was n't it?" said Jack.

"And Massachusetts was the Perseus who destroyed the Maine Gorgon—or Gorgeana, eh?" Roger remarked. "Wise old chaps, those Bay Colony people!"

"So most of the Maine folks thought until the colony grew stout enough to go alone," Uncle Tom replied; "and then, as you see, it took years to settle the affair. But it is a picturesque region, full of rich and interesting memories."



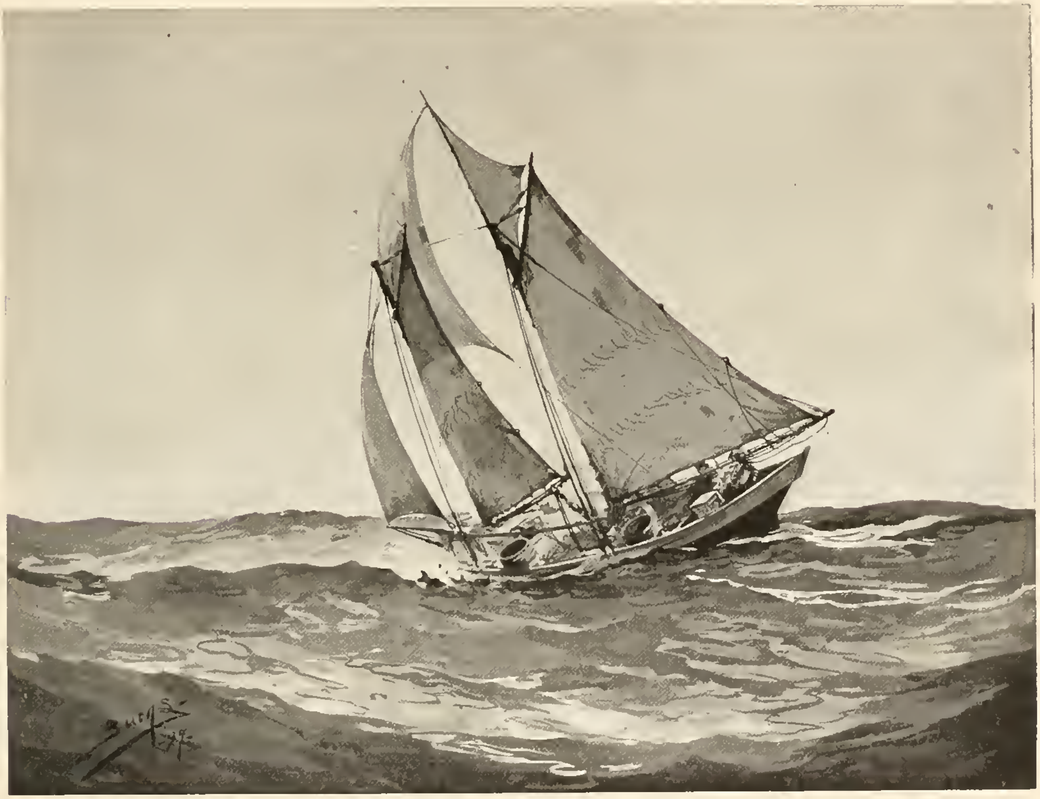
OLD TILDEN HOUSE, CASTINE.

They "did" that old section of New Hampshire's beginnings thoroughly, from the great hotel at beautiful Newcastle to the relics of Indian raid at Cocheco Falls; and then they pushed along in their yacht, running into the little island-guarded harbor of Cape Porpoise; that, they all knew, was first named by Captain Smith, and was the only harbor of refuge between Portland and Portsmouth, as it indented the pine-bordered Maine shore just above the point where the jutting headland of Cape Arundel, or Kennebunkport, gives the fairest sea view that the tourist can find along the whole Atlantic coast.

So on from Cape Porpoise Light they sailed leisurely, studying the coast-line, and catching now and then filmy glimpses of far-off Mount Washington, which good Dr. Richard Vines saw more than two centuries before as, the first of White Mountain tourists, he came up the valley of the Saco and passed through Crawford Notch. Even then the Notch was the gateway of the mountains, entered by captive English colonists en route to Canadian imprisonment, as now by modern tourists "doing" the White Hills in these later days of luxurious summer travel — only, as Marian declared, "those poor captives did n't go in parlor-cars or on tally-hos."

In and out they sailed, from beautiful Portland harbor, past Great Head and the Loins of Pork, alive with sea-birds, to Boothbay, that summer paradise, and the grim but picturesque rocks of Monhegan, then up the Penobscot to story-filled and legend-bathed Castine, and on, still across the island-studded bays of Maine, to Mount Desert and its cottages — the Newport of the East.

As they sailed thus along the shores which for more than two centuries have been the region of feud and adventure, of profit and pleasure, the resort of hardy fishermen and rest-seeking millionaires, Uncle Tom told his young companions the stirring story of Maine, and how amid its sea rocks and its dim forest aisles was first waged that fight for possession in which two great nations grappled for lordship and boundaries, only to end after a full century and more of struggle, when, on the Heights of Abraham, Montcalm gave up in defeat, and Wolfe, dying in the hour of victory, gave the possession of a continent to the triumphant arms of England.



A MAINE FISHERMAN AT HIS WORK.

"Maine," said Uncle Tom, as he and his young people stood within the confines of old Fort George above Castine and surveyed the whole lovely land, "received its name, so we have been told, from the queen of King

Charles, the Stuart who lost his head; she was Henrietta Maria, daughter of the brave Frenchman, Henry of Navarre, and the province of Maine in France, which was the dowry or marriage portion of the French princess, gave its name to this section of the New World, for whose possession France and England were to battle so long and so fiercely. That is what we have always heard; but now we are told that the Princess Henrietta Maria did not own the French province of Maine, and that the name of our Pine-tree State is simply the abridgment of the name given to it by the hardy fishermen of these coasts, who always spoke of it as the 'Mainland,' or simply the 'Main.' You can accept whichever you prefer."

The division of opinion was about even — the girls voting for the romantic dowry name of the French princess, the boys accepting the practical decision of their friends the fishermen.

"The fishermen seem to have it, anyhow," Uncle Tom declared; "for it was because of them that this region first came into the colonial market; and the cod and other fish of these ragged shores have been hunted for and fought over from the days of the old Basque fishermen, before the voyages of Columbus, to the 'three-mile limit' that marks the international rivalries, treaties, and arbitrations of our own day. Just west of us, you know, on the mainland opposite Monhegan, we found the very brief remains of Pemaquid, — the 'ancient city of Jamestown,' as it was called, — the first metropolis of New England; and here at Castine, as we discovered, was the old fort of Pentagoet, where French, Dutch, and English traders fought for supremacy from the days when, in 1556, the Frenchmen erected here a fur and fishing station; here D'Aulnay and La Tour, rival chieftains of Acadia, waged their feud of blood; here Captain Argall, the colonial adventurer and thorn in the flesh, and John Smith, first manufacturer of 'whoppers' in the way of fish-stories, tarried and traded; here Cromwell asserted the authority and ownership of England, and the Chevalier de Grandfontaine hauled down the English flag and again ran up the fleur-de-lis; here pirates sailed in foray, and retired, defeated or bought off; here the priests of Rome built the chapel of 'Our Lady of Holy Hope'; and here the Baron Castine of St. Castine, as Whittier calls him, kept his rough but lordly state, and gave his name to this delightful old town, which has ever since been the Castine which the old baron made secure and Noah Brooks has made famous."

"Why, was this Fairport?" demanded Jack.

"This, boys and girls, is the home of that famous 'Fairport Nine' whom you know, I suspect, even better than you do the son-in-law of Madockawando, chief of the Tarratines."

"Why, who was he?" queried Roger.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SOULE PHOTO. CO.

BAR HARBOR, FROM STRAWBERRY HILL.

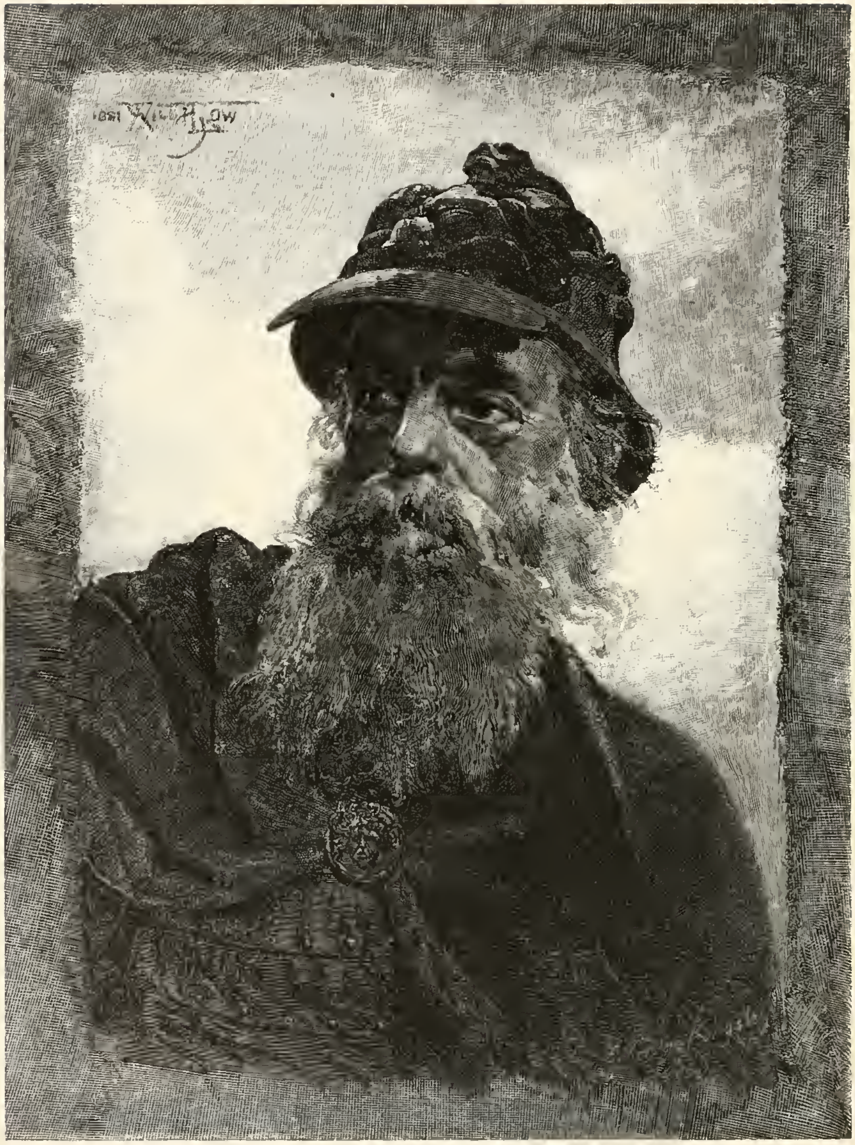
"Oh, Roger, don't you know?" demanded Christine. "That's in Longfellow's poem. I recited it at school once. It 's in the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn':

"'Another day and many a day
And many a week and month depart,
When a fatal letter wings the way
Across the sea like a bird of prey,
And strikes and tears the old man's heart.
Lo! the young Baron of St. Castine,
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,
Has married a dusky Tarratine,
Has married Madockawando's child!'"

"Ho! married an Indian girl, did he?" cried Jack, "and set up housekeeping here as a baron and chief? That was great."

"How romantic!" said Marian. "Just like Pocahontas over again."

"Castine was scarcely a Rolfe, Marian," her uncle informed her. "But he certainly was a most picturesque figure in the old trading-post which he, with the help of his Indian father-in-law, here built up and held under the



BARON CASTINE.

banner of the Grand Monarque. Through Dutch invasion, English occupation, and piratical foray he still held to his post, and though he did n't 'come to his own again' in just the way Longfellow's poem describes, he did finally go back to France with a fortune 'in good dry gold,' wrung from his trade in furs and fish, and with also — alas! for 'Madockawando's child' — a second wife, who was French and not Indian."

"How horrid of him! You just take the poetry and romance all out of the story, Uncle Tom," cried Marian.

"Perhaps; but there is enough and to spare in the story of Castine," her uncle replied. "I never think of him as the gay young soldier of the European wars whom Longfellow pictures; I think of him as the stern but foxy old defender of his lucrative trading-post, sachem of the Tarratines, and lord of the manor, whom the Indians held in so much veneration that they always spread skins and mats for him to tread upon when returning here from trade or foray — the rugged old adventurer whom Whittier pictures for us so vividly in his poem of 'Mogg Megone':

"'One whose bearded cheek
And white and wrinkled brow bespeak
A wanderer from the shores of France;
A few long locks of scattering snow
Beneath a battered morion flow,
And from the rivets of the vest
Which girts in state his ample breast
The slanted sunbeams glance.

"'In the harsh outlines of his face
Passion and sin have left their trace;
Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,
No signs of weary age are there.
His step is firm, his eye is keen,
Nor years in broil and battle spent,
Nor toils, nor wounds, nor pain have bent
The lordly frame of old Castine.'"

"That 's more as I should picture him, too," Bert declared. "Those old chaps did n't have any flowery beds of ease here, did they, Uncle Tom?"

"Far from it, Bert," his uncle answered. "It was hard work, watchfulness, shrewdness, one eye always open, one hand always on the sword-hilt, that kept men like Castine in possession of their border 'castles' in those days of savage allies and still more savage foemen. England gave France no rest; there were war fleets from the sea, stealthy forays from the land, the midnight attack, the war-whoop and the French or English battle-cry, the burning blockhouse, the slaughtered defenders of hearth and home, the weary trail of prisoners through the wilderness. By all these alarms and through all these horrors did the fight for the border go on, until at last out of French defeat came English possession and American power. In no phase of the world's story was the progress of Anglo-Saxon supremacy more dramatically or more strenuously marked than in this struggle for possession of the northern and eastern boundaries of New England."

"Hurrah for us!" cried Jack.

Down upon the quaint old town at their feet they looked, filled with the beauty of the scene before them. To the south stretched the hill-guarded Bay of Penobscot, to the east lay the shining and lessening Bagaduce, and about them ran the lines of the old fort — made, remade, and made again through nearly twice two hundred years of the struggle for power and possession. They had explored the land well before they took their good-by look from the fort above Castine; they had ferried across the river to Brooksville; they had driven through the long stretches of odorous balsam forests to the cliffs of Cape Rosier and the Reach; they had rounded Fort Point and sailed up the Penobscot to Bangor and Orono and Oldtown; and now, once again, they voted Castine and its surroundings "just beautiful."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SOULE PHOTO. CO.

PEMAQUID POINT, MAINE.

"It looks just like the Catskill Mountains with the ocean turned on," Bert had declared, on the Rosier cliffs, and there was some truth in his characterization. But while Jack was most impressed with the fact that here was the home of those venturesome village boys of Noah Brooks's delightful Fairport, Christine, moved by the stories of Baron Castine and the brave

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SOULE PHOTO. CO.

LOOKING NORTH FROM CAPE ROSIER, PENOBSCOT BAY.

Lady La Tour, found herself feeling just a bit sorry for the dispossession of those old and picturesque French lords of the manors and castles that England had wrested away, and she said so, as was her wont.

"The world's sympathies are usually with those who lose, my dear," Uncle Tom replied, "even though their success would have been the greatest of failures. Can you imagine America a Latin land? What would it have been to-day had France or Spain won in the struggle for its possession?"

"And echo answers, 'What?'" exclaimed Jack.

"No; the divine economy, the ways of Providence, the welfare of the earth, made it imperative that this northern half of the Western world should be an English-speaking, English-working world. As England stands the bulwark and safeguard of the liberties of Europe, so does our republic stand the safeguard and bulwark of America, and to this end it was necessary that here, on the rugged Maine coast, France should yield the sovereignty to England, and all North America become Anglicized on the path to liberty."

"I suppose you are right, Uncle Tom —" Christine began.

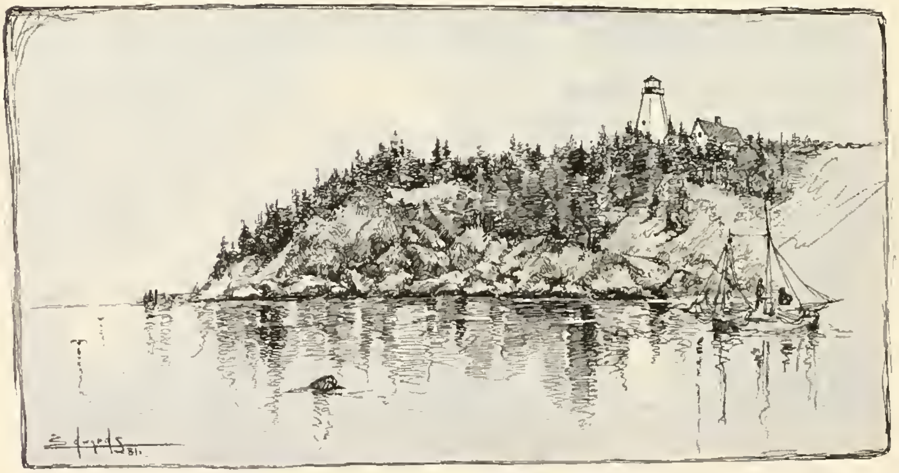
"Right? Of course he is," Jack declared. "What else could be right? America for the Americans! Had n't you rather be what you are than a señorita or a ma'm'selle, Christine?"

"You know what Holmes says," Roger remarked, with one of his infrequent and somewhat halting "drops" into poetry:

"'And what if court or castle vaunt
Its children loftier born?
Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt
Beside the golden corn?
They ask not for the dainty toil
Of ribboned knights and earls—
The daughters of the virgin soil,
Our free-born Yankee girls!'"

"Bravo, Roger!" "Well done, young Boston!" cried Bert and Jack, applauding, while the girls made him stately courtesies of appreciation; and Uncle Tom, entering into the spirit of the compliment, capped Roger's quotation with the closing lines of Holmes's tribute, waving his hand meantime toward the cliffs of Cape Rosier and the pine-clad islands of the Penobscot:

"'From barest rock to bleakest shore,
Where farthest sail unfurls,
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er—
God bless our Yankee girls!'"



LIGHTHOUSE POINT, CASTINE.

CHAPTER XIII

ON THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

In the Land of Evangeline — Louisburg and Halifax — Across New Brunswick — In New and Old Quebec — The Struggle for a Language — The Triumph of English Speech — The Colonial Expansion of the Great Republic.

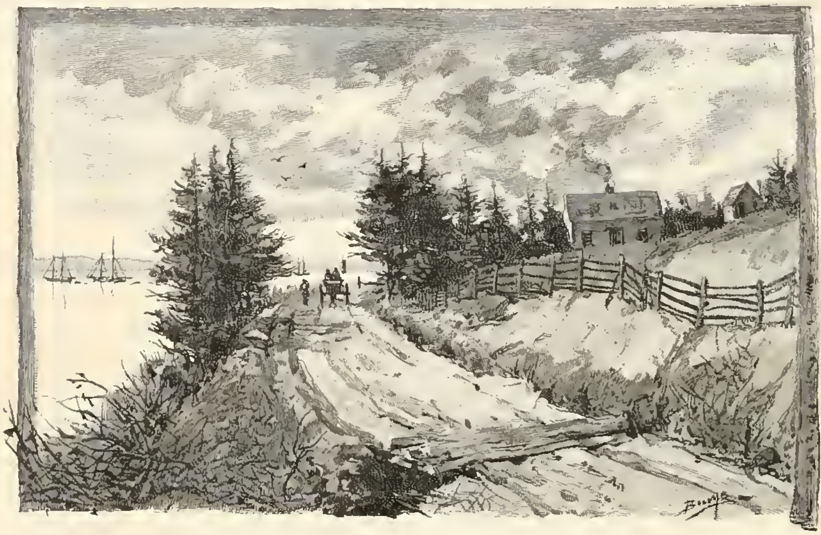
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WOODILL

MONUMENT AT LOUISBURG ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL

COASTING eastward to Bar Harbor and its beauties of sea and shore, of hill and wave, Uncle Tom and his young people there bade good-by to their yacht and continued their tour of the "Maritime Provinces" into Maine's departed "slice," New Brunswick; then, crossing the Bay of Fundy from St. John to Digby, they entered Acadia, "home of the happy," and, in the glorious days of a Nova Scotian summer, sped through the beautiful land of Evangeline, crossed the island to busy Halifax, the "garrison city by the sea," steamed up the coast to and through the picturesque Bras d'Or Lakes to what Charles Dudley Warner once delightfully described as "Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing," and after exploring the little that is left of the once powerful fortress of Louisburg, retraced their way to Truro, and, by the Intercolonial Railway, crossed New Brunswick, skirted the broad bay-like St. Lawrence to Lévis, and so, at last, crossed to the Gibraltar of America — Quebec, the "sentinel city of the St. Lawrence," the fortress-crowned rock where two nations and two races fought the pivotal battle for the possession of the Western world.

Despite its frequent stretches of blasted pine and weary wastes, the journey was full of interest to the colonial pilgrims. Often Uncle Tom had to act as a restraining influence; for when the girls almost wept over the sad story of the Acadian exiles and said hard things of England, as they found themselves passing through the beautiful land of Evangeline, Uncle Tom showed them the reverse of the picture: he told them how, in 1755, the race feud was even fiercer than it is to-day, and French and English could not live peaceably as comrades and neighbors under one flag; how the Acadians were unruly and quarrelsome, impeding the progress of English ideas and methods, and finally brought upon themselves their own punishment of expulsion.

"It was hard and harsh," Uncle Tom admitted, "but it was a military and political necessity, and it was the imperative step toward making Nova Scotia what she is to-day — England's bulwark and outer defense in North America, loyal to the core."

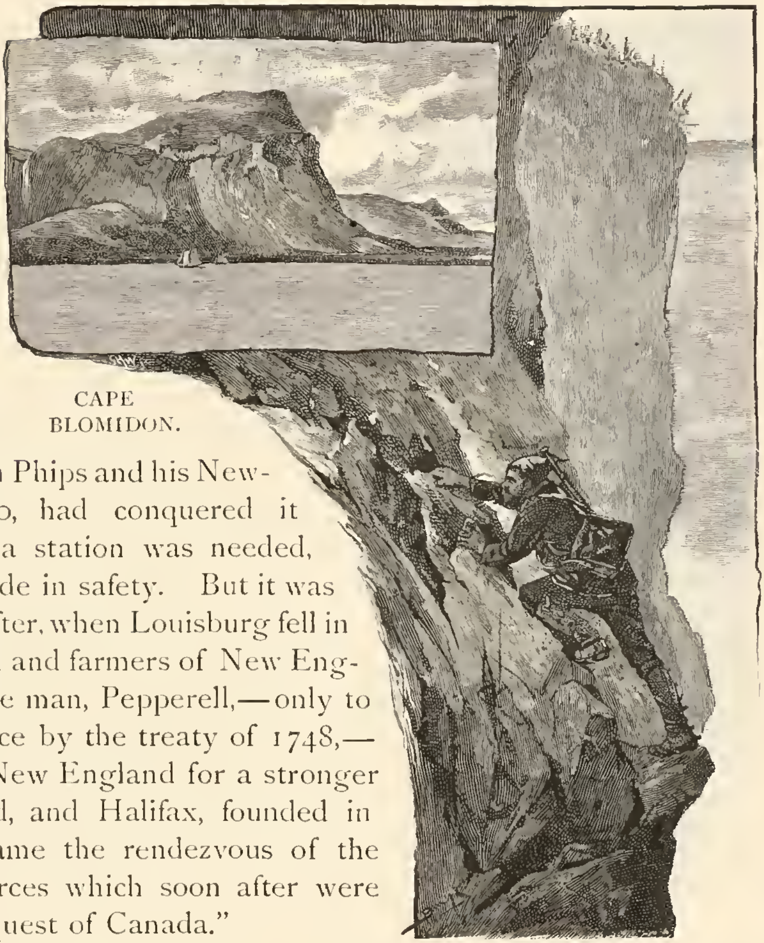


AT BADDECK, CAPE BRETON ISLAND.

That Nova Scotia was loyal to the core they found evidences in plenty in Halifax. Seated upon her peerless harbor, the old town, which for a hundred and fifty years has been the chief garrison city of England in America, looks off upon its forts and its war-ships, and listens almost unceasingly to the strains of "God Save the Queen!"

But Uncle Tom informed his young people, as from the glacis of Citadel Hill they drank in the superb view, that the location and present glory of Halifax, one of the most important positions in the British Empire, were due largely to the people of Massachusetts.

"How 's that, sir?" queried Roger, interested at once.



CAPE BLOMIDON.

THE TIP OF CAPE BLOMIDON.

"Your forefathers of the Bay Province, Roger," Uncle Tom replied, "saw that Port Royal, or Annapolis, as we know it, upon the Bay of Fundy, was not enough of a stronghold to withstand the French power, even after Sir William Phips and his New-Englanders, in 1690, had conquered it from France. A sea station was needed, where fleets could ride in safety. But it was not until fifty years after, when Louisburg fell in 1745 to the fishermen and farmers of New England, led by the Maine man, Pepperell,—only to be returned to France by the treaty of 1748,—that the demand of New England for a stronger defense was granted, and Halifax, founded in 1745, gradually became the rendezvous of the British fleets and forces which soon after were to complete the conquest of Canada."

"How long was Canada French, Uncle Tom?" Roger inquired.

"For two hundred and five years," Uncle Tom replied. "From that hot August day in 1554 when Jacques Cartier set up the standard of France on the shores of Chaleur Bay, to that September day in 1759 when the standard of France on the citadel at Quebec gave place to the flag of England, Canada was French. But, long before that time, Basque and Norman fishermen knew and frequented these coasts, and it seems beyond doubt that the Spaniards were the first real discoverers."

"Of course; I could have told you so with my eyes shut," declared Jack.

"But with your ears open, Jack," Uncle Tom said, with a laugh; "for the very name Canada is declared to be Spanish. '*Aca nada!*' said the first Spanish explorers, disappointed in their gold hunt along these shores; '*aca nada*'—'here is nothing' And there is the name—a Canada! Thus the Indians caught the sound of the name, and repeating it to the next white arrivals, fastened that name on the wide Dominion of to-day."

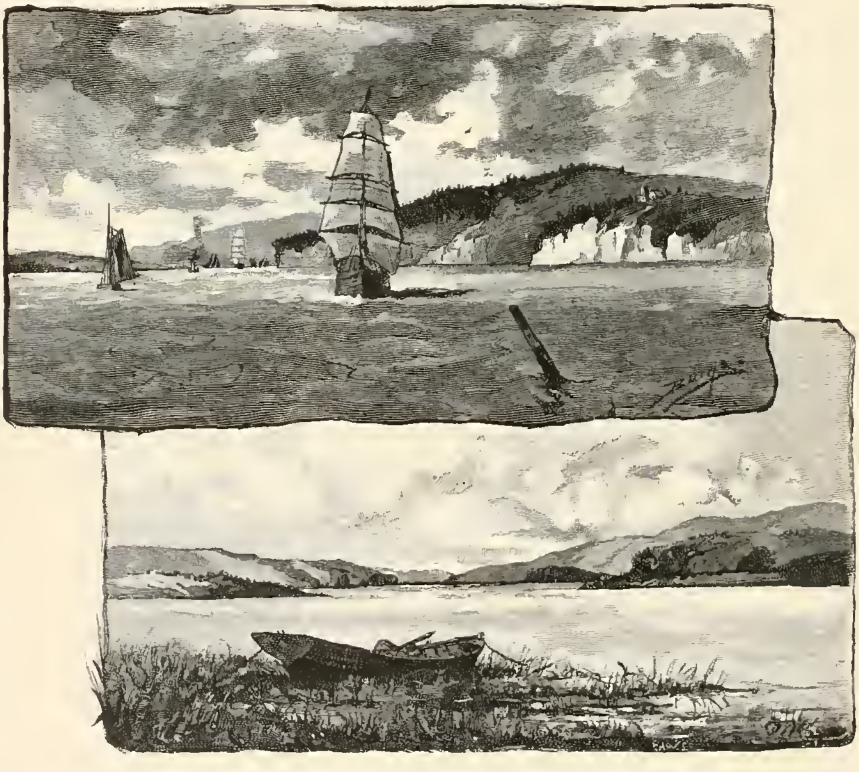
"There 's where Spain missed it again, eh?" said Jack, pointing off to the busy city by the sea; "here is a good deal, I should say."

"Is n't it odd about names, though?" said Marian. "But why is it Nova Scotia here, and why Halifax?"

"Those are not Indian, I know," said Roger.

"Why, no; of course not," said Bert. "Nova Scotia is New Scotland, is n't it, Uncle Tom? But why?"

"The old patent business over again," his uncle replied. "In 1621 one Sir William Alexander, a Scotchman, obtained from the King of England, through the Plymouth Company, a charter for 'the lordship and barony of New Scotland'—called Nova Scotia; and there you are!"



THE BRAS D'OR LAKES, CAPE BRETON ISLAND.

"How everybody did give away everybody else's things in those old days," said Marian,—"even to changing names."

"I think Acadia is a much nicer name than Nova Scotia," said Christine. "Is it the same as Arcadia or Arcady, 'home of the happy,' Uncle Tom?"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WOODILL.

REMAINS OF BOMB-PROOFS AT LOUISBURG.

The King's Bastion.

Uncle Tom laughed at Christine's poetic query.

"Let 's see; Arcadia means felicity and rural happiness, does n't it, Bert?" he said.

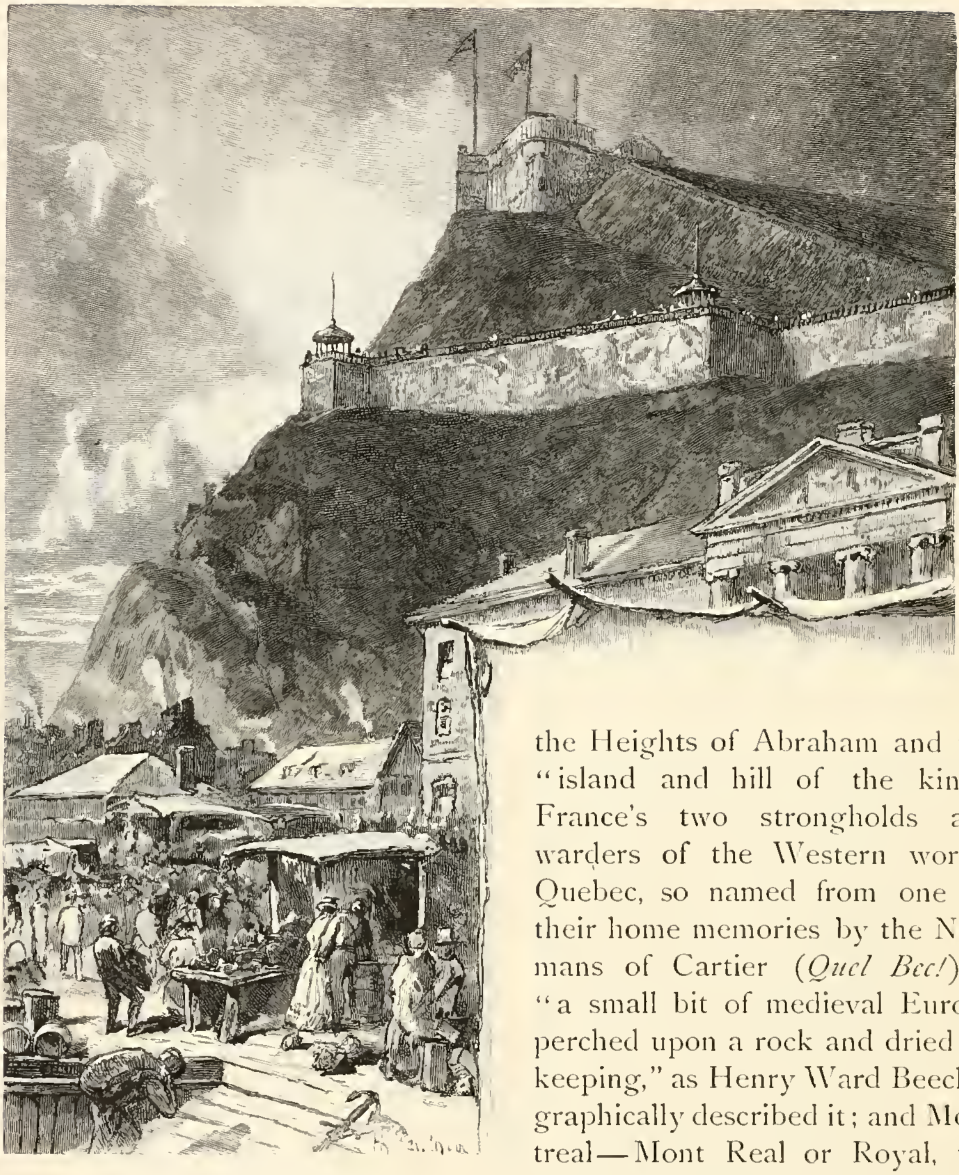
"Yes, sir," the scholar replied, "from that old-time country in Greece, which was said to be the home of simplicity and peace."

"And Acadie or Acadia is said to be simply the French turn to the Indian name *aquoddy*—a pollock," declared Uncle Tom.

"A pollock! a fish! Oh, Uncle Tom!" cried Christine; and Marian exclaimed, "The idea! I just won't believe it."

"Well," said Jack, "the pollock 's a mighty pretty fish, if it is rather slim eating." And there the study of derivations rested.

Through the forest-covered, water-seamed lands of New Brunswick to Point Lévis and Quebec the travelers journeyed, with the story of colonial Canada ever before them. For, as they journeyed, Uncle Tom gave them the whole picturesque tale from the days of Cartier and Champlain to those of Frontenac and Montcalm. He told them of the brave and brilliant sacrifices of Jesuit missionaries, and French adventurers and explorers, to make and keep the whole vast region French; of the Fathers Brébeuf, Allouez, and Marquette bearing the cross to the lakes and forests of the West; of the explorers Nicolet and Joliet and La Salle covering all western America in their discoveries and claims; of the seigniors and governors and statesmen and warriors who ruled and conquered in Canada, and established on



THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

the Heights of Abraham and the "island and hill of the king" France's two strongholds and warders of the Western world: Quebec, so named from one of their home memories by the Normans of Cartier (*Quel Bec!*)—"a small bit of medieval Europe perched upon a rock and dried for keeping," as Henry Ward Beecher graphically described it; and Montreal—Mont Real or Royal, the "hill of the king," the modern metropolis of Canada.

The travelers expended their energy and expletives in their enthusiastic "occupation of Quebec." And when from the lofty esplanade, on which stands the splendid new hotel, they overlooked the whole magnificent view below them,—forest and river and islands, mountains and farm-lands, city and fort, tower and town, and, far in the distance, the purple Laurentian hills, oldest in time of all the lands of the earth,—they were silent for just a moment, and then all the pent-up enthusiasm of youthful lovers of nature, art, and sentiment burst out in the one weak but cumulative sentence: "Is n't it just splendid!"

But Uncle Tom saw in this pivot point of history something more than a grand view; he felt even more than its seventeenth-century atmosphere; he saw the Old and the New, alike. To him came those suggestive lines of the poet Thorold:

"Here sailed Jacques Cartier bold, and great Champlain;
Here vigorous Frontenac with iron ruled;
Here fell two heroes — one in victory
Scarce realized; his rival in defeat
Scarce known. Peace from their glorious graves has schooled
The ancient discord, till our minstrelsy
Sings growth united in war's ancient seat!"

He repeated the lines for his young people, as together they looked off from the embattled height of the Citadel City.

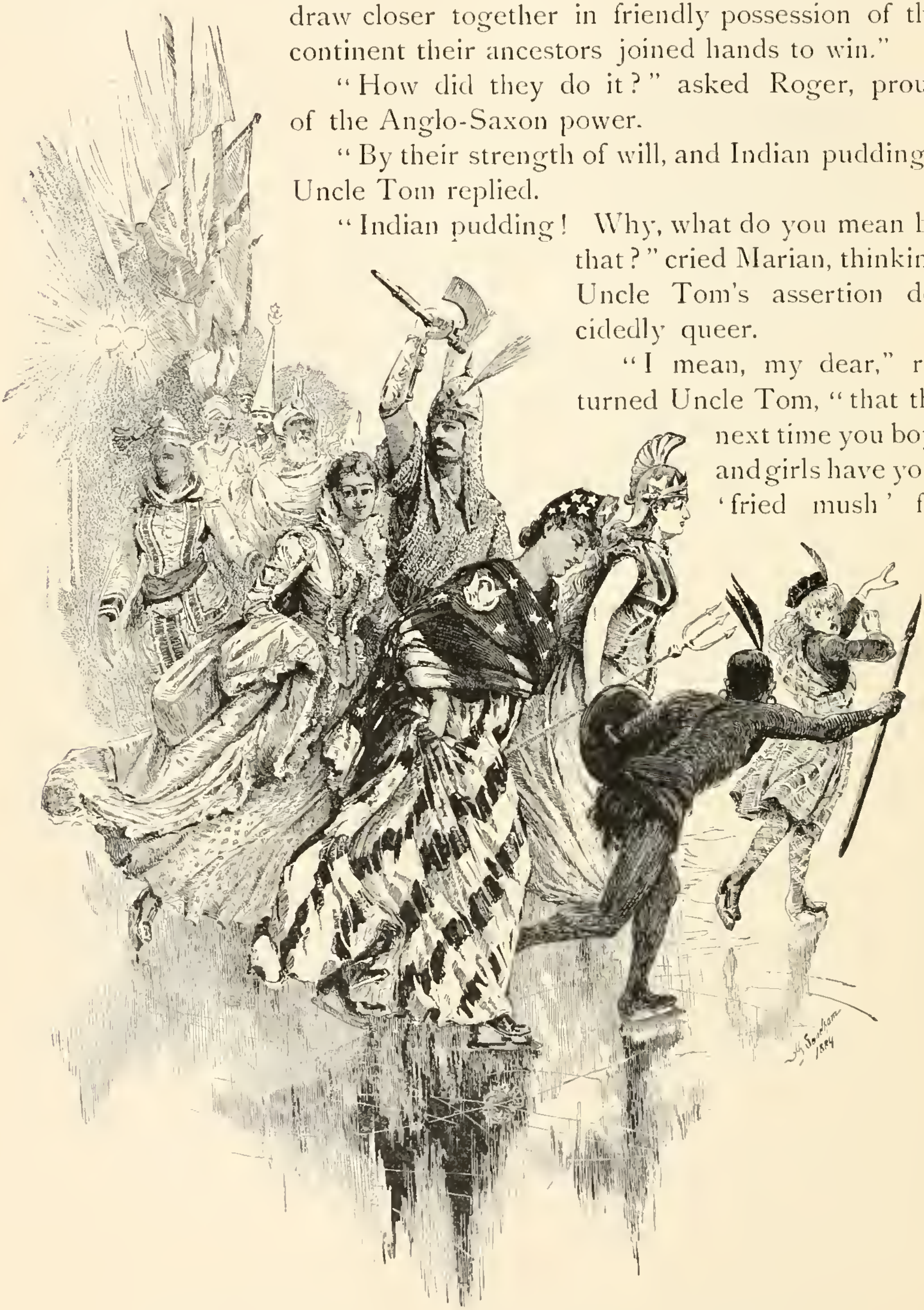
"'Growth united in war's ancient seat,'" he said. "Here you have it, in this old city of King Louis become a show town of Victoria the Empress! The ancient discord has indeed been schooled, and how much your ancestors and mine contributed to that schooling this quaint old walled city of Quebec could eloquently tell. For here ended that 'crab-fight' of the races, of which we talked in Florida and Louisiana; and yonder, beyond this fortress-crowned rock, on what is known to you as the Heights of Abraham, was won the vital victory in that struggle for a language which had wasted many a fine settlement north as well as south, and finally established English speech and English customs along the valley of the St. Lawrence, down the whole course of the wonderful Mississippi, and along the blue and wide-reaching waters of the Gulf of Mexico from the Rio Grande to the winter city of St. Augustine and the flower-bordered river of May."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Marian. "But what do you mean by a 'struggle for a language,' Uncle Tom?"

"Just what I say, my dear," her uncle replied. "All along the rim of that mighty half-circle that swings around from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, through the wonderful Mississippi to the tourist-traveled St. Johns of Florida, was fought, for near two hundred years, a struggle for possession and a dominant speech that finally gave all that debatable land first to the guardianship of England, and, in time, to the starry flag of the great republic."

"Not Canada yet, Uncle Tom," said literal Bert.

"Not yet," his uncle replied. "But even here does the fitness of things display itself. To-day the Dominion and the Republic, from eying each other in a sort of half-hearted jealousy across the border, have grown into an appreciation of the strength of blood and kin, and, in a union of speech, draw closer together in friendly possession of the continent their ancestors joined hands to win.”



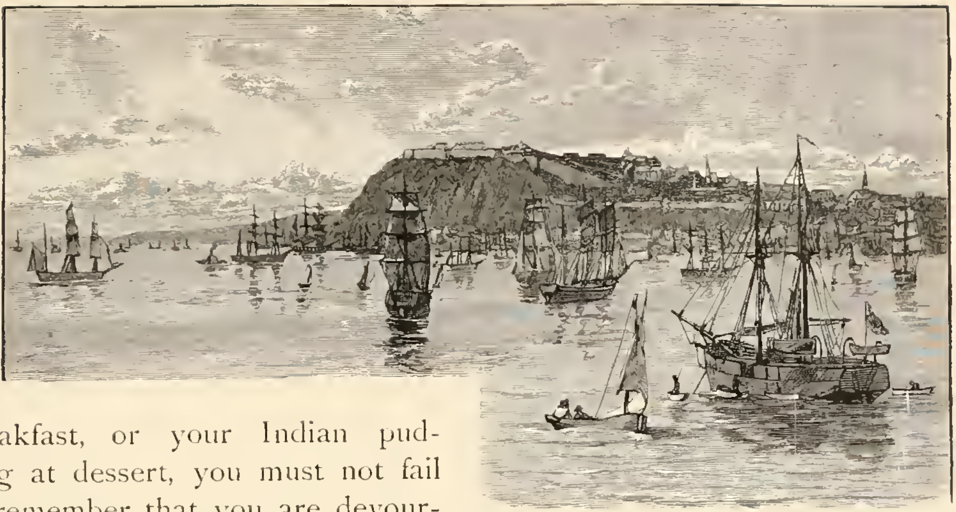
A CANADIAN REVEL: A SKATING CARNIVAL IN MONTREAL.

“How did they do it?” asked Roger, proud of the Anglo-Saxon power.

“By their strength of will, and Indian pudding,” Uncle Tom replied.

“Indian pudding! Why, what do you mean by that?” cried Marian, thinking Uncle Tom's assertion decidedly queer.

“I mean, my dear,” returned Uncle Tom, “that the next time you boys and girls have your ‘fried mush’ for



QUEBEC FROM THE RIVER.

breakfast, or your Indian pudding at dessert, you must not fail to remember that you are devouring the two elements that gave the balance of power to the English-speaking race on the western Atlantic; the two elements that really made you modern Americans — Indian corn and fresh water."

Even Bert looked puzzled at this declaration; but Christine scented a story under it all, and following her lead, all the company at once pressed Uncle Tom for the story that must, they knew from experience, be also an explanation.

He gathered them within the white and golden glories of the ladies' pavilion in the big hotel above the storied river, and there, amid the frequent interruptions of these favored auditors, Uncle Tom gave his girls and boys his story of the fight for a language.

He reminded them once again of the struggle between Spain and England in the South, for the possession of what, from the days of Columbus, Spain was conceded to own — Verrazano and the Cabots to the contrary notwithstanding — until Queen Elizabeth said her say and threw down the gage of defiance to Spain; whereupon, from the St. Lawrence to the Delta of the Mississippi, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Englishmen grappled for the mastery and possession of a continent.

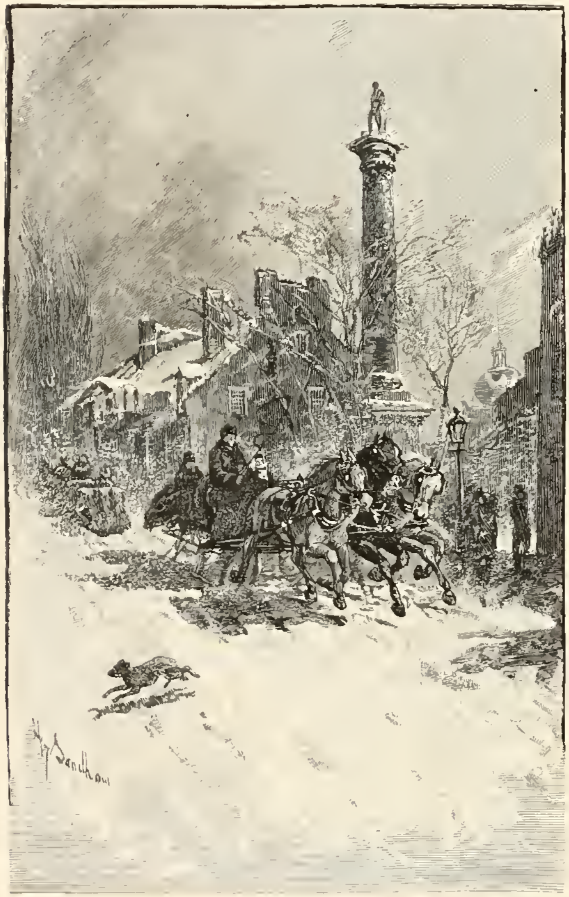
"But where does the fried mush come in?" queried Jack, reverting to his uncle's puzzling statement.

"Yes, sir; you said Indian corn and fresh water settled things for the English," Bert said. "How so?"

Uncle Tom smiled. "That's where the Frenchmen come in," he replied. "For as surely as lack of gold drove the disappointed Spaniards from the lands De Soto sought to conquer along the Gulf, so surely did the abundance of Indian corn and fresh water give the English the mastery, and force the Frenchmen first into and then out of Canada."

"I don't see how," persisted Bert.

"Carry the map of North America, especially of these United States, in your eye, Bert," Uncle Tom replied. "You are surely, all of you, good enough geography scholars for that. From the moment you sail into the mouth of the St. Lawrence, you can go by water all the way to Duluth. In that marvelous chain of five great lakes and a mighty river you are traversing three quarters of all the fresh water on the globe. From Lake Superior to the sources of the Mississippi expert canoeists — like you boys — can actually go by water, thus entering the greatest river system of the world; for that wonderful stream has more navigable tributaries than any other river on the globe, excepting, perhaps, the Amazon. The Great Lakes on the north, the Mississippi on the west! There you have your fresh water, for the control of which France and England struggled for centuries, and which fell finally to the might of England and her colonies, thanks to Indian corn."



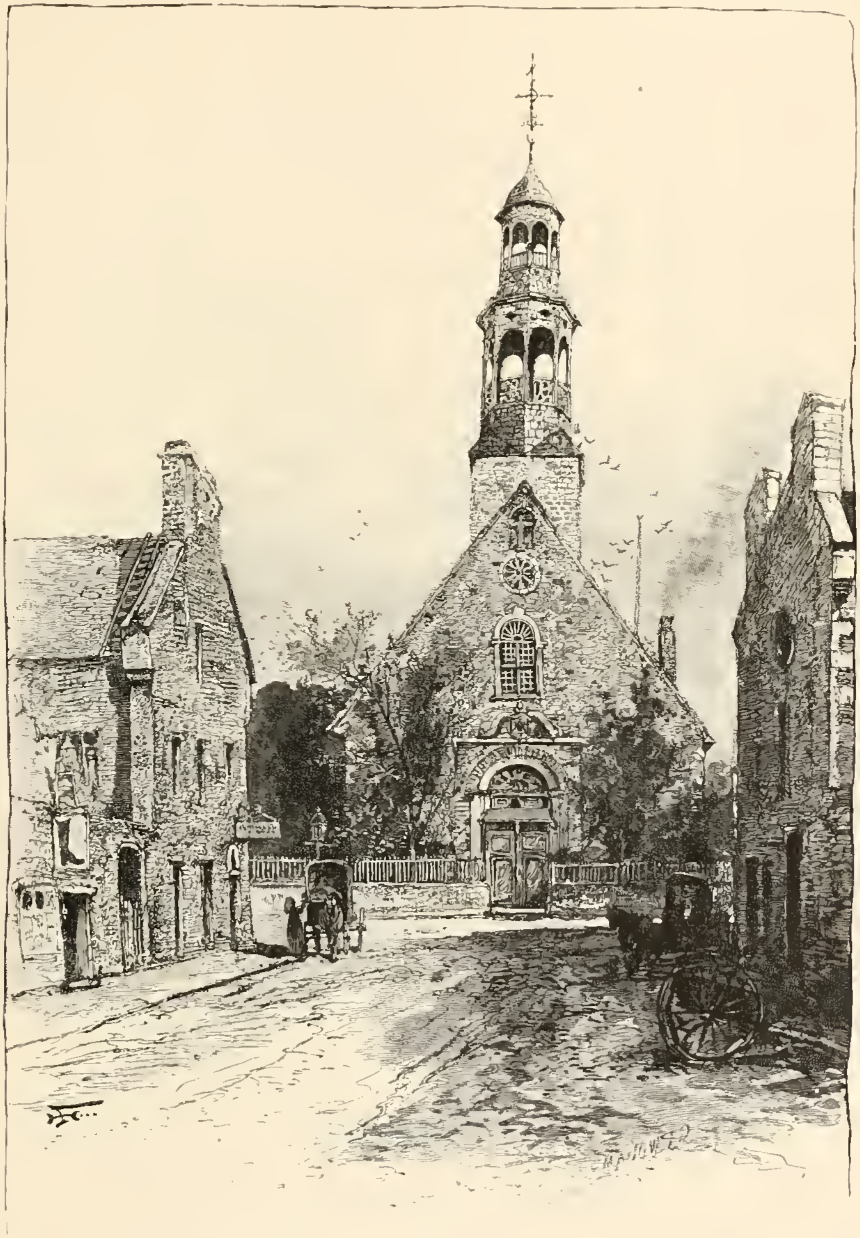
IN THE STREETS OF MONTREAL.

"That sounds awfully funny, Uncle Tom," cried Marian. "How did Indian corn do it?"

"Made every Frenchman acknowledge the corn, I suppose," suggested Jack the irrepressible.

"Indian corn," said Uncle Tom, not deigning to notice Jack's flippancy, "was the staple grain of the English settlers, just as it had been that of the Indian owners of the soil. It was easily planted, easily raised, and easily harvested; it grew more plentifully than any other grain; the stalks were good for forage; the corn was ground readily into meal. Indian corn meant bread

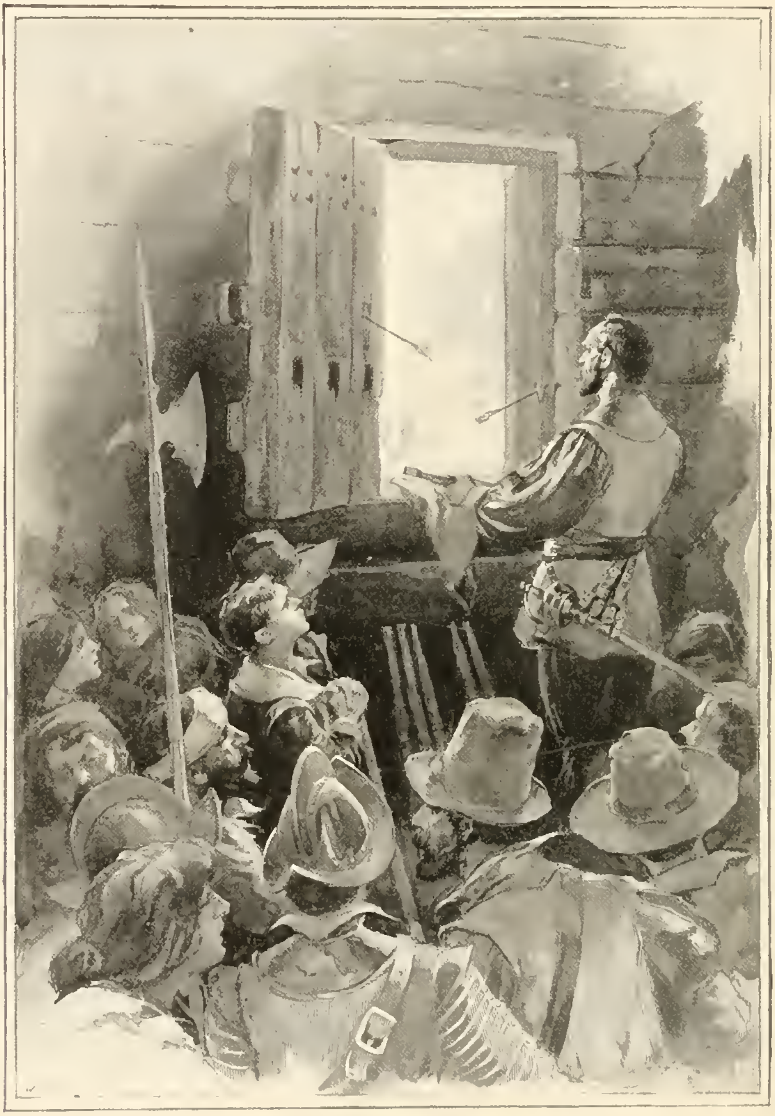
—the staff of life to the early colonists; it flourished where their home grains brought from England would grow but slowly, and it grew only to any advantage south of the great fresh-water boundaries. Indeed, it is not too much to say that but for the sustaining and strengthening qualities of Indian corn the English-speaking race would not so



A COLONIAL CHURCH IN CANADA
Église de Notre Dame de Bonsecours, Montreal.

readily, if at all, have secured footing and possession of these United States." For strength of body meant strength of purpose — and possession.

"How about tobacco, Uncle Tom?" Roger inquired.



TROUBLED TIMES IN COLONIAL DAYS.

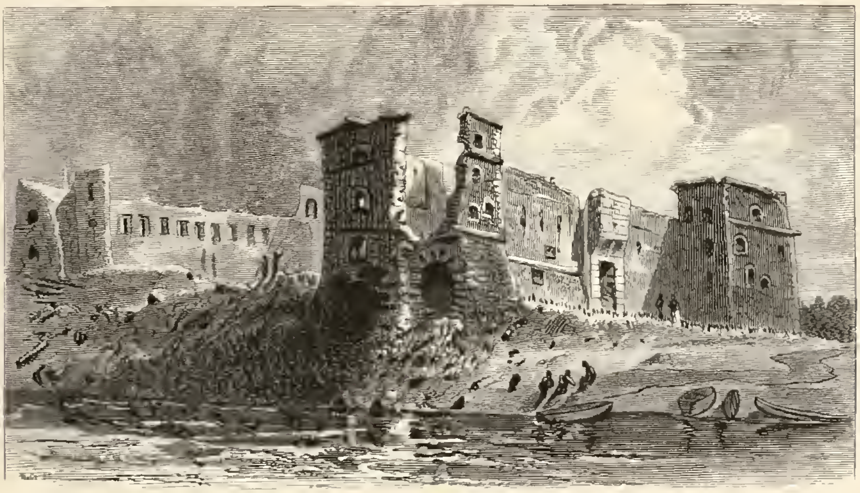
A parley with the red allies of France.

"Tobacco was a factor in development, Roger, and a vast one," Uncle Tom replied; "but it was not a 'race-maker,' as was Indian corn. It was the foundation of American commerce, the basis of agriculture south of the Potomac, and the profits from its sale largely gave the means that made the

American Revolution possible and successful. But it was the reason, too, for the introduction and continuance of slavery in the Southern section — a disturbing element that still remains to vex us, even though Abraham Lincoln lived and died. So, you see, tobacco was but a mixed blessing, whereas Indian corn was our mainstay and salvation."

"Even as it is to-day, eh, Uncle Tom?" said Bert.

"Even as it is to-day," his uncle replied. "Again and again has the corn crop of America averted 'panics' and brought back 'good times.' The 'thirty-six goodly ears of corn, some yellow and some red,' that the Provincetown Pilgrims dug up near Truro on the Cape have grown into a crop of two and a half billions of bushels in these golden years of plenteous harvests, adding fresh strength and riches to an expanding republic."



AN OLD CANADIAN STRONGHOLD.
Fort Chambly on the Richelieu River.

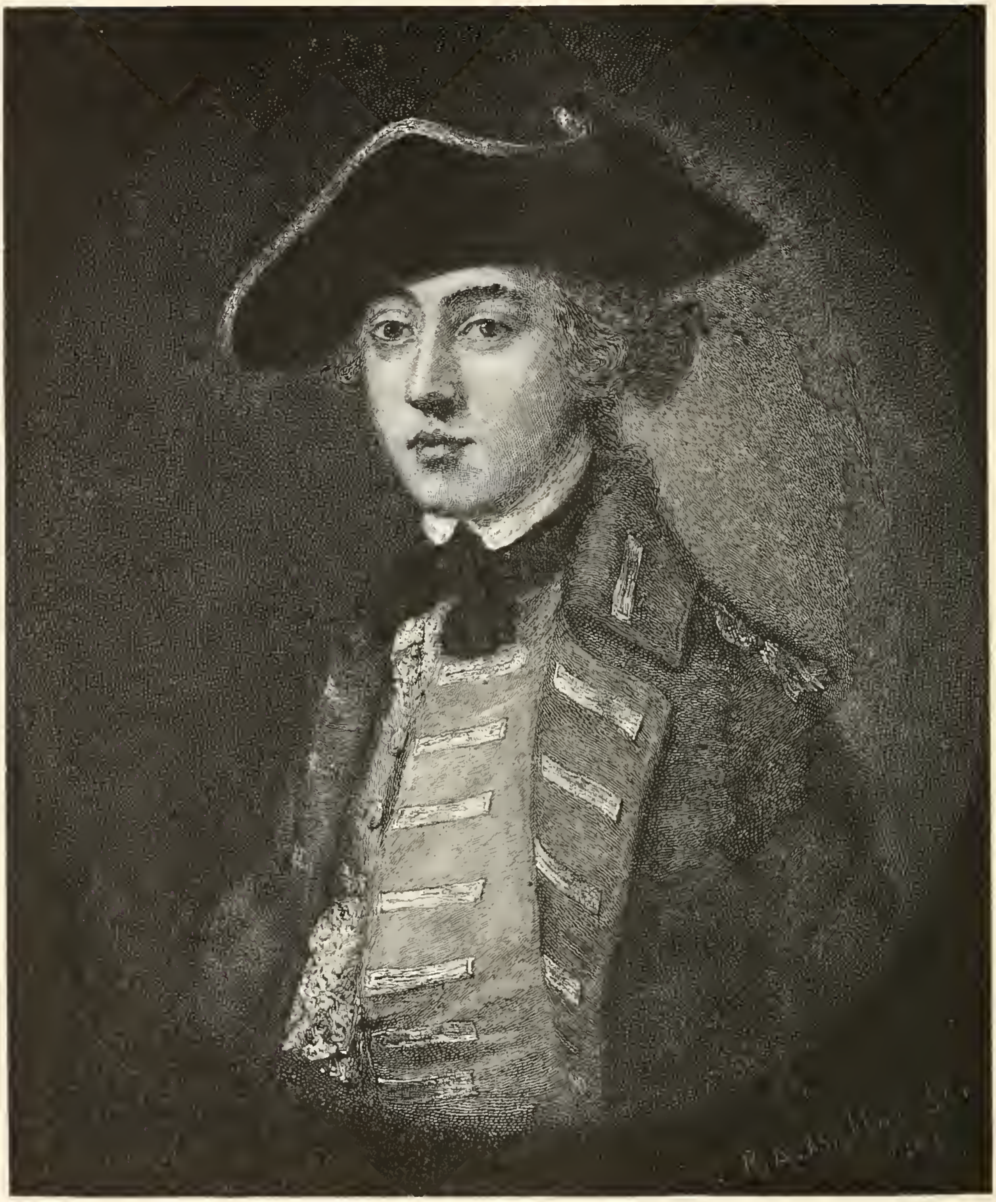
"And you say it helped us expand in the old days, too, Uncle Tom?" said Bert. "But how?"

"By the brain and brawn it gave to our ancestors, Bert," answered Uncle Tom. "It sustained life when they landed, helped them to stay in the days of settlement, gave them strength as they slowly grew, and made them so hardy and stout of arm that none could long successfully resist them — Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen, or even the corn-fed red Indians themselves."

"Hurrah for Indian corn!" cried Jack.

"Let 's vote for it as the national flower — or tassel," echoed Marian.

"Then I suppose," said Bert, "that when you call this story of English supremacy the struggle for a language, you mean that the success



GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.

of the English colonists made North America English in speech and manners."

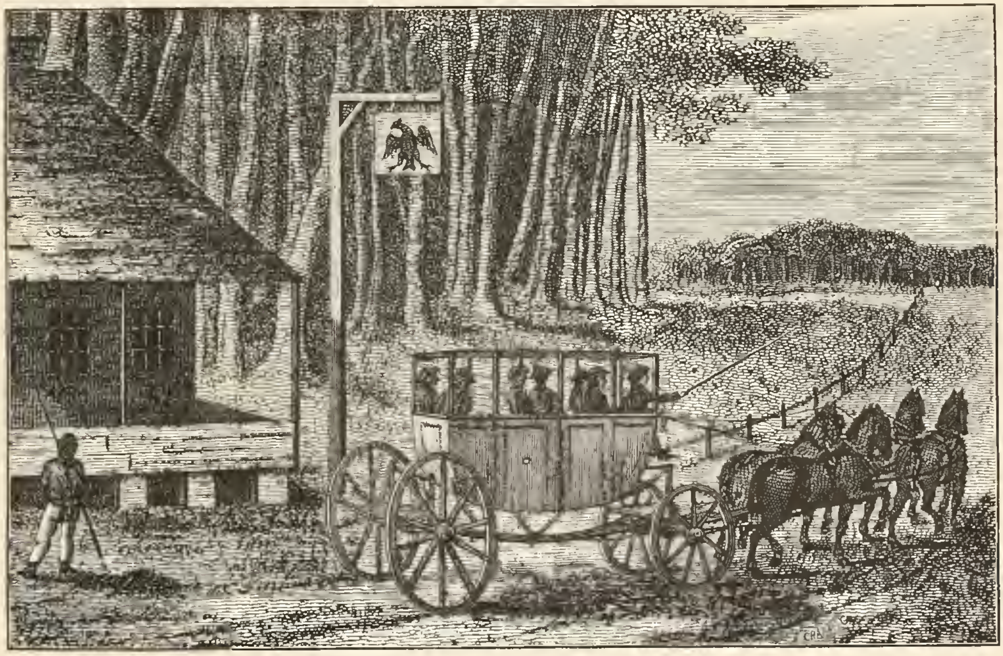
"Oh, but it is n't, you know," cried Roger. "Why, we were hardly able to get a thing here in Quebec until Marian tried her French on 'em, and I 'm sure New Orleans was very Frenchy, and Florida just leaks Spanish."

"So I can find you sections of New York, Roger, where your English would n't serve you, and even Marian's French would n't help her out," said Uncle Tom. "The Scandinavians of the Northwest, the Italians of the East, and all the other non-English folk are but exceptions. And they will all speak English in time, when, gradually, in the ages to come, the foreign elements shall have merged into the one imperial citizen — the American — and the struggle for a language shall have ended in victory."

"Even in the West Indies and the Philippines, Uncle Tom?" queried Bert.

Uncle Tom smiled.

"Our new possessions are marked for progress, Bert, however much you may argue, criticize, and object," he said. "No matter how they came to us, no matter what problem their holding creates, they are bound to be in time English in speech and American in laws, just as India and the other colonies of England have become inseparable parts of the glorious mother-country. Anglo-Saxon progress is to remake the world, and the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack are to become joint missionaries in evangelizing the world to the value of individual liberty and the glory of man's might and his upward possibilities."



AN AMERICAN STAGE-COACH OF 1795.

"And yet, and yet," persisted Bert, looking off through the pavilion windows to the land that France had lost, "it does seem kind of rough that the French should have lost all of this! Why, it was their country if they had it first."

"The French!" cried Jack. "What 's the matter with the Spaniards? The dons were here first of all, even along the St. Lawrence."

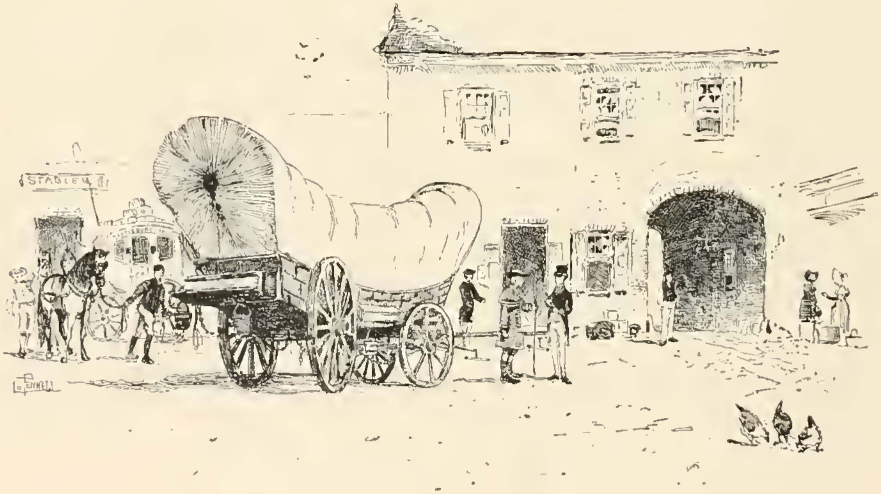
"And the Indians were before them," said Christine.

"Yes, but they don't count," Bert replied; "the red men were n't built for the future; the Spaniards, too, you know, did n't stick, north of the gold line; but the French held on to the last. Is n't that so, Uncle Tom?"

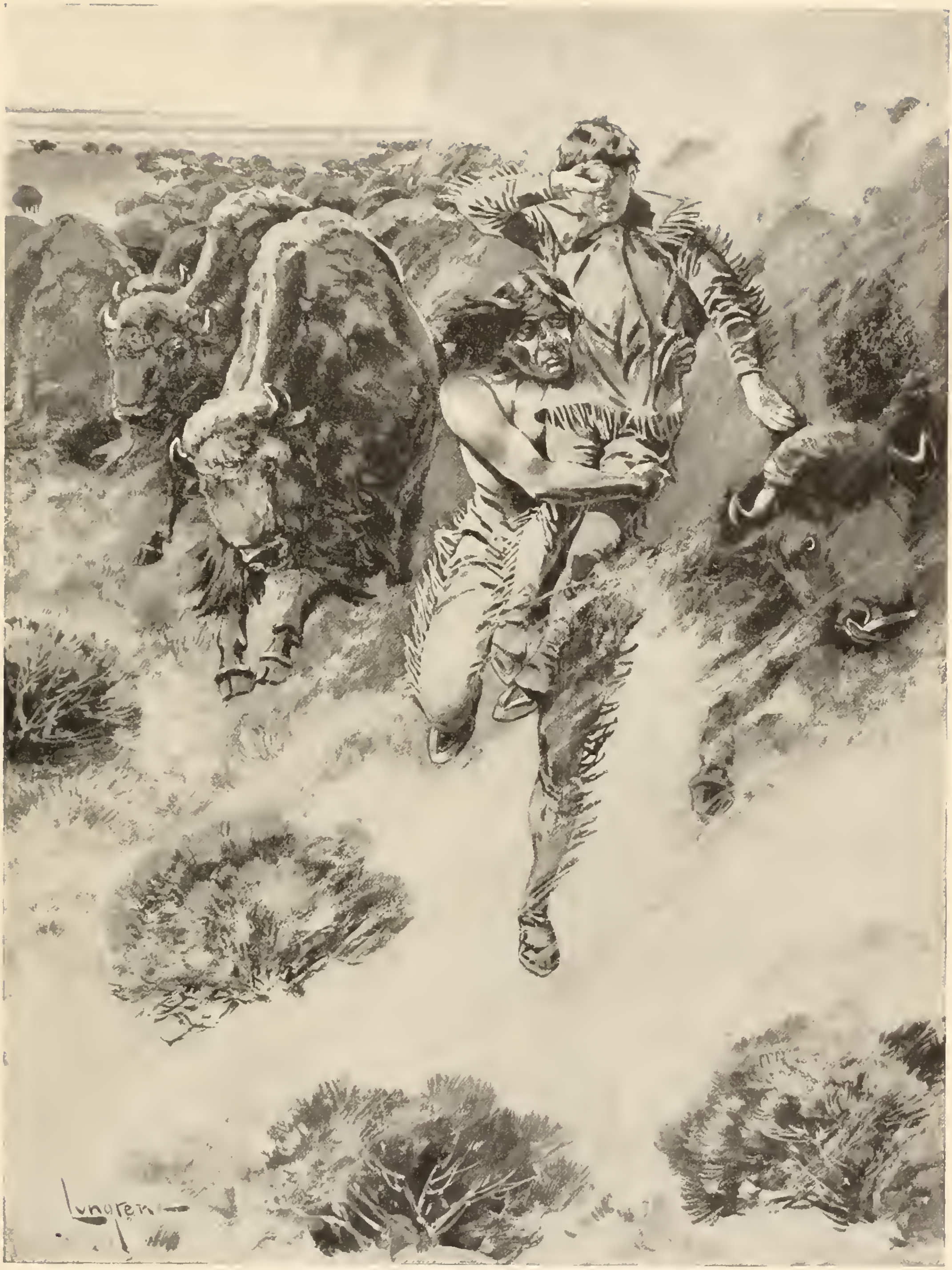
"Quite correct, Bert," his uncle replied. "Spain practically retired early in the struggle, although the border strife along the Florida line was kept up from De Soto to Andrew Jackson, and, in that struggle, we saw at Frederica and among the Sea Islands of Georgia how prominent and gallant a part Oglethorpe, the soldier-philanthropist, played; so that, too, kept the Spanish-American problem long unsettled."

"I guess that 's settled about now, though," said Jack. "Hurrah for Dewey and Sampson!"

"And hurrah for Anglo-Saxon energy, tenacity, and valor, which, thanks to the strength-giving virtues of Indian corn and the necessity of fresh water, struggled on until Frenchman and Indian were alike forced to the rear, and America became English in speech and independent in government. Champlain and Frontenac had the valor but not the organizing force of Winthrop. Duquesne was no match for Washington, nor was



ACROSS THE PLAINS IN '49.



OBSTACLES IN THE PATH OF EXPANSION.

A boy of the western pioneers in a buffalo stampede. But the buffaloes disappeared and the boy stayed.

PANORAMA OF NORTHERN

Montcalm for Wolfe. So Canada fell, and from the day when, on the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe murmured, 'I die content,' America was to have one common language, and shelter its vast possessions beneath the protecting folds of the Union Jack or of the Stars and Stripes."

"But now they tell us it was n't the Heights of Abraham," said Bert, who dearly loved to locate things exactly. "That gentleman I was talking with on the Dufferin Terrace this morning says that the place where Wolfe and Montcalm fought was not on the Spencewood Road beyond the St. Louis gate, as they showed us, but nearer the walls, in what is now the section of the city of Quebec, between De Salaberry Street and Claire Fontaine."

"Not on the race-course at all, eh?" said Jack. "Why, I don't like that. I had decided that the race-course was just the place for the course of the races to change the way of running things. Diagram furnished for that, Roger, my boy, if you don't see through it," he added, to the more deliberate Roger's evident disgust.

"History is forever readjusting itself, boys and girls," Uncle Tom said. "Battles are fought over again, fields readjusted, and sites shifted. But whether or not the Heights or Plains of Abraham—so named after one Master Abraham Martin, who received from Champlain in 1635 the concession for twelve acres of land here on the heights—took in the race-course and was the real site of the affair that became one of the decisive battles of the world, we do know that, on the 13th of September, 1759, Quebec and its defenses fell into the possession of the English, and that the fall of Quebec meant the fall of French power in America, the triumph of the English language, and the future greatness and glory of progressive and

END OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Anglo-Saxon America. What need, then, Bert, to locate the exact spot? Here was the spot — the heights above Quebec. To me that is the main point, and for me, more than Wolfe's victory and Montcalm's defeat, that dual-faced stone in the Governor's Garden is the most eloquent of Quebec's many memories. For its inscription marks that union of sentiment and that love of valor, without respect to race or clime, which are the true bases of modern chivalry. Do any of you remember the inscription on the memorial to Wolfe and Montcalm in the Governor's Garden?"

They all did, but Bert had it entered in his memorandum-book: "Valor gave a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

"That is the spirit of the age that I especially like to recognize," said Uncle Tom. "The Christian charity that accords to courage, worth, and ability no exclusiveness of race or country, of section or party. We see it in the monuments to British foemen on Revolutionary battle-fields, in the memorials to the valor of the American soldier on battle-grounds of the Civil War, even as, in time, we may see recognition of Filipino bravery erected by new Americans on the Luneta in Manila, or a shaft to the valor of Cronje reared by English esteem amid the red rocks of the kopje of Paardeberg."

"And do you think, Uncle Tom," said Bert, glancing from the windows of the pavilion, "that Wolfe's victory here made all those victories of American and Britisher possible?"

"Beyond question, Bert," his uncle replied. "'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform,' so Cowper tells us. The struggle that kept the ragged coast-lines of Maine in continual unrest, that gave to Quebec its crowning glory and its mighty name, that made all the colonial region

NATIVE HOUSE AND FAMILY, MANILA.

of North America a stirring story-land of valor and daring, adventure and action, rivalry and feud, offense and defense, where for years was fought the struggle for a language, saw much of misery, pain, blood, and death; it was a source of fierce debate and fiercer war, of rivalries, distress, and dread. But out of all these came triumph, out of triumph came advance, and out of advance the greatness of a race, as that long-waged struggle for a language made America English first, and then, finally and forever, American."

"And our new possessions, too?" queried Bert.

"Surely, Bert," his uncle replied. "All the colonial advances of America have contributed to her greatness. Why should it be otherwise with her latest acquisitions? The extension of America's boundaries, by conquest, purchase, or absorption, is but another phase of the colonial struggle of the great republic. Washington saw it from the beginning; Franklin foretold it in his practical way; Hamilton labored for it; and Jefferson made it possible. Step by step toward the setting sun the republic moved irresistibly. As

Bishop Berkeley puts it in his famous line, 'Westward the course of empire takes its way'; so the republic moves forward into the Ohio lands, into the blue-grass region, over the Florida line, farther toward the Great Lakes and the Michigan country, down along the Mississippi, and then, springing across the great stream, into the vast stretches toward the Rockies, up the slopes and the foot-hills, over the towering peaks, leaping the great plains to the sierras and gold-mines of the Pacific coast, then filling in all the intermediate region, and turning wastes and deserts into gardens and granaries, reaching out for ice-bound Alaska and making it the nation's treasure-house of gold, driving from the islands of the summer seas the unjust stewards who could not rightly develop the wealth of the Antilles, and, by a chain of stepping-stones, bridging the Pacific, and possessing, for progress and development, the plantation of Hawaii and the golden sands of the Philippines, that fell into line unsought and unexpected. From its colonial days of small things the great republic has passed through its years of formation, absorption, and isolation, to the era of its uprising as a world power. Thus has America been playing its part of a world civilizer and a race unifier, first begun along the Atlantic borders, and established by the triumph of English speech here on the Heights of Abraham. And now, joining hands, the two English-speaking nations move forward to their imperial position as the twin bulwarks of civilization, the regenerators of the world, the leaders in that parliament of man, that Federation of the World, which in time is to unite all lands in brotherhood, and make all thrones subordinate to the sovereignty of God's last and best creation—the man of the future, compounded of all the progress of all the centuries past."

And with this great possibility in their minds, a part of the consummation of which was to be their work in the world, while still the stories of colonial days and the strifes of those who thus had set the future astir in their blood, Uncle Tom Dunlap and his young investigators made their way homeward, and forthwith plunged into the duties and the performances of that practical twentieth century upon whose threshold they stood, hopeful and expectant.

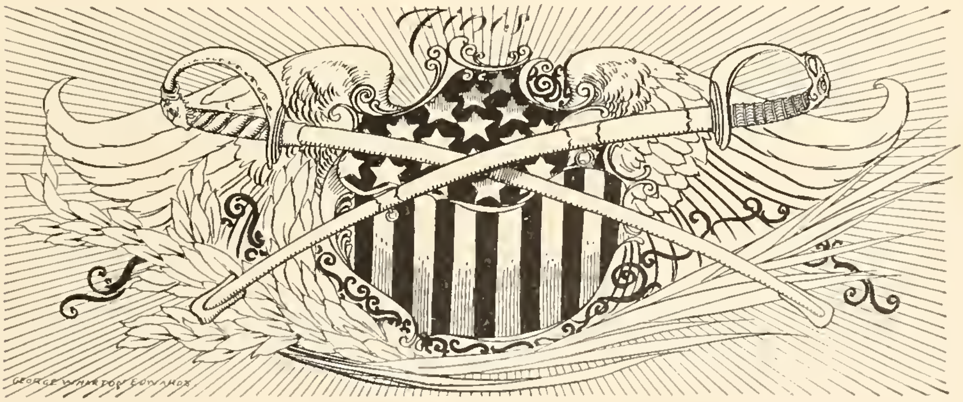
INDEX

Only the important names are entered here. When the treatment of a subject occupies an entire chapter or a number of pages, the reference is to the first page only.

Acadia. 198, 209.
Adelantado, An, 9.
Alamance, N. C., 65.
Albany, N. Y., 114, 123.
Alden, John, 136.
Alexander VI, Pope, 52.
Altamaha, 40.
Amidas, Captain, 56.
Anastasia Island, 10.
Andrew, Fort, 39.
Andros, Major Edmund, 181.
Annapolis, Md., 82.
Annapolis, N. S., 209.
Annisquam, Mass., 154.
Appledore, 189.
Aquidneck, 171.
Ashley River, 45.
Atlanta, Ga., 45.
Augusta, Ga., 45.
Ayllon, Captain de, 54, 70.
Back River, 196.
Bacon, Nathaniel, 72.
Baddeck, N. S., 209.
Bagaduce, Me., 206.
Baker Island, 149.
Baltimore, Lord, 81.
Bangor, Me., 206.
Baptists, 156.
Bar Harbor, Me., 203, 209.
Barlow, Captain, 56.
Baton Rouge, La., 31.
Bay Colony, 147.
Bay of Fundy, 209.
Bay Path, 155.
Bay St. Louis, Miss., 27.
Bergen, N. J., 109.
Berkeley, Dean, 172.
Berkeley, Governor, 72.
Bethlehem, Pa., 108.
Beverly, Mass., 149.
Bienville, 24.
Biloxi, Miss., 23
Block, Captain Adrien, 115, 172.
Block Island, 175.
Boothbay, 200.
Boston, Mass., 147.
Bowne, John, 120.
Bradford, William, 133.
Bras d'Or Lakes, 209.
Breukelen, 123.
Bristol, Pa., 108.
Brooke, Lord, 179.
Brooksville, Me., 206.
Brunswick, Ga., 35.
Burr, Aaron, 40.
Butler's Island, 40.
Cabot, Sebastian, 113.
Cadaillac, 29.
Cambridge, Mass., 151, 154.
Canada, 209.
Cape Ann, 150, 194.
Cape Arundel, 200.
Cape Cod, 131.
Cape Neddock, 194.
Cape Porpoise, 200.
Cape Rosier, 206.
Carlos, Don, of Spain, 13.
Carolina, 46.
Caroline, Fort, 11.
Carroll, Charles, of Carrollton, 88.
Carteret, Philip, 109.
Cartier, Jacques, 211.
Carver, John, 137.
Castine, Baron, 202.
Castine, Me., 201.
Castle Island, 116.
Chaleur Bay, 211.
Chalmette battle-ground, 33.
Champlain, 194.
Charles I, 81.
Charles II, 164.
Charles IX, 46.
Charleston, S. C., 46.
Charlestown, Mass., 150, 154.
Charter Oak, 181.
Châteauguay, 24.
Chepachet, R. I., 175.
Chesapeake Bay, 54, 84.
Chester, Pa., 91.
Chickcomacamack, 57.
Chilton, Mary, 136.
Christiana Creek, 92.
Christiana, Fort, 93.
Christian Shore, 196.
Christina-hamm, 92.
Christina of Sweden, 92.
Clayborne, William, 84.
Cocheco River, 196.
Columbus, Christopher, 4.
Company of Merchant Adventurers, 6.
Coney Island, 126.
Connecticut, 175.
Connecticut River, 179.
Cooper River, 48.
Coventry, Conn., 171.
Crozat, 29.
Cumberland Island, 39.
Cumberland River, 39.
Cumberland Sound, 39.
Cuttyhunk, N. C., 58.
Dale, Sir Thomas, 69.
Danvers, Mass., 158.
Dare, Virginia, 56.
Darien, Ga., 40.
Dauphine Island, 23.
Davenport, John, 174.
De Ayllon, Captain, 54, 70.
Dedham, Mass., 160.
Deerfield, Mass., 158.
Delaware River, 91, 102.
Deptford, England, 42.
De Soto, Hernando, 4.
De Vries, 91.
Digby, N. S., 209.
Dighton Rock, 167.
Dorchester Fishing Company, 150.
Dorchester, Mass., 151.
Dorr, General Thomas Wilson, 175.
Dover, N. H., 196.
Drake, Sir Francis, 16, 60.
Dungeness, 39.
Dunkards, 105.
Dutch settlements, 91, 113.
Edward VI, 5.
Elfrith, Captain Daniel, 74.
Eliot, John, 157.
Elizabeth City, N. C., 56.
Elizabeth, N. J., 109.
Elizabethtown, N. J., 109.
Elizabeth, Queen, 5.
Ellaville, Fla., 20.
Emigration, The Great, 149.
Endicott, John, 150, 152.
Ericson, Leif, 52.
Evangeline, 209.
Fenwick, Alice, 180.
Fernandina, Fla., 35.
Florida, 1.
Fort Chambly, 221.
Fortress Monroe, 51.
Fox, George, 98.
Franklin, Benjamin, 107.

Frederica, 40.
French settlements, 7, 19.
Galvez, Bernardo de, 31.
Gardiner, Lion, 180.
Gardiner's Island, 187.
Gates, Sir Thomas, 69.
George II, 42.
Georges Banks, 191.
Georgia, 11, 35.
Germantown, Pa., 106.
Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, 60, 191.
Gloucester, Mass., 158.
Gloucester, N. J., 94.
Golden Hind, 193.
Gorgeana, 199.
Gorges, Sir Ferdinando, 199.
Gorton, Samuel, 173.
Gourgues, Dominique de, 10, 16.
Grandpré, Louis, 31.
Greater New York, 122.
Greene, Nathanael, 39, 174.
Grenville, Sir Richard, 60.
Gringos, 12.
Groton, Conn., 175.
Guilford, Conn., 175.
Gulf of Mexico, 6.
Gunpowder River, 84.
Gustavus Adolphus, 92.
Hachard, Madeline, 32.
Hadley, Mass., 158.
Halifax, N. S., 209.
Hampton Roads, 51.
Hartford, Conn., 155, 180.
Hatteras Bank, 57.
Hatteras, Cape, 51.
Havre de Grace, 84.
Hawkins, Captain John, 6, 46.
Henlopen, Cape, 94.
Henrietta Maria, Queen, 81.
Henry VIII, 6.
Highland Light, 138.
Hilton Point, 196.
House of Good Hope, 177.
Hudson River, 113.
"Hugh Wynne," 91.
Huguenot, French, 7.
Hutchinson, Anne, 156, 172.
Iberville, 22.
Indian tribes first known to Colonists, Map, 101.
Ingersoll, Jared, 183.
Iroquois, 177.
Irving, Washington, 125.
Isles of Shoals, 189.
Jackson, Andrew, 12, 32.
Jacksonville, Fla., 8.
James I, 139.
James River, 69.
Jamestown, Va., 54, 70.
Jekyl Island, 38.
Jersey City, N. J., 123.
Joppa, Md., 84.
Kennebunkport, 200.
Kent Island, 84, 90.
Key, Francis Scott, 88.
Kidd, Captain, 188.
Kill van Kull, 109.
King Philip's War, 196.
Kingston, N. Y., 125.
Kittery 'Foreside, 196.
Kitty Hawk, N. C., 58.
Knickerbocker, Diedrich, 125.
Knickerbockers, 123.
Ko-ko-un, 77.
Lake George, 126.
Lake Erie, 93.
Lancaster, Pa., 108.
Lane, Ralph, 60.
La Salle, 28.
Laud, Archbishop, 149.
Laudonnière, 12.
Law, John, 29.
Lee, Harry, 39.
Leisler, Jacob, 182.
Lévis, P. Q., 209.
Locke, John, 48.
Long Island, 109, 187.
Long Island Sound, 175.
Long Point, 131.
Louisburg, N. S., 209.
Louisiana, 21.
Louis XIV, 22.
Luna, Don Tristan de, 12.
Lyme, Conn., 175.
Lynn, Mass., 154, 158.
McGregor, filibuster, 35.
McIntosh, Rory, 16, 44.
Maine, 189.
Mamonatowick, 77.
Mananas Island, 195.
Manhattan Island, 113.
Manteo, N. C., 57.
Manton's Cove, 170.
Marblehead, Mass., 158.
Marion, Fort, 3.
Maritime Provinces, 209.
"Marmion," 179.
Maryland, 81.
Mason, John, 196.
Massachusetts, 131.
Massachusetts Bay, 147.
Massacre Island, 23.
Massasoit, 170.
Ma-ta-oka, 77.
May, Cape, 93.
Mayport, Fla., 10.
Mayflower, The, 131.
Mecklenburg, N. C., 65.
Mediterranean Sea, 93.
Menendez, Don Pedro, 10, 46, 88.
Mennonites, 105.
Merrimac River, 198.
Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, 146.
Mississippi River, 19.
Mobile, Ala., 19.
Mohawk Valley, 125.
Monhegan, Isle of, 195.
Montauk Point, 187.
Monteano, Governor, 16.
Montreal, Can., 214.
Moravian Brethren, 105.
Mount Desert, Me., 201.
Mullens, Priscilla, 136.
Murat, 21.
Musgrave, Mary, 44.
Narragansett Indians, 172.
Narragansett Pier, R. I., 175.
Narvaez, 15.
Nassau, Fort, 94.
New Albion, 110.
New Amsterdam, 113.
Newark Bay, 109.
Newark, N. J., 109.
New Brunswick, 199, 209.
Newburyport, Mass., 158.
Newcastle, Del., 94.
Newcastle, N. H., 200.
Newfoundland, 191.
New Hampshire, 189.
New Haven, Conn., 176.
New Jersey, 108.
New London, Conn., 175.
New Orleans, La., 19.
Newport, Captain Christopher, 51.
Newport News, Va., 67.
Newport, R. I., 165.
New Scotland, 212.
New Sweden, 92.
New York City, 113.
New York State, 113.
Nicholson, Governor, 78.
Norman's Woe, 158.
North Carolina, 51.
Northmen, 168.
Nova Scotia, 209.
Oglethorpe, James Edward, 11, 41.
Ohanoak, 59.
Olate, Captain, 4.
"Old Chester Tales," 91.
Old Colony, The, 131.
Old Point Comfort, Va., 51.
Old Swede Church, Wilmington, 95.
Oldtown, Me., 206.
Orange, Fort, 123.
O'Reilly, Don Alexander, 31.
Orono, Me., 206.
Osceola, 14.
Oswego, N. Y., 124.
Oxenstiern, Count Axel, 92.
Oyster Bay, 187.
Palatine, Earl, 110.
Pamet River, 138.
Pamlico Sound, 57.
Pasquotank, N. C., 56.
Pastorius, 106.
Pavonia, N. J., 123.
Pawtuxet, R. I., 173.
Pemaquid, Me., 196.
Pennsylvania, 91, 97.
Penn Treaty Park, 97.
Penn, William, 94, 98.
Penobscot River, 201.
Pensacola, Fla., 12.
Pentagoet, 202.
Pepperell, Sir William, 211.
Pequot, 180.
Percy, George, 69.
Pevey, Master George, 51.
Philadelphia, Pa., 88, 91, 97.
Philip, King, 170.
Philippines, 223.
Phillipse manor-house, Yonkers, 126.
Phips, Sir William, 211.
Pietists, 105.
Pilgrims, The, 131.
Piscataqua River, 196.
Piscataway, N. J., 109.
Plowden, Sir Edmund, 109.
Plymouth, 138, 194.
Pocahontas, 68.
Pompey Stone, The, 114.
Ponce de Leon, 2.
Portland, Me., 200.
Port Royal, N. S., 211.
Portsmouth, N. H., 189.
Portsmouth, R. I., 173.
Potomac River, 88.
Powhatan, 76.
Pring, Martin, 194.
Printz, Johan, 95.
"Prisoners of Hope," 91.
Providence, R. I., 165.

Provincetown, Mass., 132.
Puritans, 149.
Putnam, General Israel, 158.
Pynchon, William, 155.
Quakers, 105.
Quebec, Can., 209.
Quinapiack, Conn., 175.
Race Point, 138.
Raleigh, Fort, 59.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 60.
Reading, Pa., 108.
Red Hill, 177.
Rhode Island, 88, 165.
Ribault, Jean, 12.
"Richard Carvel," 90.
Ridge Hermits, 105.
Roanoke, The Lost Colony of, 56.
Rodney, Cæsar, 91.
Rolfe, John, 69.
Roxbury, Mass., 154.
St. Augustine, Fla., 1.
St. Bernard, Fort, 21.
St. John, N. B., 209.
St. John's River, 8.
St. Lawrence River, 209.
St. Mary's, Md., 84.
"St. Nicholas," 92.
St. Simon's Island, 40.
St. Simon's Sound, 39.
Sagadahoc, 198.
Salem, Mass., 149, 158.
Salem witchcraft, 156.
Sandy Hook, N. J., 109.
San Miguel, Church of, Santa Fe, 4.
San Miguel, Fort, 21.
San Miguel, Va., 70.
Santa Fe, New Mexico, 4.
Sarah Constant, 68.
Satourina, 14.
Saugus, Mass., 154.
Savannah, Ga., 35.
"Say and Seal," 179.
Say and Sele, Lord, 177.
Saybrook, Conn., 155, 175, 179.
Schenectady, N. Y., 125.
Scituate, Mass., 142.
Sea Islands, 35.
Seavey's Island, 196.
Seekonk River, 170.
Separatists, 133.
Serigny, 24.
Severn River, 90.
Shackamaxon, 97.
Shaftesbury, Earl of, 48.
Smith, Captain John, 67.
'Sopus, N. Y., 125.
Spanish settlements, 1.
Speedwell, 194.
Springfield, Mass., 155.
Standish, Miles, 138.
Stonington, Conn., 175.
Stuyvesant, Peter, 94, 121.
Suwannee River, 20.
Swedish Settlements, 91.
Tallahassee, Fla., 12, 20.
Tampa, Fla., 12.
Taunton, Mass., 142.
Terra Marie, 81.
Ticonderoga, 126.
"Tiger," 116.
Timberneck Bay, 77.
"To Have and to Hold," 91.
Tono-chi-chi, 48.
Treasurer, privateer, 74.
Trenton, N. J., 93, 108.
Tristan de Luna, Don, 12.
Truro, Mass., 138.
Truro, N. S., 209.
Tyber, Ga., 45.
Underhill, Captain, 196.
United States Naval Academy, 83.
Valley of the Swans, 91.
Vane, Sir Harry, 156.
Van Rensselaer manor-house, Greenbush, N. Y., 128.
Verrazano, 171.
Villafane, Captain Angel de, 37, 54.
Vines, Dr. Richard, 200.
Virginia, 51, 67.
Walking Purchase, The, 101.
Wampanoags, 170.
Wanchese, N. C., 57.
Wayside Inn, 158.
Wesley, John, 40, 43.
Wesley, John and Charles, 43.
West India Company, 121.
West Indies, 223.
West, Thomas, Lord Delaware, 69.
"Westward Ho!" 6, 194.
Wethersfield, Conn., 155, 183.
Whitefield, Rev. George, 43.
White, John, 61.
White Mountains, 198.
Whitney, Eli, 39.
William and Mary, College of, 78.
Williamsburg, Va., 74.
Williams, Roger, 156, 168.
Wilmington, Del., 91.
Windsor, Conn., 155.
Winthrop, John, 104, 147.
Wolfe, Gen. James, 222.
Woodbridge, N. J., 109.
Wood End, 131.
Yale College, 180.
Yamacraw Bluff, 41.
York Harbor, Me., 197.
York, Pa., 108.
York River, 77.
Yorktown, Va., 77.
Young, Captain Thomas, 93.
Zwanendael, 123.



CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM